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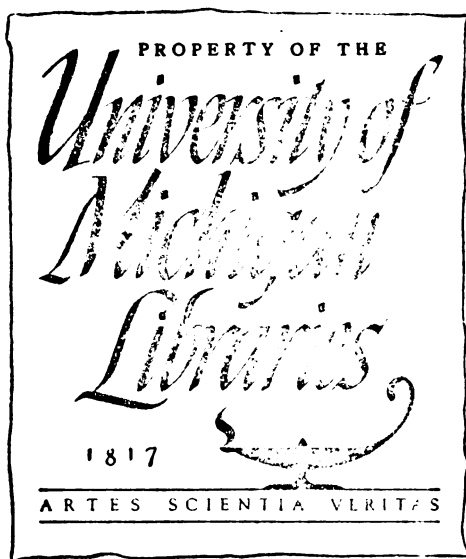
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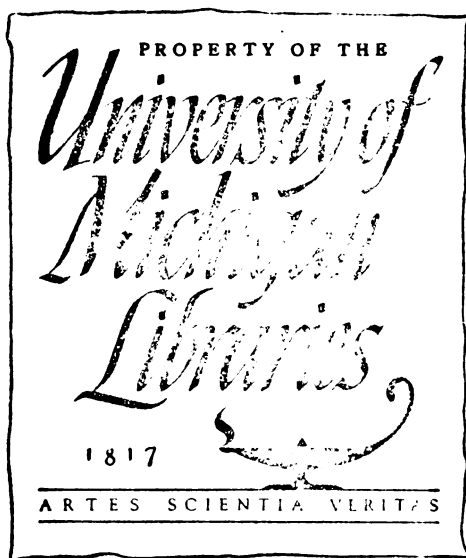
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**STORIES**  
**OF**  
**AMERICAN LIFE;**

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**LONDON:**  
**HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BEECHER**  
**NEW BURLINGTON STREET.**  
**1830.**



**STORIES**  
**OF**  
**AMERICAN LIFE;**

**BY AMERICAN WRITERS.**

**EDITED BY**  
**MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.**

**IN THREE VOLS.**

**VOL. III.**

**LONDON:**  
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**1830.**





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## STORIES OF AMERICAN LIFE.

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### THE CATHOLIC IROQUOIS.

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A FEW years since, a gentleman, on his way from Niagara to Montreal, arrived at Coteau du Lac. While the pilot, in conformity to the law, was obtaining a clearance for the lower province, the clouds, which had been all day threatening a storm, poured out their stores of thunder, lightning, and rain with such violence, that it was deemed most prudent to defer the conclusion of the voyage till the following day. The Boatmen's Inn was the only place of refuge, and the stranger was at first glad of a shelter within it. But he was an amateur traveller, and gentlemen of that fastidious class do not patiently submit to inconveniencies. The inn was thronged with a motley crew of Scotch and Irish emigrants—Canadians—and boatmen, besides loiterers from the vicinity, who were just reviving

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from the revels of the preceding night. The windows were obscured with smoke, and the walls tapestried with cobwebs. The millennium of spiders and flies seemed to have arrived, for myriads of this defenceless tribe buzzed fearlessly around the banners of their natural enemy, as if, inspired by the kindness of my uncle Toby, he had said, "poor fly, this world is wide enough for thee and me."

The old garments and hats that had been substituted for broken panes of glass, were blown in, and the rain pattered on the floor. Some of the doors hung by one hinge—others had no latches; some of the chairs were without bottoms, and some without legs; the bed-rooms were unswept; the beds unmade; and in short, the whole establishment, as a celebrated field-preacher said of a very incommodious part of the other world, was "altogether inconvenient."

The traveller, in hopes of winning the hostess's good-will, and thereby securing a clean pair of sheets, inquired his way to the kitchen, where he found her surrounded by some half dozen juvenile warriors in a state of open hostility, far more terrible than the war of the elements. Having succeeded, by means of a liberal distribution of sugar-plums, in procuring a temporary suspension of arms, he introduced himself to his hostess by some civil inquiries, in answer to which he ascertained that

she was a New England woman, though unfortunately she possessed none of those faculties for getting along, which are supposed to be the birthright of every Yankee. She did express a regret that her children were deprived of "school and meeting privileges," and entertained something of a puritanical aversion to her Catholic neighbours; but save these relics of local taste or prejudice, she retained none of the peculiarities of her native land. The gentleman was not long in discovering, that the unusual ingress of travellers reduced them all to the level of primitive equality, and that so far from the luxury of clean sheets, he must not hope for the exclusive possession of any.

On further inquiry he learned, that there was a French village at a short distance from the inn, and after waiting till the fury of the storm had abated, he sallied forth in quest of accommodation and adventure. He had not walked far, when his exploring eye fell on a creaking sign-board, on which was inscribed "*Auberge et laugement.*" But lodgment it would not afford to our unfortunate traveller. Every apartment—every nook and corner was occupied by an English party, on their way to the Falls.

Politeness is an instinct in French nature, or if not an instinct, it is so interwoven in the texture of their character, that it remains a fast colour, when

all other original distinctions have faded. The Canadian peasant, though he retains nothing of the activity and ingenuity of his forefathers, salutes a stranger with an air of courtesy rarely seen in any other uneducated American. The landlord of the Auberge was an honourable exemplification of this remark. He politely told the stranger that he would conduct him to a farm-house, where he might obtain a clean room and a nice bed. The offer was gratefully accepted, and our traveller soon found himself comfortably established in a neat white-washed cottage, in the midst of a peasant's family, who were engaged in common rural occupations. The wants of his body being thus provided for, he resorted to the usual expedients to enliven the hours that must intervene before bed-time. He inquired of the master of the house how he provided for his family, and after learning that he lived, as his father and grandfather had before him, by carrying the few products of his farm to Montreal, he turned to the matron, and asked her why her children were not taught English. "Ah!" she replied, "the English have done us too much wrong." She then launched into a relation of her sufferings during the last war. She had, like honest Dogberry, "had her losses," and found the usual consolation in recounting them. The militia officers had spoiled her of her flocks and herds, and des veaux—des

moutons—des dindons—et des poulets, bled afresh in her sad tale. If her children were not taught English, one of them, the mother said, had been sent to a boarding-school at the distance of twenty miles, and she could now read like any priest. Little Marie was summoned, and she read with tolerable fluency from her school-book a collection of extracts from the Fathers, while her simple parents sat bending over her with their mouths wide open, and their eyes sparkling, and occasionally turning on the stranger with an expression of wonder and delight, as if they would have said, “did you ever see any thing equal to that?”

The good-natured stranger listened and lavished his praises, and then, in the hope of escaping from any further display of the child's erudition, he offered to assist her elder sister, who was winding a skein of yarn. This proved a more amusing resource. The girl was pretty, and lively, and showed by the upward inclination of the corners of her arch mouth, and the flashes of her laughing eye that she could understand the compliments, and return the raillery of her assistant. The pretty Louise had been living at the Seignorie with madame, a rich widow—“si riche—si bonne,” she said, but “trop agée pour Monsieur, parce qu'elle a peut être trente ans; et d'ailleurs, elle n'est pas assez belle pour Monsieur.” Monsieur was a

bachelor of forty years standing, and his vanity was touched by Louise's adroit compliment. The skein slipped off his hands, Louise bent her head to arrange it, her fair round cheek was very near Monsieur's lips, perhaps her mother thought too near, for she called to Louise to lay aside her yarn and prepare the tea, and after tea the pretty girl disappeared. Our traveller yawned for an hour or two over the only book the house afforded, Marie's readings from St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom, and then begged to be shown to his bed. On entering his room, his attention was attracted to an antique, worm-eaten, travelling port-folio. It was made of morocco, and bound and clasped with silver, and, compared with the rude furniture of the humble apartment, it had quite an exotic air. He took it up, and looked at the initials on the clasp. "That is a curious affair," said his landlord, "and older than either you or I."

"Some relic, I suppose," said the stranger, "which you have inherited."

"Something in that way," replied the landlord—"there is a big letter in it which has been like so much blank paper to us, for we have never had a scholar in the family that could read it. I have thought to take it some day to Père Martigné at the Cedars, but I shall let it rest till the next year when Marie—bless her ! will be able to read writ-

ing." The stranger said that if his landlord had no objection, he would try to read it. The old man's eyes glistened—he unclasped the portfolio, took out the manuscript, and put it into the stranger's hands. "You are heartily welcome," he said, "it would at best be but an uncouth task for Marie, for, as you see, the leaves are mouldy, and the ink has faded."

The stranger's zeal abated when he perceived the difficulty of the enterprise. "It is some old family record, I imagine," he said, unfolding it with an air of indifference.

"Heaven knows," replied the landlord; "I only know that it is no record of my family. We have been but simple peasants from the beginning, and not a single line has been written about us, except what is on my grandfather's grave-stone at the Cedars—God bless him! I remember as well as if it were yesterday, his sitting in that old oaken chair by the casement, and telling us all about his travels to the great western lakes, with one Bonchard, a young Frenchman, who was sent out to our trading establishments—people did not go about the world then, as they do now-a-days, just to look at rapids and waterfalls."

"Then this," said the stranger, in the hope of at last obtaining a clue to the manuscript, "this I presume is some account of the journey?"



"Oh, no," replied the old man. "Bonchard found this on the shore of Lake Huron, in a strange wild place—sit down, and I will tell you all I have heard my grandfather say about it; bless the good old man, he loved to talk of his journey." And so did his grandson, and the stranger listened patiently to the following particulars, which are only varied in language from the landlord's narration.

It appeared that about the year 1700, young Bonchard and his attendants, on their return from Lake Superior, arrived on the shore of Lake Huron, near Saganaw Bay. From an eminence, they descried an Indian village, or, to use their descriptive designation, a "smoke." Bonchard despatched his attendants with Seguin, his Indian guide, to the village, to obtain canoes to transport them over the lake, and in the mean time he sought for some place that might afford him shelter and repose. The shore was rocky and precipitous. Practice and experience had rendered Bonchard as agile and courageous as a Swiss mountaineer, and he descended the precipice leaping from crag to crag as unconscious of an emotion of fear, as the wild bird that flapped her wings over him, and whose screeches alone broke the stillness of the solitude. Having attained the margin of the lake, he loitered along the water's edge, till turning an angle of the

rock, he came to a spot which seemed to have been contrived by nature for a place of refuge. It was a little interval of ground in the form of an amphitheatre, nearly infolded by the rocks, which as they projected boldly into the lake at the extremities of the semicircle, looked as if their giant forms had been set there to defend this temple of nature. The ground was probably inundated after easterly winds, for it was soft and marshy, and among the rank weeds that covered it there were some aquatic flowers. The lake had once washed the base of the rocks here as elsewhere; they were worn perfectly smooth in some places, and in others broken and shelving. Bonchard was attracted by some gooseberries that had forced themselves through crevices in the rocks, and which seemed to form, with their purple berries and bright green leaves, a garland around the bald brow of the precipice. They are among the few indigenous fruits of the wilderness, and doubtless looked as tempting to Bonchard, as the most delicious fruits of the Hesperides would, in his own sunny valleys of France. In reconnoitering for the best mode of access to the fruit, he discovered a small cavity in the rock, that so much resembled a berth in a ship, as to appear to have been the joint work of nature and art. It had probably supplied the savage hunter or fisherman with a place of repose,

for it was strewn with decayed leaves, so matted together as to form a luxurious couch for one accustomed for many months to sleeping on a blanket, spread on the bare ground. After possessing himself of the berries, Bonchard crept into the recess, and, (for there is companionship in water,) he forgot, for a while, the tangled forests, and the wide unbroken wilderness that interposed between him and his country. He listened to the soft musical sounds of the light waves, as they broke on the shelving rock and reedy bank; and he gazed on the bright element which reflected the blue vault of heaven, and the fleecy summer cloud, till his senses became oblivious of this, their innocent and purest indulgence, and he sunk into a deep sleep, from which he was awakened by the dashing of oars.

Bonchard looked out upon the lake, and saw, approaching the shore, a canoe, in which were three Indians—a young man who rowed the canoe, an old man, and a maiden. They landed not far from him, and without observing him, turned towards the opposite extremity of the semicircle. The old man proceeded with a slow, measured step; and, removing a sort of door, formed of flexible brush-wood and matting, (which Bonchard had not before noticed,) they entered an excavation in the rocks, deposited something which they had

brought in their hands, prostrated themselves for a few moments, and then slowly returned to the canoe; and, as long as Bonchard could discern the bark, glancing like a water-fowl over the deep blue waters, he heard the sweet voice of the girl, accompanied at regular intervals by her companions, hymning, as he fancied, some explanation of their mute worship, for their expressive gestures, pointed first to the shore, and then to the skies.

As soon as the canoe disappeared, Bonchard crept out of his berth, and hastened to the cell. It proved to be a natural excavation, was high enough to admit a man of ordinary stature, and extended for several feet, when it contracted to a mere channel in the rocks. On one side, a little rivulet penetrated the arched roof, and fell in large crystal drops into a natural basin, which it had worn in the rock. In the centre of the cell there was a pyramidal heap of stones; on the top of the pile lay a breviary and santanne; and on the sides of it were arranged the votive offerings Bonchard had seen deposited there. He was proceeding to examine them, when he heard the shrill signal whistle of his guide: he sounded his horn in reply, and in a few moments Sequin descended the precipice, and was at his side. Bonchard told him what he had seen, and Sequin, after a moment's reflection, said, "This must be the place of which I have so

often heard our ancients speak—a good man died here. He was sent by the Great Spirit to teach our nation good things; and the Hurons yet keep many of his sayings in their hearts. They say he fasted all his life-time, and he should feast now, so they bring him provisions from their festivals. Let us see what offerings are these?” Sequin first took up a wreath of wild flowers and ever-greens, interwoven—“this,” he said, “was a nuptial offering;” and he inferred, that the young people were newly married. Next was a calumet—“this,” said Sequin, “is an emblem of peace, an old man’s gift—and these,” he added, unrolling a skin that enveloped some ripe ears of Indian corn, “are the emblems of abundance; and the different occupations of the man and woman. The husband hunts the deer, the wife cultivates the maize; and those,” he concluded, pointing to some fresh scalps, and smiling at Bonchard’s shuddering, “those are the emblems of victory.” Bonchard took up the breviary, and as he opened it, a manuscript dropped from between its leaves—he eagerly seized, and was proceeding to examine it, when his guide pointed to the lengthening shadows on the lake, and informed him that the canoes were to be ready at the rising of the full moon. Bonchard was a good Catholic; and, like all *good* Catholics, a good Christian. He revered all the saints in

the calendar; and he loved the memory of a good man, albeit never canonized. He crossed himself, and repeated a paternoster, and then followed his guide to the place of rendezvous. The manuscript he kept as a holy relic, and that which fell into the hands of our traveller, at the cottage of the Canadian peasant, was a copy he had made to transmit to France. The original was written by Père Mésnard, (whose blessed memory had consecrated the cell on Lake Huron,) and contained the following particulars:—

This holy man was educated at the seminary of St. Sulpice. The difficult and dangerous enterprise of propagating his religion among the savages of the western world, appears early to have taken possession of his imagination, and to have inspired him with the ardour of an apostle, and the resolution of a martyr. He came to America under the auspices of Madame de Bouillon, who had, a few years before, founded the Hotel Dieu at Montreal. With her sanction and aid, he established himself at a little village of the Utawas, on the borders of lake St. Louis, at the junction of the Utawa river and the St. Lawrence. His pious efforts won some of the savages to his religion, and to the habits of civilized life; and others he persuaded to bring their children to be trained in a yoke, which they could not bear themselves.

On one occasion, an Utawa chief appeared before Père Mésnard with two girls whom he had captured from the Iroquois—a fierce and powerful nation, most jealous of the encroachment of the French, and resolute to exclude from their territory the emissaries of the Catholic religion. The Utawa chief presented the children to the father, saying, “They are the daughters of my enemy, of Telasco, the mightiest chief of the Iroquois—the eagle of his tribe: he hates Christians—he calls them dogs—make his children Christians, and I shall be revenged.” This was the only revenge to which the good father would have been accessory. He adopted the girls in the name of the church and St. Joseph, to whom he dedicated them, intending that when they arrived at a suitable age to make voluntary vows, they should enrol themselves with the religieuses of the Hotel Dieu. They were baptized by the Christian names of Rosalie and Françoise. They lived in Père Mésnard’s cabin, and were strictly trained to the prayers and penances of the church; Rosalie was a natural devotee—the father has recorded surprising instances of her voluntary mortifications. When only twelve years old, she walked on the ice around an island, three miles in circumference, on her bare feet—she strewed her bed with thorns, and seared her forehead with a red hot iron, that she might, as

she said, bear the mark of the "slave of Jesus." The father magnifies the piety of Rosalie, with the exultation of a true son of the church, yet, as a man, he appears to have felt far more tenderness for Françoise, whom he never names without some epithet, expressive of affection or pity. If Rosalie was like the sunflower, that lives but to pay homage to a single object, Françoise resembled a luxuriant plant, that shoots out its flowers on every side, and imparts the sweetness of its perfume to all who wander by. Père Mésnard says she could not pray all her time. She loved to roam in the woods; to sit gazing on the rapids, singing the wild native songs, for which the Iroquois are so much celebrated—she shunned all intercourse with the Utawas, because they were the enemies of her people. Père Mesnard complains that she often evaded her penances, but, he adds, she never failed in her benevolent duties.

On one occasion, when the father had gone to the Cedars on a religious errand, Françoise entered the cabin hastily—Rosalie was kneeling before a crucifix. She rose at her sister's entrance, and asked her with an air of rebuke, where she had been sauntering? Françoise said she had been to the Sycamores, to get some plants to dye the quills for Julie's wedding moccasins.



"You think quite too much of weddings," replied Rosalie, "for one whose thoughts should all be upon a heavenly marriage."

"I am not a nun yet," said Françoise, "but, oh! Rosalie, Rosalie, it was not of weddings I was thinking—as I came through the wood I heard voices whispering—our names were pronounced—not our Christian names, but those they called us by at Onnontagué."

"You surely dared not stop to listen!" exclaimed her sister.

"I could not help it, Rosalie—it was our mother's voice"—An approaching footstep at this moment startled both the girls. They looked out, and beheld their mother, Genanhatenna, close to them. Rosalie sunk down before the crucifix, Françoise sprang towards her mother in the ecstasy of youthful and natural joy. Genanhatenna, after looking silently at her children for a few moments, spoke to them with all the energy of strong and irrepressible feeling. She entreated, she commanded them to return with her to their own people. Rosalie was cold and silent, but Françoise laid her head on her mother's lap, and wept bitterly. Her resolution was shaken, till Genanhatenna arose to depart, and the moment of decision could not be deferred; she then pressed the

cross that hung at her neck to her lips, and said, "Mother, I have made a Christian vow, and must not break it."

"Come with me then to the wood," replied her mother; "if we must part, let it be there—come quickly—the young chief Allewemi awaits me—he has ventured his life to attend me here. If the Utawas see him, their cowardly spirits will exult in a victory over a single man."

"Do not go," whispered Rosalie, "you are not safe beyond the call of our cabins." Françoise's feelings were in too excited a state to regard the caution, and she followed her mother. When they reached the wood, Genanhatenna renewed her passionate entreaties. "Ah! Françoise," she said, "they will shut you within stone walls, where you will never again breathe the fresh air—never hear the songs of birds, nor the dashing of waters. These Christian Utawas have slain your brothers—your father was the stateliest tree in our forests, but his branches are all lopped, or withered, and if you return not, he perishes without a single scion from his stock. Alas! alas! I have borne sons and daughters, and I must die a childless mother."

Françoise's heart was touched—"I will—I will return with you, mother," she said, "only pro-

mise me that my father will suffer me to be a Christian."

"That I cannot, Françoise," replied Genanhattenna, "your father has sworn by the God Areouski,\* that no Christian shall live among the Iroquois."

"Then, mother," said Françoise, summoning all her resolution, "we must part—I am signed with this holy sign," she crossed herself, "and the daughter of Telasco should no longer waver."

"Is it so?" cried the mother, and starting back from Françoise's offered embrace, she clapped her hands and shrieked in a voice that rung through the wood: the shriek was answered by a wild shout, and in a moment after Telasco and the young Allewemi rushed on them. "You are mine," said Telasco, "in life and in death you are mine." Resistance would have been vain. Françoise was placed between the two Indians, and hurried forward. As the party issued from the wood, they were met by a company of Frenchmen, armed, and commanded by a young officer eager for adventure. He perceived, at a glance, Françoise's European dress—knew she must be a captive, and determined to rescue her. He levelled his musket at Telasco; Françoise sprang before her father,

\* The God of War.

and shielded him with her own person, while she explained in French that he was her father. "Rescue me," she said, "but spare him—do not detain him—the Utawas are his deadly foes—they will torture him to death, and I, his unhappy child, shall be the cause of all his misery."

Telasco said nothing. He had braced himself to the issue, whatever it might be, with savage fortitude. He disdained to sue for a life which it would have been his pride to resign without shuddering, and when the Frenchmen filed off to the right and left, and permitted him to pass, he moved forward without one look or word that indicated he was receiving a favour at their hands. His wife followed him. "Mother—one parting word," said Françoise, in a voice of tender appeal.

"One word," echoed Genanhatenna, pausing for an instant; "Yes, one word—*Vengeance*. The day of your father's vengeance will come—I have heard the promise in the murmuring stream and in the rushing wind—it will come."

Françoise bowed her head as if she had been smitten, grasped her rosary, and invoked her patron saint. The young officer, after a moment's respectful silence, asked whither he should conduct her? "To Père Mésnard's," she said.

"Père Mésnard's," reiterated the officer. "Père Mésnard is my mother's brother, and I was on my

way to him when I was so fortunate as to meet you."

The officer's name was Eugene Brunon. He remained for some days at St. Louis. Rosalie was engrossed in severe religious duties, preparatory to her removal to the convent. She did not see the strangers, and she complained that Françoise no longer participated her devotions. Françoise pleaded that her time was occupied with arranging the hospitalities of their scanty household; but when she was released from this duty by the departure of Eugene, her spiritual taste did not revive. Eugene returned successful from the expedition on which he had been sent by the government; then, for the first time, did Père Mésnard perceive some token of danger, that St. Joseph would lose his votary; and when he reminded Françoise that he had dedicated her to a religious life, she frankly confessed that she and Eugene had reciprocally plighted their faith. The good father reproved and remonstrated—and represented in the strongest colours, "the sin of taking the heart from the altar, and devoting it to an earthly love"—but Françoise answered that she could not be bound by vows she had not herself made. "Oh! Father," she said, "let Rosalie be a nun and a saint—I can serve God in some other way."

“ And you may be called to do so in a way, my child,” replied the father with solemnity, “ that you think not of.”

“ And if I am,” said Françoise smiling, “ I doubt not, good father, that I shall feel the virtue of all your prayers and labours in my behalf.” This was the sportive reply of a light, unapprehensive heart, but it sunk deeply into the Father’s mind, and was indelibly fixed there by subsequent circumstances. A year passed on—Rosalie was numbered with the black nuns of the Hotel Dieu. Eugene paid frequent visits to St. Louis, and Père Mésnard, finding further opposition useless, himself administered the holy sacrament of marriage. Here the father pauses in his narrative, to eulogize the union of pure and loving hearts, and pronounces that, next to a religious consecration, this is most acceptable to God.

The wearisome winter of Canada was past—summer had come forth in her vigour, and clothed with her fresh green the woods and valleys of St. Louis; the full Utawa had thrown off its icy mantle, and proclaimed its freedom in a voice of gladness. Père Mésnard had been, according to his daily custom, to visit the huts of his little flock. He stopped before the crucifix which he had caused to be erected in the centre of the village—he looked about upon the fields prepared for

summer crops—upon the fruit trees gay with herald blossoms,—he saw the women and children busily at work in their little garden patches, and he raised his heart in devout thankfulness to God, who had permitted him to be the instrument of redeeming these poor savages from a suffering life. He cast his eye on the holy symbol before which he knelt, and saw, or fancied he saw, a shadow flit over it. He thought it was a passing cloud, but when he looked upward, he perceived the sky was cloudless, and then he knew full well it was a presage of coming evil. But when he entered his own cabin, the sight of Françoise dispelled his gloomy presentiments. “Her face,” he says, “was as bright and clear as the lake, when not a breath of wind was sweeping across it, and the clear sun shone upon it.” She had, with her simple skill, been ornamenting a scarf for Eugene. She held it up to Père Mésnard as he entered. “See father,” she said, “I have finished it, and I trust Eugene will never have a wound to soil it. Hark !” she added, “he will be here presently, I hear the chorus of his French boatmen swelling on the air.” The good father would have said, “You think too much of Eugene, my child,” but he could not bear to check the full tide of her youthful happiness, and he only said with a smile, “When your bridal moon is in the wane, Françoise, I shall ex-

pect you to return to penances and prayers." She did not heed him, for at that instant she caught a glimpse of her husband, and bounded away, fleet as a startled deer, to meet him. Père Mésnard observed them as they drew near the cabin. Eugene's brow was contracted, and though it relaxed for a moment at the childish caresses of Françoise, it was evident from his hurried step and disturbed mein, that he feared some misfortune. He suffered Françoise to pass in before him, and, unobserved by her, beckoned to Père Mésnard. "Father," he said, "there is danger near. An Iroquois captive was brought into Montreal yesterday, who confessed that some of his tribe were out on a secret expedition; I saw strange canoes moored in the cove at Cedar Island—you must instantly return with Françoise in my boat to Montreal."

"What!" exclaimed the father, "think you that I will desert my poor lambs at the moment the wolves are coming upon them!"

"You cannot protect them, father," replied Eugene.

"Then I will die with them."

"Nay, father," urged Eugene, "be not so rash. Go—if not for your own sake, for my poor Françoise—what will become of her if we are slain? The Iroquois have sworn vengeance on her, and they are fierce and relentless as tigers. Go, I be-



sech you—every moment is winged with death. The boatmen are ordered to await you at Grassy Point. Take your way through the maple wood—I will tell Françoise that Rosalie has sent for her—that I will join her to-morrow—any thing to hasten your departure.”

“ Oh, my son—I cannot go—the true shepherd will not leave his sheep.”

The good father continued inexorable, and the only alternative was to acquaint Françoise, and persuade her to depart alone. She positively refused to go without her husband. Eugene represented to her that he should be for ever disgraced if he deserted a settlement under the protection of his government, at the moment of peril.—“ My life, Françoise,” he said, “ I would lay down for you—but my honour is a trust for you—for my country—I must not part with it.” He changed his intreaties into commands.

“ Oh, do not be angry with me,” said Françoise ; “ I will go, but I do not fear to die here with you.” She had scarcely uttered these words, when awful sounds broke on the air—“ It is my father’s war-whoop,” she cried—“ St. Joseph aid us !—we are lost.”

“ Fly—fly, Françoise,” exclaimed Eugene—“ To the maple wood, before you are seen.”

Poor Françoise threw her arms around her hus-

band—clung to him in one long, heart-breaking embrace, and then ran towards the wood. The terrible war-cry followed, and there mingled with it, as if shrilly whispered in her ear, “Vengeance—the day of your father’s vengeance will come.” She attained the wood, and mounted a sheltered eminence, from which she could look back upon the green valley. She stopped for an instant. The Iroquois canoes had shot out of the island cove, and were darting towards St. Louis, like vultures, eager for their prey. The Utawas rushed from their huts, some armed with muskets, others simply with bows and arrows. Père Mésnard walked with a slow but assured step towards the crucifix, and having reached it, he knelt, seemingly insensible to the gathering storm, and as calm as at his usual vesper prayer. “Ah,” thought Françoise, “the first arrow will drink his life-blood.”—Eugene was every where at the same instant—urging some forward, and repressing others; and in a few moments all were marshalled in battle array around the crucifix.

The Iroquois had landed. Françoise forgot now her promise to her husband, forgot every thing in her intense interest in the issue of the contest. She saw Père Mésnard advance in front of his little host, and make a signal to Telasco. “Ah, holy Father,” she exclaimed, “thou knowest not

the eagle of his tribe—thou speakest words of peace to the whirlwind.” Telasco drew his bow—Françoise sunk on her knees, “God of mercy shield him!” she cried. Père Mésnard fell pierced by the arrow—the Utawas were panic struck. In vain Eugene urged them forward—in vain he commanded them to discharge their muskets. All with the exception of five men turned and fled. Eugene seemed determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. The savages rushed on him and his brave companions with their knives and tomahawks. “He must die!” exclaimed Françoise; and instinctively she rushed from her concealment. A yell of triumph apprized her that her father’s band descried her—she faltered not—she saw her husband pressed on every side. “Oh, spare him—spare him!” she screamed—“he is not your enemy.” Her father darted a look at her—“A Frenchman!—a Christian!” he exclaimed, “and not my enemy!” and turned again to his work of death. Françoise rushed into the thickest of the fray—Eugene uttered a faint scream at the sight of her. He had fought like a blood hound while he believed he was redeeming moments for her flight; but when the hope of saving her forsook him, his arms dropped nerveless, and he fell to the ground. Françoise sunk down beside him—she locked her arms around him, and laid her

cheek to his. For one moment her savage foes fell back, and gazed on her in silence—there was a chord in their natures that vibrated to a devotedness which triumphed over the fear of death; but their fierce passions were suspended only for a moment. Telasco raised his tomahawk—"Do not strike, father," said Françoise, in a faint calm voice, "he is dead." "Then let him bear the death-scar," replied the unrelenting savage, and with one stroke he clove her husband's head asunder. One long loud shriek pealed on the air, and Françoise sunk into as utter unconsciousness as the mangled form she clasped. The work of destruction went on—the huts of the Utawas were burned, and women and children perished in one indiscriminate slaughter.

The father relates that he was passed, wounded and disregarded, in the fury of the assault—that he remained in a state of insensibility till midnight, when he found himself lying by the crucifix with a cup of water, and an Indian cake beside him. He seems at a loss whether to impute this succour to his saint, or to some compassionate Iroquois. He languished for a long time in a state of extreme debility, and when he recovered, finding every trace of cultivation obliterated from St. Louis, and the Utawas disposed to impute

their defeat to the enervating effect of his peaceful doctrines—he determined to penetrate further into the wilderness; faithfully to sow the good seed, and to leave the harvest to the Lord of the field. In his pilgrimage he met with an Utawas girl who had been taken from St. Louis with Françoise, and who related to him all that happened to his beloved disciple after her departure, till she arrived at Onnontagué, the chief village of the Iroquois.

For some days she remained in a state of torpor, and was borne on the shoulders of the Indians. Her father never spoke to her—never approached her, but he permitted Allewemi to render her every kindness. It was manifest that he intended to give his daughter to this young chieftain. When they arrived at Onnontagué, the tribe came out to meet them, apparelled in their garments of victory, consisting of beautiful skins and mantles of feathers, of the most brilliant colours. They all saluted Françoise, but she was as one deaf, and dumb, and blind. They sung their songs of greeting and of triumph, and the deep voice of the old chief Telasco swelled the chorus. Françoise's step did not falter, nor her cheek blench; her eyes were cast down, and her features had the fixedness of death. Once, indeed, when she pass-

ed her mother's hut, some tender recollection of her childhood seemed to move her spirit, for tears were seen to steal from beneath her eye-lids. The wild procession moved on to the green, a place appropriated in every Indian village to councils and sports. The Indians formed a circle around an oak tree—the ancients were seated—the young men stood respectfully without the circle. Telasco arose, and drawing from his bosom a roll, he cut a cord that bound it, and threw it on the ground —“ Brothers and sons,” he said, “ behold the scalps of the Christian Utawas!—their bodies are mouldering on the sands of St. Louis: thus perish all the enemies of the Iroquois. Brothers, behold my child—the last of the house of Telasco. I have uprooted her from the strange soil where our enemies had planted her; she shall be reset in the warmest valley of the Iroquois, if she marries the young chief Allewemi and abjures that sign,” and he touched with the point of his knife the crucifix that hung at Françoise's neck. He paused for a moment; Françoise did not raise her eyes, and he added, in a voice of thunder, “ Hear me, child; if thou dost not again link thyself in the chain of thy people—if thou dost not abjure that badge of thy slavery to the Christian dogs, I will sacrifice thee—as I swore before I went forth to

battle, I will sacrifice thee to the god Areouski—life and death are before thee—speak.”

Françoise calmly arose, and sinking on her knees, she raised her eyes to Heaven, pressed the crucifix to her lips, and made the sign of the cross on her forehead. Telasco's giant frame shook like a trembling child while he looked at her—for one brief moment the flood of natural affection rolled over his fierce passions, and he uttered a piercing cry as if a life-cord were severed; but after one moment of agony, the sight of which made the old men's heads to shake, and young eyes to overflow with tears, he brandished his knife, and commanded the youths to prepare the funeral pile. A murmur arose among the old men.

“Nay, Telasco,” said one of them, “the tender sapling should not be so hastily condemned to the fire. Wait till the morning's sun—suffer thy child to be conducted to Genanhatenna's hut—the call of the mother bird may bring the wanderer back to the nest.”

Françoise turned impetuously towards her father, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed, “Oh do not—do not send me to my mother—this only mercy I ask of you—I can bear any other torture—pierce me with those knives on which the blood of my husband is scarcely dry—consume me with

your fires—I will not shrink from any torment—a Christian martyr can endure as firmly as the proudest captive of your tribe.”

“ Ha!” exclaimed the old man, exultingly, “ the pure blood of the Iroquois runs in her veins—prepare the pile—the shadows of this night shall cover her ashes.”

While the young men were obeying the command, Françoise beckoned to Allewemi. “ You are a chieftain,” she said, “ and have power—release that poor Utawas child from her captivity—send her to my sister Rosalie, and let her say to her, that if an earthly love once came between me and Heaven, the sin is expiated—I have suffered more in a few hours—in a few moments, than all her sisterhood can suffer by long lives of penance. Let her say that in my extremity I denied not the cross, but died courageously.” Allewemi promised all she asked, and faithfully performed his promise.

A child of faith—a martyr does not perish without the ministry of celestial spirits. The expression of despair vanished from Françoise’s face. A supernatural joy beamed from her eyes, which were cast upwards—her spirit seemed eager to spring from its prison-house—she mounted the pile most cheerfully, and standing erect and undaunted, pressed the crucifix to her lips, and sign-



ed to her executioners to put fire to the wood. They stood motionless with the fire-brands in their hands—Françoise appeared to be a voluntary sacrifice, not a victim.

The pile was fired—the flames curled upwards; and the IROQUOIS MARTYR perished.

## THE PEREGRINATIONS OF PETRUS MUDD.

CERTAIN critics—a brotherhood with whom, by the way, I have no manner of cause for quarrel—have indulged themselves in a few good-natured sneers at the extent and variety of my miscellaneous travels, and the rapidity of my locomotive powers. This is a little hard, for as I do not value myself at all upon my travels, so I do not see why they should give offence to any one. But if there is any fault in the matter, I must plead the old female excuse: “my stars are more in fault than I.” My running about the world, like Falstaff’s running away, must be ascribed to instinct. In my sober judgment, I do not estimate the use of much foreign travel very high. After a man has become familiar with some of the more marked

differences of human society as it exists in the several stages from savage or pastoral simplicity up to refined and capricious luxury, (and our own country affords samples at least of every degree) —when he has well studied and engraved on his memory some of the greater prodigies of nature, (and he may see the most sublime of them without leaving the American shores,) together with some few of the nobler productions of human genius, I see little reason for wishing to travel more. Man and nature may be studied at home or any where else, with endless profit, but there is no use in running from the equator to the pole to do so. Any man of observation, who has made good use of his opportunities, by the time he is thirty may have collected in his own possession a living gallery of pictures and images, far exceeding those of Paris, Rome, or Florence, which he may visit at pleasure, without expense or trouble. I would not exchange the vivid pictures of natural beauty and sublimity, and the faithful copies of the master-pieces of art which are safely stowed away in my own brain, (a little in confusion, it is true, but to be found when wanted,) for as many genuine originals of Raphael or Claude Lorraine. It is from these considerations, as well as from “years that bring the philosophic mind,” and a

little laziness and love of ease along with their philosophy, that travelling has at last ceased to have any charms for me. I am now so well convinced that the world (as great philosophers teach) is "wicked and round," that I do not care any more to be at the pains of sailing or riding round it, to strengthen my faith in those opinions.

Nor do I at all repine at this change of taste and habits. The eagerness of young curiosity, and the delighted interest with which it drinks in glorious and splendid novelty, is indeed delicious. I am grateful for having tasted these delights. But they are gone, and I cannot grieve at their flight. I find more and more, that to him who keeps his mind open, and his affections alive to all natural sympathies, their place is amply supplied by other pleasures of easier and more constant attainment, quite as true, and as pure, and as deeply felt, though less keen and thrilling. To such a one, the daily and common beauties of creation afford ever new delight; and when he looks abroad amongst men, he can, according to his natural temperament, or his accidental mood, smile at their follies, pity their frailties, mourn, with no unpleasant melancholy, over their errors and vices; or kindle with generous ardour, in admiration of their noble deeds and qualities. Therefore it is, that I

can from my heart say with the most philosophical of modern poets, that,

Long have I loved what I behold,  
The night that calms, the day that cheers;  
The common growth of mother earth  
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth—  
Her humblest mirth and tears.

These given, what more need I desire  
To stir—to soothe—or elevate;  
What nobler marvels than the mind  
May in life's daily prospect find—  
May find—or there create ?

Accordingly, none of my later peregrinations have been from mere choice, but were all fairly imputable to “circumstances beyond my own control,” as the modern phrase is, when one wishes to give a reason or excuse for something for which no reason or excuse can well be given.

Some men there are, of cultivated and enlightened minds too, who seem to be wholly destitute of that curiosity—that desire of the eye, (if I may use the scriptural phrase in this sense,) which is the ordinary stimulant of travellers. I once knew an illustrious and eloquent statesman, who, though he had resided at Paris and London in great public trusts, never saw, nor even had the slightest cu-

riosity to see, any other parts of Great Britain or the continent, than those to which public duties called him. Though, too, as a representative, or on public business, he had frequently been at Albany, he never cared to go further north, and died without seeing Niagara, or any of the western wonders, or wealth of that state which had loaded him with honours and confidence; and which he had for years served ably and faithfully. His curiosity was alive only to man in his social and political character. Mountains, rivers, woods, and waterfalls, in his eyes, looked alike all the world over. He thought with the satirist—

For what is Nature? Ring her changes round,  
Her three flat notes are water, woods, and ground;  
Prolong the peal; yet spite of all her clatter,  
The tedious chime is still ground, woods, and water.

Another acquaintance of mine, a sensible, well-informed man too, carried this disposition still farther; for once having business at Liverpool, he went to England for the first time, transacted his affairs, and returned, without having touched any English ground beyond the pavements of Liverpool.

Still I firmly believe, and am ready to maintain, that the love of locomotion and peregrination is in

many other men an irresistible instinct, which at some period or other of their lives must be indulged. Witness old Coryatt and his cotemporary Howell. Witness Chardin, and Bell, and Bruce. Witness our countryman Ledyard. Witness the adventures of my sometime fellow traveller, Petrus Mudd.

In my last trip up the Mediterranean, having a little spare time upon my hands whilst our ship was at Naples, I could not resist the temptation of taking another look at the Eternal City, and therefore paid a rapid visit to Rome. One afternoon, shortly after my arrival there, I had been walking out with a young American painter, whom I had found studying Michael Angelo and Raffaele, and the wonders of antiquity and the skies of Italy, with as much enthusiasm as West and Allston had done before him. He had that day been astonishing all Rome by his skill in manual projectiles, having, after challenging the whole city, actually distanced all competition, by throwing stones repeatedly across the Tiber, at a point where the opposite bank had never been reached by any missile from the human hand since the days of Sybaris, the friend of Horace and the lover of Lydia; who is recorded to have achieved that feat under the consulate of Cæsar

Octavian and M. Agrippa, A. U. C. 726. We were returning to our lodgings after the feat, when he stopped to show me a very fine distant view of the dome of St. Peter's, from a point whence it is not commonly seen by travellers. Whilst we were gazing in silence upon this scene, at once magnificent and delicious, where the noblest monument of human art and science raised its majestic proportions before us, gilded by the rays of the setting sun; and in its calm dignity, exquisitely harmonized with the transparent clearness of the atmosphere, and the placid solemnity of the hour, we were startled by a shrill noise of dissonant and angry voices just beneath us.

Poets, travellers, grammarians, musicians, and rhetoricians, are fond of expatiating upon the harmony and melody of the Italian language, and contrasting its beauties with the guttural jaw-breaking sounds of the North, the hissing and muttering of the English, and the jabbering and mouth-making of the French. This is all nonsense. Vast difference there is, I allow, between our "harsh Runic copies of the South's sublime," and the "immortal harmony" of its great poets; but this relates only to poetry and music. As to the vernacular of all tongues—in the mouth of an eloquent man, all languages become sonorous and noble;



from the lips of a lovely and kind-tempered woman, all languages are fraught with sweet melody; whilst brawling, and scolding, and bad temper, grate with equal harshness on the ear in all possible tongues, and in none more than in the Italian, and its kindred idioms of the "sunny south."

This was a terrible mixture of volubility, threats, imprecations, interjections, and clamour, male and female, which burst upon us from some twenty voices, the whole plentifully decorated with that luxuriant blackguardism, in which the vulgar tongue of Italy is so rich. In the midst of all this, I thought I heard broken sentences of English, in an accent which sounded familiar to my ears. I ran down to the fray, where I found an odd-looking, sallow, sun-burnt, meagre man, with an old fur cap, edged with rusty gold binding upon his head, arrayed in a ragged, but what had once been a fashionable English blue coat, with loose Turkish trowsers, sash and slippers. He was surrounded by some dozen Italians of the lowest order, men and women; some pulling him along, others threatening him with all the extravagance of their national gesticulation, and all uniting in one grand chorus of abuse and execration.

The prisoner was endeavouring to extricate himself; and at the same time he did his best to pacify

his assailants, by jabbering, in a sort of broken English, which I perceived he used in order to make himself more intelligible to his furious adversaries. I interfered with that air of determination and authority which it is always prudent to assume on such occasions, and which seldom fails to be respected. The Italians told me that the Englishman, (I cannot stain my page with the innumerable epithets they tacked to every mention of him,) had attempted to rob an honest shoemaker of a pair of shoes, and had then drawn his knife to stab him.

Upon asking the culprit how this matter was, he told me, with great pathos, and an air of irresistible veracity, that having quite worn out the slippers he had bought at Cairo, (of which he gave me the ocular evidence,) and having no cash, he had attempted to get himself shod, by offering to *swap* a capital six-bladed English knife for a pair of shoes. The idea of "swapping," as well as the word, convinced me that I had stumbled upon a countryman.

"You are an American, are you not?"

"Yes," said he, with eagerness, "an old Yorker."

Of course I had to get the old Yorker out of the scrape; which was easily effected by paying

double the worth of the shoes out of my own purse, and appealing at once to the sympathies of the women, and the religious ideas of all, by assuring them that this was an American pilgrim, out of his head from being crossed in love—a lie which, considering the emergency of the case, may, I hope, be considered pardonable.

My countryman was extremely grateful. "And now," said he, "if you could only take me to a good tavern, the best there is in the place, I could make out." "The best there is!" said I, looking at his strange attire, which, though a little improved by the substitution of the *Ciabattino's* shoes for his well-worn slippers, was still most fantastically wretched. "Oh yes, and then I want to be carried to some great banker or money-dealer in these parts." I stared again—but he had now caught a view of the dome of St. Peter's. "Hey," added he, "what big, round steeple is that?"

"It is the dome of St. Peter's."

"St. Peter's—St. Peter's—why, I hav'nt got to St. Petersburg again, have I? No, that can't be—but is it?"

I began to think that I had stumbled upon the truth in regard to the state of my companion's intellect. "St. Petersburg! is it possible that you do not know that you are in Rome?"

"Rome—Rome—what Rome? what the old Romans built, where the Pope of Rome lives? Do you live in these parts?"

"No—I am a traveller like yourself—but as you have asked me to get you lodgings, and to introduce you to a banker"—

"Yes," said he, "and then to a tailor, and then I'll pay you for your shoes."

"Well, as you rely on me for all these services, will you be so good as to let me know who and what you are?"

"You shall have it, sir—clear as mud, ha-ha, you take the joke. My name is Mudd, Petrus Mudd—an old Yorker, born in Little Dock-street, New York—name of street altered now by the corporation—I have been travelling for pleasure to London, and France, and Jerusalem, and after the Emperor—I like it, I tell you—though it does come hard sometimes."

It is not worth while to relate the rest of our conversation, during which I satisfied myself that Petrus was no impostor, though I still doubted of his sanity. I took him to my own lodgings, where, after he had made a most voracious supper, talking the whole time, he went to bed, and was sound asleep before it was well dark.

At breakfast next morning, I was pondering

what use this strange traveller could have for a banker, when he bolted into my apartment. "Now," said he, "if there is an honest money-dealer, I can get fixed."

"You have letters of credit then, or bills?"

"No," answered he, with a knowing look, "I know a trick worth two of that. The old Mother Bank is good enough all the world over, except among the Turks; and a rich Jew that Mr. Salt recommended to me at Cairo, fixed me with gold before I went among them. Look here," said he, producing a little greasy pocket wallet of stained Russia leather, whence he drew a roll of United States Bank certificates, made out in various small amounts; "this is my letter of credit—don't trust the bankers for much at one time—sell out six or eight shares and get gold for them when I am short, you see."

"Do you find no difficulty about sales or transfers, in your travels, then?"

"No—got myself fixed at Paris with a good passport—five feet six inches French, skin brown, nose long, eyes grey, scar across the forehead—fell on the fire-fender when I was little, and cut my forehead open—chin sharp, and my signature with a flourish that the devil can't forge—certificates besides, and all the needful—money-dealers

all ready to snap at it, but hav'nt been obliged to shell out the scrip but five times since I have been out from New York."

Accordingly, I introduced Mudd to my banker, where, after the necessary explanations, he "got fixed," and disposed of bank stock enough to provide him with some rouleaus of Napoleons, sovereigns, Dutch ducats, and other gold of universal currency, which he selected with great discrimination and a most knowing air. After this, we proceeded to procure dress and equipments in the ordinary fashion of the day.

As he had now communicated to me at full the history of his life and travels, it is quite time that I should in turn communicate it to my readers.

Petrus Mudd was born of respectable, though humble parents, in the city of New York, out of which, and its immediate precincts, he never stirred during the first forty-four years of his life. His education was confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic. Of the first accomplishment, he made no further use than to read the newspapers occasionally. In the other two he grew expert, was an excellent penman, became a clerk in the old United States Bank, and when that expired, in another respectable banking company, in both of which stations he toiled on with unremitting fidelity and a scanty salary, for many years. In the

meantime he married, and became the father of a large family, whom his wife brought up with great neatness and frugality. Petrus sometimes read in the papers about Paris and London, and he heard talk of Boston and Philadelphia; but the idea of ever actually travelling to either of these cities, was as far from his thought as the going to the North Pole or the Moon. Indeed, the most he had ever seen even of his own narrow native island of Manhattan, was when he was marched in the militia by an ambitious colonel as far as the six mile stone.

At length, by a caprice of fortune, Peter Mudd, Alderman and grocer of the ancient city of Bristol, died without wife or child, leaving that *ne plus ultra* of an English citizen's ambition, a plum, in well-invested pounds sterling in the English funds. He did not know that he could claim kindred with any one in the wide world, except perhaps the children, if any there were, of an uncle of his who had emigrated to America about the year 1754. The Alderman had been a Whig during the American revolution, and was one of Burke and Cruger's most zealous supporters in the famous Bristol elections of that period. This gave additional power to the force of blood and name, in consequence whereof, he bequeathed his whole fortune to the unknown eldest-born male of his American

cousin. He, moreover, took the wise precaution to leave a comfortable little legacy to his attorney, on condition of his finding out the aforesaid cousin, to whom he trusted for perpetuating the family name and honours. Of course, neither this legacy nor the larger one was lost, and Petrus was ferreted out with great despatch from behind the bank counter, where he was toiling away at six hundred and fifty dollars a year. Without any previous notice, he was at once saluted as the undoubted possessor of Alderman Mudd's hundred thousand pounds, which, being all in personal property, was luckily unincumbered by any of those legal difficulties that have heretofore perplexed other American and alien claimants to English inheritances.

The stock was duly transferred and sold out, the proceeds remitted to Petrus, and as safely re-invested in this country. Petrus built himself a fine house in a fashionable street, set up his carriage, became a bank director, and at last extended his views to the purchase of a country-seat, eight miles from the City Hall; but this still formed the extent of his journeys.

At length he was apprised, by a letter from his faithful Bristol agent, that there were still sundry outstanding debts and claims belonging to the estate of his deceased relative, out of which something handsome might be made, if Mr. Mudd



would give his attorney a liberal discretion to compromise as well as he could ; "or, my dear sir," added he, "if you could make it convenient, now that the packets are so good between the United States and this country, and the passages so short, to visit Bristol yourself, you might find it much to your interest."

The suggestion fell upon Petrus's mind like a spark among gunpowder. The idea of crossing the Atlantic—of his, Petrus Mudd's crossing the Atlantic, suggested by another person as an easy, practicable thing, roused at once all the long dormant propensities and energies of his character. "I'll go," said he, and it was done. Before he returned home to dinner he took his passage, and made all the arrangements that his commercial friends told him were necessary.

He sat down to dinner with a better appetite than he had had since he had been accustomed to sit down to a good dinner every day.

"Wife," said he, when he had finished his soup and fish, and was beginning to carve the joint before him, "I am going to England next Monday." Mrs. Mudd was in the main a silent and submissive wife, yet if her husband had told her in this fashion that he was going to Boston or Washington next week, she would have expostulated at the suddenness of the determination, and worried him with

her anxiety for the why and the wherefore. But, going to England ! The thought was astounding. She started, stared, and finished her dinner in mute amazement. On Monday, therefore, Petrus sailed in one of our punctual packets, for Liverpool, where he arrived in excellent health and spirits on the twentieth day from New York, and two days after was comfortably seated at the Bush Inn, in Bristol. Here he remained three or four months, under the advice of his excellent friend and attorney, Parkins Stubbs, Esq., and arranged his affairs much to his satisfaction, having by various compromises and releases of desperate debts, realized another clear five thousand pound. Well satisfied with this new windfall, he prepared to return home by the next Liverpool packet, and so he told Mr. Parkins Stubbs one Sunday morning as they were going to the Radcliffe church together.

“What, home, Mr. Mudd ! home, without seeing London; and the Tower, and Westminster Hall, and the twelve judges, and the other lions ? You have heard about them in America, I dare say. Hilary term begins next week, and I mean to go to town myself—hope the pleasure of your good company up—show you a little life in London—not like this dull old city. Poor Bristol is not what it was before your American rebellion—

I beg pardon, but you'll go to London with me, instead of leaving us so soon for America?"

"Why, yes—I don't care if I do go with you to London. How far is it?"

To London they went, where Mr. Mudd, under the guidance of his friend Stubbs, saw all the lions, and growled at them all. "London was just like New York," he said, "only uglier and bigger, and the oysters not so good." He even refused to join Mr. Stubbs in his reverent admiration of the judges in their gowns and wigs, and maintained stoutly that they neither looked nor talked as well as the Recorder of New York. Mudd's business had not been so prosperously concluded, without, in reasonable proportion, contributing also to fill the pockets of Mr. Stubbs. Now, as Mrs. Stubbs knew that Mr. Stubbs was in funds, she began to dun him for her long-promised visit to Paris, where all her acquaintance had already been, or were going, or talked of going. "And then it was so cheap, too."

As usual upon such occasions, the lady carried her point, and the Stubbs family determined to visit Paris before returning home. "Mr. Mudd," said Mrs. Stubbs, one morning, "we go to Paris next week, and it would give us great pleasure to have you of our party. You ought to see Paris,

you know, as well as London, before your return to America. All the world, that is at all *comme il faut*, has been to Paris." "Yes," added Mr. Stubbs, "and you may go home, if you like it, just as well from France as from this side the channel."

"Can I?" said Mudd; "well, I'll go to Paris with you. How far is it?"

To Paris the party went, and there every thing being new to our traveller, and unlike what he had ever seen before, he marvelled much, and was amused, if not instructed or delighted. Now his spirit of adventure developed itself with spontaneous rapidity. On the fourth day he broke quite loose from the maternal care of Mrs. Stubbs and the kind offices of her husband, roamed alone all over Paris, went to all the theatres and shows, tried every dish at every restaurateur's, from the scientific Beauvilliers and the splendid Grignon, down to the economical artists who advertise sumptuous repasts with bread and wine at discretion, *tous pour vingt sous*. He spoke no tongue but his own, and soon found that he needed none. The two universal and natural languages of mankind, that of signs and that of cash, removed every difficulty. Mudd now found that he was an independent man, who could make his own way

through the world without assistance, and he felt all the conscious dignity of independence.

One evening he was taking his ices at Tortoni's, with as much easy indifference as if he had been in the habit of going there as regularly all his life as he had to Contoit's, when a Boston merchant whom he had somewhere seen before, told him that he was going to Amsterdam next Friday. "I should like to go with you," said Mudd; "how far is it?"

On Friday they set off with post horses, and at every stage of his road, Lisle, Brussels, Antwerp, Utrecht, Mudd grew better and better pleased with travelling. They arrived in good order at Amsterdam, and as it happened to be during one of the fairs, Mudd almost on alighting in the evening, got in the street a genuine New York meal of tea and "hot waffels;" a meal for which, as all the world knows, or ought to know, his native city, in spite of the huge influx of English, Scotch, Irish, French, Spanish, and Yankees, has preserved alike the taste and the skill in concoction transmitted by the venerable common ancestors of the old Amsterdam of Europe and the New Amsterdam of New York. Our North American New Amsterdam is, like the Grecian old Athens, a conquered city, and, like Athens, has asserted her innate superiority over her victors,

by subduing them to her own habits and tastes—that is to say, eating *waffels*, keeping New Year in the Dutch fashion, and moving every May-day.

Mudd had scarcely got safely lodged at the Great Doelen, before he began to talk to his companion about making “the whole tour of Europe before he went back home.” The next day our hero was introduced to a wealthy Dutch merchant, who had travelled in the United States, was much connected with American commerce, and spoke English well. Mudd here again expressed his new-born delight in travelling, and his fancy to see some more of the world.

“Would you like to see Russia?” said the polite Dutchman.

“Russia—Russia—yes—I have never been to Russia—how far is it?”

“I ask,” added the merchant, “because it happens that one of the Russian Imperial couriers, a confidential person whom I have long known, returns to St. Petersburg to-morrow with despatches from our court to our great and good ally the Emperor of Russia. He, I know, would have no objection to a travelling companion. It is true that the *employés* of this *corps* are not allowed to stop on the road until they have delivered their despatches at the foreign office at St. Petersburg; but then, they travel in the best and most expe-

ditions manner the country may afford; and, as I believe you speak nothing but your own language, you will find it convenient to have a safe convoy under whose care you may travel with perfect safety and some economy."

Mudd accepted the proposal at once; and next morning he was introduced to his new fellow-traveller, a broad-shouldered, ruddy, good-humoured little Cossack, in front of the old Stadthouse, now a palace of the King of Holland, where he and his trunk (at the size whereof the Russian grumbled not a little) were crammed into a stout travelling two-horse vehicle, and off they went with as much expedition as a Dutch postillion could be made to undergo.

Fortunately Mudd and the Russian together talked all the languages of Europe between them; but as unfortunately, the only one Mudd could speak or understand, was the only one the other could not. So on they went in silence, eating, drinking, and sleeping in the vehicle, and changing horses at each post without a moment's delay. This might seem to be no very edifying or amusing journey, but our cockney traveller was in ecstasies the whole way; and as he got the names of every town and village regularly pointed out to him in his post-book, which names, his memory being wholly unincumbered with other matters, he never

forgot, I do not see why he did not travel to as much profit as some others of my fashionable acquaintance. On they went (as I have heard him repeat the roll of names) from "Vogelsdorf to Munchburg, from Munchburgh to Dolgelkin, and so on to Schoenbacken, and from there to Schneidmuhl, and so to Wilsitz; and from Wilsitz to Brombourg, and from Brombourg to Ostromezkow, and so through Graudentz and Marienwerder and Rizenbourg to Mulhausen and Hoppenbruch and Brandenburg, till they got out of the Prussian states; and thence through Jarkaw, and Shwarzors, and Mimershalsh, and Heiligenta, by the way of Schulzenkraz, to Riga." From Riga they proceeded (as Mudd used to rattle the names off with enviable glee and never-failing accuracy) through Hilchefer, Roop, Gulben, Teylitz, Kuyhatz, Igafehr, and so on through a dozen names harder and harder, to Czirkowieze, and thence to St. Petersburg. Into that capital they galloped in great style, and dashed to the office of foreign affairs, at the imminent hazard of running over old women, children, and plebeians of all sorts. Whilst Mudd gazed around at the fine buildings, and the long beards and other novelties, the courier alighted to present his despatches, when he was informed by the Chancellor of his department that the Emperor had gone to Moscow, and



that these despatches being directed to Alexander in person, he must go after him without delay. The Cossack swore roundly by St. Nicholas, but he knew the law of his service, and submitted; for in Russia diplomacy despatches addressed to the Sovereign in person, must be delivered by the original official bearer in person likewise. Whilst fresh horses were harnessing, the courier tried to explain this matter to Mudd, and let him know where he was going, but in vain. Mudd either did not understand, or did not care to quit his fellow-traveller, and off they went again, "tramp, tramp," through "Tchoudowof and Podberciskie to Novgorod;" and thence by Zaitsorshoff, Rakinoff, and Tagelbitzi, through Khaitclovow to Vichnei, Volotchok, and Vidrobouchskia to Tver, and thence again by Viskresensakia, and Klin, and Tchernia-Griaz, all on the road to Moscow. I wish my readers could but have the pleasure in reading these hard names that our friend Mudd has in repeating them. At Moscow they learnt (or rather, the Cossack courier learnt), that the Imperial Alexander had gone on still further, somewhere towards the Caspian. Therefore, on again went the messenger, and with him his unaccountable companion, sticking to him like the old man of the sea to the unfortunate Sinbad. Here the comforts of wheel-carriages gradually

ceased. Mudd, from his city education, was no great horseman; but it was fine summer weather; and the Cossack was full of fun and good-nature, and the good cheer purchased by Mudd's ducats had increased his natural amiableness; so, by paying for an additional horse for the big trunk, after a little practice, and no small share of that galling and chafing to which awkward horsemen are subject on long rides, Mudd got along better than any one would have supposed, until, after some eight or nine hundred wersts of hard travel, he reached the Imperial sojourn. The despatches were safely delivered, and Mudd as safely lodged at a sort of inn or post-house. The very next morning his friend the courier sought him out, with horses ready saddled, and informed him, in that conventional jargon which repeated trials had made familiar and intelligible to both, that he was off again, and invited Mudd to accompany him. Mudd wanted to know "how far off" their new place of destination was, but could not make himself understood; and as he saw no better way of getting within hail of salt-water and the sound of English, he re-mounted, though with a rueful aspect, a sad heart, and a sore skin. But, alas! he knew not the journey which he was now recommencing. His Mordanto of a bearer of despatches, had had the luck (good or ill, I know

not how he estimated it) to arrive at the very moment when all the other numbers of his rough-riding fraternity had posted off North, South, East, and West, and at the very moment, too, when the policy or the caprice of the Emperor required an immediate communication to be made to his minister at Madrid: and thither Pulutka, the Cossack messenger, was sent, with Mr. Petrus Mudd under his charge. Mudd never could speak or think of the first days of this journey without visible annoyance, and rubbing his knees and other parts in sympathy for their by-gone sufferings; but when he got into the region of wheel-carriages and taverns, where, though he could not stop to rest, he could buy good wine, and plenty of cold eatables, he became cheerful and happy. Then they rattled on across Germany to Strasburgh, and so across France to Bordeaux, and thence, by St. Jean de Luz, to the frontiers of Spain. In Spain they were soon obliged to quit their vehicle, and to mount again, but then it was upon mules. These were safe and sure-footed beasts, and Petrus was a somewhat better horseman than of yore; moreover, "each cicatrice and capable impressure" of his former wounds being now healed, they went on cheerily enough, though with more incessant despatch than was quite agreeable to so regular a sleeper as our traveller, through Yrun (as Petrus

is wont to say) and Oyarzun, and Peubla de Aragonza, to Valladolid, and so by Burgos, Segovia, and Puente del Retamar, to Madrid. The ducats were now quite drained, and the Russian was well tired of his companion; so that when they were arrived at Madrid, as soon as he had delivered his missives to his own ambassador, he deposited Mudd at the door of the American legation. Our minister could hardly credit Mudd's tale, until the production of his travel-stained passport, duly *viséd* by ministers of police, commandants of posts, and custom-house officers of all nations, satisfied him of the extent and velocity of his journeys on the continent.

Here, under the care of the minister, Mudd was enabled to recruit his purse, by selling some shares of United States Bank stock, the certificates of which he had brought from New York, and which a rich Jew was willing to convert into Napoleons. After recruiting himself, and gazing about Madrid with more leisure than he had found in any city since he had left England, he was sent down to Cadiz, with a letter, recommending him to the special protection of our consul at that port. That gentleman received him with his accustomed friendship and hospitality, and was looking out for a passage for him direct to the United States, or some prudent travelling companion, who would

undertake to see him safe to Liverpool or Havre, when, as the destinies willed, Mr. Mudd dined one day at the consul's in company with a book-making English traveller, who had been exploring the antiquities of the Barbary coast, and was now proceeding to Egypt, determined to make a more accurate measurement and exploration of the Pyramids, and the Sphinxes and Temples, and other marvels of that ancient land, than the world had yet received.

Mudd, when at home, was always a regular church-going man, and the land of Egypt sounded so familiarly in his ears, that it struck him that it would be quite an agreeable matter to be able, when he got home and heard a sermon about Joseph, and Moses, and Egypt, to tell his minister that he had been among the Pharaohs, and seen their butchers, and bakers, and magicians.

"When do you go, Mr. W——?" said he. "I shall probably sail to-morrow, or the day after."  
"I'll go along with you. How far is it?"

The consul tried to advise and expostulate, but in vain. The Englishman was glad to find a companion of any sort, and still more an able-bodied man who could pay his own expenses; so, in a day or two, Mudd and the learned traveller sailed straight for Egypt. There Mudd followed his new friend wherever he went—ascended the Nile

—crawled through the Pyramids and clambered up them—assisted in measuring and digging out monuments, and temples, and statues—got choked with mummy dust—stified and baked in the sepulchres of the Pharaohs—wondering all the while what was the meaning of so much trouble about nothing, especially when they might in the same time and at less expense have travelled two or three thousand miles straight forward. He heartily wished the job was finished, but saw no prospect of its completion. At last he told his companion so, one day, as he was deep in his drawings and measurements. They quarrelled and parted in a pet, and, happy in his liberation, Mudd returned to Cairo.

There he called upon the well-known Mr. Salt, whose acquaintance he had made on his first coming to Egypt. Salt, presuming of course, that, strange as his conversation and manners were, he must yet be a scientific or literary traveller, observed to him, that he presumed he would not leave the East without seeing Jerusalem. "Jerusalem, and the Pharisees, and the Sadducees, and all that," thought Mudd. "Yes," added he aloud, "I would like to go to Jerusalem. How far is it?"

Mr. Salt kindly introduced him to a trusty Arab carrier, the owner of three or four camels, who had picked up English enough during the occupation

by the English army and navy, to drive a bargain. The bargain was made, and the Arab duly covenanted to transport Mudd safely to Jerusalem, and back again in due time. He was mounted on a camel, and trotted off into the desert, in the midst of a caravan of Turks, Jews, Arabs and Greeks, as rapidly as his heart could desire, though not quite as comfortably as he expected; for whoever has tried a camel's back, knows by hard experience, that (except perhaps to an Arab) this is the most uneasy and fatiguing of all possible modes of conveyance. At last, after some days' hard travel, they arrived at a queer straggling little village, when the carrier jumped off his camel, and pointing about him, said to Mudd, "Ruh-saleem, Ruh-saleem." Our voyager thought this could not well be the great city of Jerusalem, of which he had seen so many large prints, and began to suspect that he had been cheated, perhaps decoyed into the wilderness, to be made a Guinea slave, or sold to the Algerines. He grew more and more alarmed; for his guide not comprehending his talk, but seeing from his looks that he suspected foul play, grew angry on his side; he perceived that his honour was somehow doubted; and though in some respects a rogue, and now and then a robber, when he acted officially, and upon his word, he had very punctilious notions of honour.

It so happened that a benevolent Jew in company, who was attracted by the fray, had had English and good nature enough to set himself to clear up the difficulty. Jerusalem this certainly was not, nor on the road thither, but a little trading town of a somewhat similar name, and directly in the other direction from Cairo, being some distance south, down the coast of the Red Sea. Jerusalem itself is in the East never known by that name, being always denominated *El Kods*, the holy city; with sometimes the additional epithet of *El Sherif*, the noble; and had Mudd mentioned it by either of these titles, our adventurer would have been duly transported thither. All to be done at present, was to wait as comfortably and contentedly as he could, till his trading fellow travellers had transacted their affairs, or some other caravan was ready to return. Luckily, knowing nothing of the people amongst whom he was, he got over his fears, and as luckily there was no ground for having any. At length, he was duly trotted back again over the desert, and safely delivered at the British consulate.

His pride was now roused; he was afraid of being laughed at; and to the true Jerusalem, by whatever name these blockheads called it, he was determined to go. Go, therefore, he did. For a due consideration, the same Arab agreed to transport



him there without any mistake, and re-deliver him at Cairo within a stipulated time. They joined the next party of merchants and travellers bound that way, and off they went. I need not say, that to him this journey proved not a whit more edifying than usual, either in the way of observation and information, or in awakening the glowing associations of poetry or piety; nevertheless, like the good Goffredo and his crusaders, he had reason enough to boast of his sufferings in the glorious enterprize:

*Molto soffri nel glorioso acquisto, &c.*

Fevered and burnt with the August sun of Palestine, every bone aching, and every joint stiff with fatigue and jolting, sorely galled, blistered, and bruised, he arrived at Jerusalem about three o'clock in the afternoon; and as he rode along, he viewed the city with more than usual interest. On alighting at the caravansera or monastery, (for as he does not know, I cannot tell where his guide lodged him,) after devouring a hearty meal, he fell asleep, and slept without turning or tossing until next morning. Then, just after sun-rise, his guide shook him by the shoulder, informed him as well as he could, that he was going back, and bade him make ready to mount and accompany him. Mudd

expostulated in great indignation, and expressed his determination to stay and see the city, and all the fine things that must be there. But the Arab was inexorable; and Mudd had now so long been under his absolute command, that he could not bring himself to disobey; besides, if the Arab returned without him, how was he to get back? With a heavy heart, a sore skin, and a most uncomfortable state of body and mind, he crawled upon his camel again, joined another returning company, and was in the regular course of trade duly delivered at the consulate of Cairo. There he had the new vexation to hear, that if he had stayed a day or two longer at Jerusalem, he might not only have seen the holy city at leisure, but returned in great comfort and safety with a party of his own countrymen, who set off some days after him.

He had now quite enough of the East, and as soon as rest and good fare had recruited his health and spirits, took shipping from Egypt in a little Italian felucca, loaded with grain, and bound to Leghorn, where he was informed he could either get a passage to New York, or else set off to travel wherever he might please, through a land of taverns, beds, post-horses, and public conveyances. With his usual whimsical fortune, a storm, not very terrible, but sufficient to alarm Italian mari-

ners, (perhaps, coupled with other reasons of convenience,) induced the *Padrone* of his vessel to put into Civita Vecchia, instead of holding on for Leghorn. Mudd had paid out his last gold piece in advance. He did not at all like the looks of the immediate liege subjects of the church at Civita Vecchia; and found nobody in that poor little emporium of Rome's navigation, to whom he could explain his wants. Knowing, however, from the crosses in the churches, and the hats, coats, and breeches of the men, that he was now somewhere in Europe, he wisely determined to walk on until he came to some large city, where somebody could speak English, and understand the nature of "the Mother Bank." That peculiar Providence which the French proverb truly says, always watches over fools and drunkards, brought him in safety to Rome; and there he fell in my way, in the manner already related.

I fear I have already tired my readers; and must therefore be brief in relating the rest of his adventures. I took him with me safely to Naples, where he amused himself three days in clambering up Vesuvius, and seeing all the antiquities and curiosities of the vicinity; when I suddenly missed him. After many anxious but fruitless inquiries, (for I felt myself in some sort responsible for his safety, until I could get him shipped to America,)

an American sailor brought me a letter in his handwriting, directed to his wife, and left to be forwarded to her. It was, I suppose, the first he had written since he had left Bristol. Our hero himself had fallen in along the quay, with a Danish captain of a small vessel from the Baltic, who had been exchanging his cargo of salt and dried fish for oil. The Dane talked enough English to induce Mudd to take a sail with him to Copenhagen. A most tedious business it was to get there; and by the time they got out of the Mediterranean, winter was approaching. But on his arrival at Copenhagen, finding the Bank stock to run very low, he became alarmed at the idea of being left penniless among strangers, and determined to return immediately to America; for which a passage being instantly procured him by the captain, who had brought him from Leghorn, he sailed the next day, without having seen any more of Copenhagen than the street in which stood the sailor tavern where he had been lodged. But the America of Copenhagen and all Denmark, consists altogether of their West-India islands of St. Thomas and St. John's; and to them, instead of to New York and Boston, when he was three days out, he found he was making a winter passage, in company with a Danish counsellor, his wife and nine children, two doctors, four overseers, with eighty recruits for the Danish

troops in the West Indies; and a cargo of fish, tallow, tar, and salt butter. They all arrived in good order, after a blustering passage of one hundred and four days.

Mudd now grew impatient, and resolved upon getting upon the continent of America as soon as possible. Almost for the first time in his life he studied a map; in consequence whereof, with great sagacity, he took shipping for the Carracas, from whence he proposed to himself to set off by land to New York. Most opportunely at Lagaira, he stumbled upon the son of an old neighbour, who was mate of a small American brig. This youth recognising his townsman, prevented him from starting on his wise expedition; and persuaded him to take passage in his vessel, from which, in the course of a fortnight, he was landed at New York, after an absence of three years, seven months, and twelve days.

Fortune had smiled upon his affairs during his absence. His real estate and bank stock had all risen, some of it ten, some twenty per cent. He found his family not only quite well, but exceedingly improved and increased during his travels. His eldest daughter, whom he had left at a boarding-school in the country, had thought proper to marry her dancing-master; who being, as he said, a French general in disguise, now relinquished the practice

of his art, and with his mother, and sister, and younger brother, took up their quarters with his mother-in-law, where they all devoted themselves with great assiduity to educate and accomplish Mrs. Mudd, and her interesting family.

The other adventures and achievements of Mr. Mudd ; how, after his return, he set himself to study geography, and read voyages and travels, to know where he had been, and what he had seen, and what he might have seen ; and how he set himself to study French, Russian, Italian, Spanish, and Hebrew, all at once ; and how he became a connoisseur, a savant, a mineralogist, a political economist, and a politician—how the Mudds, young and old, all shone, and flamed, and blazed in fashionable life ; and how not one of them could endure their own country, and talked constantly of going to live in the polished society of Europe, among the arts and sciences ;—all this is “ high matter,” and may be discussed hereafter.

## UNWRITTEN POETRY.

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. . . . . For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes,  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky——

WORDSWORTH.

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THERE is poetry that is not written. It is living in the hearts of many to whom rhyme is a mystery. As I here use it, it is delicate perception ; something which is in the nature, enabling one man to detect harmony, and know forms of beauty better than another. It is like a peculiar gift of vision ;

not creating a new world, but making the world we live in more visible; enabling us to combine and separate and arrange the elements of beauty into the fair proportions of a picture. The poet hears music in common sounds, and sees loveliness by the wayside. There is not a change in the sky, nor a noise of the water, nor a sweet human voice, which does not bring him pleasure. He sees all the light and hears all the music about him—and this is poetry.

To one thus gifted, nature is a friend of many sweet offices and true consolations. Call it visionary if you will, she has glad fellowship for the happy, and medicine for the wounded spirit, and calm communion for gentle thoughts, which are the life of his moral being. Let him seek her when he will, if his heart be anything but dead, the poor sympathy of the world is a mockery to her ministering influences. I dare go further. The power of nature over such a mind as I have described, is, in cases of extreme mental suffering, or abandonment, stronger than any other moral influence.\*

\* I except religion of course; and I would be understood throughout this narrative as having no reference, comparative or direct, to that purest of all principles. My object is to illustrate the effect of nature on rare and imaginative minds, and not to state a theory of any general bearing whatever.



There is something in its deep and serene beauty, inexpressibly soothing to the diseased mind. It steals over it silently, and gradually, like an invisible finger, erasing its dark lines and removing its brooding shadows, and before he is aware, he is loving, and enjoying, and feeling, as he did in better days, when his spirit was untroubled. To those who see nothing about them but physical convenience, these assertions may seem extravagant; but they are nevertheless true; and blessed be the Author of our faculties, there are some who know, by experience, that nature is a friend and a physician to the sick and solitary spirit of her worshipper.

Paul Lorraine, by the above definition, was a poet. He had been what is called a strange child. It was a way of saying that they did not understand him. His unbounded gladness when gay, and his singular depression at times, were unaccountable. He was as docile and affectionate as a girl; but he would wander away on a summer morning and neglect his books like a very truant. He never could resist the stirrings of spring, and the smallest bird that went singing over him on his way to school, tempted him off irresistibly. His spirit revolted at confinement in such seasons, and when chid for absence, his spirit rose within him, and he answered indignantly. On one of

these occasions he was punished with a blow. I remember it as if it were yesterday. He was perfectly transformed. The delicate, quiet boy, whom we expected to submit and weep, sprang to his feet with the sternness of a lion. He compressed his beautiful lip, and his eye flashed for a moment—and then he stood calm and immovable till the blood gushed from his nostrils. It was the last attempt to subdue him, and he was left to his own waywardness.

At fourteen Paul Lorraine was the most engaging being I ever saw. He was tall for his years, and surpassingly graceful; but his face won you like a spell. It was not its regularity; not its clear, transparent complexion; not his fine eye, with its long, shadowy lashes; but a delicious melancholy that was refreshing, like the twilight, to look upon. He was happier than most boys; often gay; but whatever the expression of the moment, and whatever the change in features that were singularly flexible, the calm, angelic seriousness of that look was always there. His person was apparently slight; but exquisite symmetry, and the exercise of his early wanderings, had given it compactness, and the airy glide of his step was almost unearthly. His bearing was modest, and the habitual sadness of his countenance chastened it much; but no one could be long in his

presence, without discovering that the chivalry of a high-minded boy was among his readiest impulses.

Is it singular that such a being should be loved? that in the early maturity of uncommon sensibilities, he should himself love, passionately? Perhaps it was the fault of his character that he was too susceptible. He certainly never could resist the delightful language of a woman's unmeant preference; and if this is a sin, it is the shadow of a virtue—a consequence inseparable from the very delicacy which ennobled him. I am not sure that the blush which betrayed the secret of Marion Graham, was not the first shot from the quiver we read of; but be that as it may, a truer affection never stirred the fine chords of the human bosom, than the love of Paul Lorraine for that bewitching fairy. I have seen her often. I have played with her, by day-light and moon-light, a thousand times; and I could describe her; but he has done it himself, better. He wrote the verses which follow, at school, on a blank leaf of his Virgil:—

The tempting lip I never kissed,  
Or, kissing may not tell,  
Was like the flashing amethyst,  
On which a tear-drop fell,  
Or rose leaves blushing through a mist,  
Or the tinting of a shell.

I gazed upon that lip the while  
Her honied words did flow,  
And wondered at the hidden wile.  
That made my feelings glow,  
And wished my sister could beguile  
My weary spirit so.

Her eye was bluer than the sky,  
And holier by far ;  
And now was flashing vividly,  
Now tranquil as a star ;  
And her lashes were bent droopingly,  
As the Madonna's are.

The carpet scarcely took a print  
Of her elastic foot,  
And every step had meaning in 't,  
Like moving to a lute,  
And fell like snow upon a flint—  
As traceless and as mute.

She was a woman, and a child ;  
Capricious and mature ;  
At time the wildest of the wild,  
Then saintly and demure.  
The silver moon was not so mild,  
Nor her silver light so pure.

I loved her like a fervent boy,  
Too well to eat or sleep ;  
And I grew serious with joy,  
Till I could almost weep ;  
And feared my visits would annoy,  
And asked a curl to keep.

That pleasant eve ! That moonlight eve !  
The honeysuckle low !  
The trellis bars that seemed to weave  
The light and shadow so !  
And the half blown rose that made her grieve,  
That it should ever blow !—

It seemed the beauty of a spell,  
And she the spirit fair ;  
I never loved the eve so well,  
Or breathed such balmy air ;  
And Marion—but I must not tell  
The things that happened there.

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At twenty-five, Paul had mingled with the world. He had been caressed more than was good for his character, and had dipped deeper into pleasure than his better angel whispered him was innocent. He had learned to wear armour upon his feelings, and could go free among companions whose want of delicacy and consideration would have wounded him, once, like arrows. He had become what is called a man of the world, of the better order ; such an one as women select for a defender, and men for an umpire in the nice distinctions of honour. He was, to a certain degree, master of himself, and always a ruling spirit with others ; a noble nature, that had suffered plausible but false principles to graft themselves upon it.

His worldly accomplishments, however, were as yet but the dress of the masquerader, and his heart was beating still, beneath it, with the fine impulses that wrought upon his boyhood. He had kept the poetry of his feelings apart from their profanation; and in the midst of gaiety, it would visit him like a palpable touch, and lead him away in a rich dream to the beautiful treasures of his fancy. A reach of moonlight on a wall, or a glimpse of a bright star through the window of a ball-room, was talisman enough; and the contemplations of his early years would come at such bidding, and steep him in the depth of a forgetfulness that would seem to be total. How often have I followed him from a crowded room, to see him lean over a balustrade, and with the merry laugh of "fair women and brave men" ringing in his ear, look up to the clear heavens with the enthusiastic and simple fervour of a child!

To Marion he was true. She had grown up as he knew she must, with a heart too deep, and a mind too ardent for the light frame which imprisoned them. She was as delicate as a flower; but oh! her love was the breath of her being, that would one day exhaust it. She had the quick perceptions of her sex, united to the strong intuitive capacities of genius. Her acquirements had elevated and expanded them; and without a

knowledge of the world, or the trick of fashion, she stood alone among women like a "particular star," and won from all the unqualified admiration she did not value.

The love that Paul had begun with a boy's rash vow, was matured into a strong affection. It was his sole aim in life to be worthy of Marion. There were obstacles in the way of his happiness, however, which, in the opinion of his friends, made the attainment difficult, if not insurmountable. He was not rich, and had no apparent preference for any profession or business. While this was the case, a connexion was, of course, by the principles of this "work-a-day world," not to be thought of; and the fear on this subject, by those who knew the temper of his mind, was formidable. It had been, however, a theme of much reflection to him, and the subject, in his own feelings, wore a brighter aspect. His views, it is certain, were yet romantic, and he did not quite realize the dull servitude of business; but he had naturally a penetration and common sense, which were singular in a mind so gracefully gifted, and the sweet vision of Marion Graham was, in his own view, a sufficient stimulus to all necessary sacrifice.

Society, however, had many claims upon him, and with the irresistible fascination of his manner,

it was not strange that he became a favourite. It is a trying relation to hold to the world, and true as it certainly was that he was not so deliriously devoted to its pleasures as those with whom he mingled, appearances often warranted remark, which heavily clouded the hopes of Marion. If his character had been better understood, she would have been spared the trial; but the air which he put on like a mantle, was to ordinary men the acquisition of half a life; and the hours he gave to society, and which were, to him, a relief from books, were to ordinary men dissipation, unfitting them for all serious employment. Who should know that the overflow of his spirit was more than their whole capacity? Who should know that the rich beauty of his language, and the finished elegance of his address, were the original of their studied imitation? It was here that the candid, and the lenient, misunderstood, and misrepresented him. They believed upon common principles, and spoke with the persuasion of truth, and it required all the philosophy of Marion, not to tremble at the asserted tendency of his career.

Lorraine was otherwise mistaken, and the result became the fever of her spirit. I have said that he was susceptible. He never ceased to love her. There was never a moment when he would not have preferred her immeasurably to a world of his



reputed idols. But away from her sweet voice, and under the bewildering influence of music and excitement, he would be tempted into a momentary homage which was repeated to her with the colouring of scandal, till her heart was sick. It was not that she believed them. She knew in her clear judgment that his devoted manner was misconstrued, and his native ardour too far above the level of his fellows to be attributed to ordinary feeling; but the continual dropping which wears away a stone is a true emblem of the unquiet heart, and she wore away beneath it.

Unavoidable circumstances kept him at a distance, and they seldom met. But with all the hallowed delicacy and deep tenderness of their love, that brief intercourse was constrained and painful. It was natural that it should be so. Her cheek glowed in his presence like the lip of a child; but a less practised eye might discover the history of sad, weary thought beneath it. He knew its intensity; and it was not strange, as she leaned feebly on his arm, that dark thoughts overshadowed his happiness. Could *she* be happy? This "wearing away to the land of the leal" is not the stealthy ministry they call it. It tells truly of its progress. And it is only when the shortened pulse and the difficult breath are wilfully disregarded, that the last call is a surprise to the

sufferer. Could she be happy? She looked upon his noble forehead, and his manly beauty, and asked herself if the syren world would pass him by with its manifold temptations. It was no weakness of her trust. But the bias of elements so warm, and the workings of a spirit so unlike the tame temper of his fellows, might surely warrant anxiety in one who waited on their destiny. She remembered that the minute and, to him, almost contemptible policy of life must be adopted; that his fine powers must be condensed and turned to profit; that he must forget his beautiful fancy, and forsake the attractions of frequented circles, and be no more alone with nature; that he must meet fraud, and calculation, and be patient with absurdity, and familiar with the low artifice of the shrewd; that he must change, totally; and for what? Riches! And would he do it? Yes, Marion! To fold you to his bosom, to take you to himself; shelter, protect, cherish you, were enough to bear him on, were it ten times the sacrifice.

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I have often thought that the fine spirits who are sometimes seen among us, were commissioned angels, gifted with bodies that should release them

gently when their errand was done. It is to me almost a conviction. The frames of the very purest human beings whom it is our blessedness to know, are often so delicately balanced; they seem so readily and lightly to depart when the brightness of their life is overcast; to live so entirely to bless, and to die so truly at the hour when the sorrow of the world would overtake them, that I cannot think it a dream.

Marion Graham was such an one. The fragile beauty of her form was more the delicacy of a summer insect, than the firm symmetry of a creature that would endure. It was evident in her childhood that the first shock given to her spirit would disengage it; and though many wept, none wondered when she visibly failed and assumed the treacherous loveliness of consumption. The anxieties of which I have spoken, and the constant fervour of a love which kept her heart feverish with excitement, were too much, and it was apparent that she was going down rapidly to the grave. It was not kept from Lorraine, and he was prostrated with the blow. He had feared and expected it long; but it came upon him with the suddenness of a thunderbolt. The human heart is a subtle deceiver, and never believes till truth is inevitable; and that Marion would die—so soon!

before he had pressed her to his heart, and called her his own, had, even to his darkest forebodings, seemed impossible. I cannot describe his feelings. He could not, adequately, himself. He was not permitted to go to her while a shadow of a hope remained, and he sunk into a stupor which seemed almost the calmness of delirium. I went to him one day, and found him more cheerful than usual. He had been writing the verses copied below, and it had relieved him. He handed them to me with a melancholy smile, and said they were his last poetry.

Is death so near thee, Marion ?

Is it the time for thee

To lay thy burden gently down,

And let thy spirit free ?

And is this all thy ministry ?

Is thy brief errand done ?

Art thou so early for the grave,

My own sweet Marion ?

I cannot give thee up—to die !

I cannot feel that thou

Wilt lift no more that gentle eye,

Nor come with that sweet brow !

How could I—seeing not thy face,

And hearing not thy tone—

Bear my impatient heartedness,

And still live lingering on !

It is not yet ! But sickness lies  
Heavily at thy heart,  
And dimness presseth down thine eyes,  
Till thou wouldst fain depart ;  
And oh ! I may not bathe thy brow,  
Nor at thy pillow pray,  
Nor wait to close thy lids, when thou  
Hast gently passed away !

But fare thee well ! If it must be—  
If thou must falter—die !  
I care not if it be my lot  
Beside thee soon to lie—  
The early vow will not be broke,  
Thy early beauty won,  
When low together we shall sleep—  
My own dear Marion !

A few weeks elapsed, and Lorraine looked hourly for a summons to her death-bed. It came, and he obeyed it with a sick heart and a wasted frame. The right of affection is acknowledged at such an hour, and he was led to her room immediately on his arrival.

— Could that be Marion ? She, who lay before him with that radiant smile, was that the suffering, exhausted, dying Marion he looked to see ? He gazed a moment on her face, and passed his hand over his eyes as if to know that it was not a dream ; then going up to the bedside, he bent slowly and solemnly over her, and kissed her deli-

tate lips as if the breath of an angel had made them holy. He was unprepared for a scene so different from his conceptions of death. She was so calm, so serene, so lovely in a decay that seems to anticipate the excellent beauty of heaven; her eye was so unnaturally bright, and her illumined features so like the "shining faces" of inspired description, that he was awed as by the presence of a spirit. She closed her eyes, and was visibly agitated for a few minutes; then, in a clear, sweet voice, she called him, and he again leant over her. She spoke of her love; her former unkind fears, and present trust in his affections; of her hope in God, and her desire that he should seek Him earnestly; and requesting that he would once more press his lips to hers, became insensible. Presently she revived—shivered slightly—and, looking up to his face with the smile of a seraph—died!

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Spring, beautiful spring, with its delicious breath, and its new leaves, and its gladness for every living thing and creature under heaven, had come on, and with the perfection of its last, lagging foliage we began our wanderings. Lorraine was still an invalid, but better than we dared to hope. Sick-ness had dealt severely with him during the past winter, and a depression which he could not shake

off, chequered with occasional delirium, threatened the total overthrow of his reason. He had so far recovered now as to bear the fatigue of travelling, and we trusted much to the sweet influences of the season for a restoration of both body and mind.

We turned westward, and in a few days entered the valley of the Mohawk. I could write a book upon its sunsets, and the exquisite beauty of its banks and waters, but I must pass it without description. We loitered long and pleasantly upon its graceful windings, and though it won no smile or evidence of exhilaration from Lorraine, I could see that he was interested, and now and then beguiled of his dark thoughts, and I hailed it as a promise of better things.

On one of the balmiest mornings that ever broke, we descended the rude steps leading to the bed of the Trenton Falls. For some days I had perceived no change in Lorraine, and I began to fear, that the appearances upon which I had built my hopes were but the effect of physical excitement, and that his diseased mind was beyond the skill of nature. We reached the bottom, and stood upon the broad, solid floor, a hundred feet down in the very heart of the rock, and in my first feelings of astonishment, even my interest in his impressions was forgotten; but its sublime grandeur had awakened him, and when I recovered my self-pos-

session, he stood with his hands clasped, and his fine face glowing with surprise and pleasure. His figure had assumed the erect, airy freedom for which he was once remarkable, and as he went on, the alacrity of his step was delightful.

In a few minutes we stood below the first fall. The whole volume of the river here descends fifty feet at a single leap. The basin which receives it is worn into a deep, circular abyss, and the dizzy whirl and tumult of the water is almost overpowering. We ascended at the side, and at a level with the top of the fall, passed under an immense shelf, overshadowing us almost at the height of a cloud, and advancing a little further, the whole grand sweep of the river was before us. It was a scene of which I had never before any conception, and I confess myself inadequate to describe it. To stand in the bed of a torrent, which flows for miles through a solid rock, at more than a hundred feet below the surface; to look up this tremendous gorge, and see, as far as the eye can stretch, a river rushing on with amazing velocity, leaping at every few rods over a fall, and sinking into whirlpools, and sweeping round projecting rocks constantly and violently; to see this, and then look up as if from the depths of the earth to the giant walls that confine it, piled apparently to the very sky, this is a sensation to which no language that



would not seem ridiculous hyperbole could do justice.

When the first surprise is over, and the mind has become familiar in a degree with the majestic scope of the whole, there is something delightfully tranquillizing in its individual features. We spent the whole day in loitering idly up the stream, stopping at every fall, and every wild sweep of the narrow passes, and resting by the side of every gentle declivity where the water shot smoothly down with a surface as polished as if its arrowy velocity were the sleep of a transparent fountain. There is nothing more beautiful than water. Look at it when you will—in any of its thousand forms in motion or at rest—dripping from the moss of a spring, or leaping in the thunder of a cataract—it has always the same wonderful, surpassing beauty. Its clear transparency, the grace of its every possible motion, the brilliant shine of its foam, and its majestic march in the flood, are matched unitedly by no other element. Who has not “blessed it unaware?” If objects that meet the eye have any effect upon our happiness, water is among the first of human blessings. It is the gladdest thing under heaven. The inspired writers use it constantly as an image for gladness, and “crystal waters” is the beautiful type of the Apocalypse for the joy of the New Jerusalem. I bless God

for its daily usefulness; but it is because it is an every-day blessing, that its splendour is unnoticed. Take a child to it, and he claps his little hands with delight; and present it to any one in a new form, and his senses are bewildered. The man of warm imagination, who looks for the first time on Niagara, feels an impulse to leap in, which is almost irresistible. What is it but a delirious fascination—the same spell which, in the loveliness of a woman, or the glory of a sunset cloud, draws you to the one, and makes you long for the golden wings of the other?

I trust I shall be forgiven for this digression. It is one of feeling. I have loved the water from my childhood. It has cheated me of my sorrow when a home-sick boy, and I have lain beside it in the summer days when an idle student, and deliciously forgot my dry philosophy. It has always the same pure flow, and the same low music, and is always ready to bear away your thoughts upon its bosom, like the Hindoo's barque of flowers, to an imaginative heaven.

I had not troubled Lorraine with conversation. I thought it better to leave him to his own thoughts and the sweet influences about him. It seemed to accord with his feelings, and in the whole day's wanderings he had scarcely spoken. Late in the afternoon we retraced our steps, and as we re-

ascended from the glen, and threaded the green path homeward, the golden light of the sunset streamed into the wood, touching the tassels of the pine, and the stooping boughs of the hemlock, as if with living fire. It seemed as if the beautiful forms of the elements were leagued against Lorraine's melancholy, and as he went before me with an elastic step, stopping to gaze up through the trees at every reach of the sky, I thanked God in my heart for the surpassing loveliness of nature.

The moon shone sweetly that night. Paul wrapped himself in his cloak, and we went out to walk. The light lay softly upon the hills. The thin exhalations rose up and floated just palpably in the air; and a scent of wild flowers was abroad, as if the fairies were dancing on them in every green nook of the wilderness. I believe moonlight is sent for the feelings. It certainly makes some men better. There is an influence about it which cannot be resisted, and which glides into the heart with its subtle power, stealing away its grossness, and covering its dark thoughts like the ministry of an angel. Lorraine's mind had been aroused and prepared for such visitation. It melted him to a child. We sat down on a rock, and he spoke for the first time of Marion. He wept freely, but silently, and without pain; for the fountains were broken up that had long been too

full. He said the intolerable load of his heart was shaken off; that the image of Marion in the grave which had so haunted him, was removed, and he could think of her now as a pure spirit. Nature to his eye was changed. He had felt all day as if its light were coming back, and the moonlight was once more like the moonlight of his boyhood. He did not feel that he should so soon die.

My story is done. I have no catastrophe to tell. My object was to write the history of a mind such as I have known, and exhibit nature as the physician and friend I believe she is. If my simple page should touch pleasantly a chord in the heart of any lover of her sweet influences, or lead one desponding mind to go out and be happy, its end will be answered.

## THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

AFTER an absence of several years from my native city, I had lately the pleasure of paying it a visit; and, having spent a few days with my friends, was about to bid adieu, once more, to the goodly and quiet streets of Philadelphia. The day had not yet dawned, and I stood trembling at the door of the stage-office, muffled in a great coat, while the driver was securing my baggage. The streets were still and tenantless, and not a foot seemed to be travelling but my own. Every body slept, gentle and simple; for sleep is a gentle and simple thing. The watchmen slumbered; and the very lamps seemed to have caught the infectious drowsiness. I felt that I possessed at that moment a lordly pre-eminence among my fellow citizens; for they were all torpid, as dead to consciousness as swallows in the winter, or mummies in a catacomb. I alone had sense, knowledge, power, energy. The rest were all *perdu*—shut up, like the imprisoned

genii, who were bottled away by Solomon, and cast into the sea. I could release them from durance in an instant; I could discharge either of them from imprisonment, or I could suffer the whole to remain spell-bound until the appointed time for their enlargement. Every thing slept; mayor, aldermen, and councils, the civil and the military, learning, and beauty, and eloquence, porters, dogs, and drays, steam engines and patent machines,—even the elements reposed.

If it had not been so cold, I could have moralized upon the death-like torpor that reigned over the city. As it was, I could not help admiring that wonderful regulation of nature, which thus periodically suspends the vital powers of a whole people. There is nothing so cheering as the bustle of a crowd, nothing more awful than its repose. When we behold the first, when we notice the vast aggregate of human life so variously occupied, so widely diffused, so powerful, and so buoyant; a sensation is produced like that with which we gaze at the ocean when agitated by a storm—a sense of the utter inadequacy of human power to still such a mass of troubled particles; but when sleep strews her poppies, it is like the pouring of oil upon the waves.

I had barely time to make this remark, when two figures rapidly approached—two of Solomon's

genii escaped from duress. Had not their outward forms been peaceable and worldly, I could have fancied them a pair of malignant spirits, coming to invite me to a meeting of conspirators, or a dance of witches. It was a Quaker gentleman, with a lady hanging on one arm, and a lantern on the other, so that, although he carried double, his burthens were both light. As soon as they reached the spot where I stood, the pedestrian raised his lantern to my face, and inspected it earnestly for a moment. I began to fear that he was a police officer, who, having picked up one candidate for the tread-mill, was seeking to find her a companion. It was an unjust suspicion; for worthy Obadiah was only taking a lecture on physiognomy, and, being satisfied with the honesty of my lineaments, he said; "Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady?"

What a question! Seldom have my nerves received so great a shock. Not that there was any thing alarming or disagreeable in the proposition; but the address was so sudden, the interrogatory so direct, the subject matter so unexpected! "Take charge of a lady," quoth he? I had been for years a candidate for this very honour. Never was there a more willing soul on the round world. I had always been ready to "take charge of a lady," but had never been happy enough to find one who was

willing to place herself under my protection; and now, when I least expected it, came a fair volunteer, with the sanction of a parent, to throw herself, as it were, into my arms! I thought of the country where the pigs run about ready roasted, crying, "Who'll eat me?" I thought, too, of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and almost doubted whether I had not touched some talisman, whose virtues had called into my presence a substantial personification of one of my day dreams. But there was Obadiah, of whose mortality there could be no mistake; and there was the lady's trunk—not an imaginary trunk, but a most copious and ponderous receptacle, ready to take its station socially beside my own. What a prize for a travelling bachelor! a lady ready booked, and bundled up, with her trunk packed, and her passage paid! Alas! it is but for a season—after that, some happier wight will "take charge of the lady," and I may jog on in single loneliness.

These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, during a pause in the Quaker's speech, and, before I could frame a reply, he continued;—"My daughter has just heard of the illness of her husband, Captain Jackson of the Rifleman, and wishes to get to Baltimore to-day to join him. The ice has stopped the steam-boats, and she is obliged to go by land."



I had the grace to recover from my fit of abstraction, so far as to say, in good time, that "It would afford me pleasure to render any service in my power to Mrs. Jackson;" and I did so with great sincerity, for every chivalrous feeling of my bosom was enlisted in favour of a lady, young, sensitive, and no doubt beautiful, who was flying on the wings of love to the chamber of an afflicted husband. I felt proud of extending my protection to such a pattern of connubial tenderness; and, offering my hand to worthy Obadiah, I added, "I am obliged to you, Sir, for this mark of your confidence, and will endeavour to render Mrs. Jackson's journey safe, if not agreeable."

A hearty "Thank thee, friend, I judged as much from thy appearance," was all the reply, and the stage being now ready, we stepped in, and drove off.

As the carriage rattled over the pavement, my thoughts naturally reverted to my fair charge. Ah! thought I, what a happy fellow is Captain Jackson of the Rifle! What a prize has he drawn in the lottery of life! How charming it must be to have such a devoted wife! Here was I, a solitary bachelor, doomed perhaps, to eternal celibacy. Cheerless indeed was my fate compared with his. Should I fall sick, there was no delicate female to fly to my bedside; no, I might die, before a minis-

tering angel would come to me in such a shape. But, fortunate Captain Jackson! no sooner is he placed on the sick list, by the regimental surgeon, than his amiable partner quits her paternal mansion, accepts the protection of a stranger, risks her neck in a stage-coach, and her health in the night air, and flies to the relief of the invalid.

I wonder what is the matter with Captain Jackson, continued I. Sickness is generally an unwelcome, and often an alarming visiter. It always brings the doctor, with his long bill and loathsome drugs, and it sometimes opens the door to the doctor's successor in office, Death. But sickness, when it calls home an affectionate wife, when it proves her love and her courage, when its pangs are soothed by the tender and skilful assiduity of a loving and beloved friend, even sickness, under such circumstances, must be welcome to that happy man, Captain Jackson of the Rifle.

Poor fellow! perhaps he is very sick—dying, for aught that we know. Then the lady will be a widow, and there will be a vacant captaincy in the Rifle Regiment. Strange, that I should never have heard of him before—I thought I knew all the officers. What kind of a man can he be? The Rifle is a fine regiment. They were dashing fellows in the last war; chiefly from the west—all marksmen, who could cut off a squirrel's head, or

pick out the pupil of a grenadier's eye. He was a backwoodsman, no doubt; six feet six, with red whiskers, and an eagle eye. His regimentals had caught the lady's fancy; the sex loves any thing in uniform, perhaps because they are the very reverse of every thing that is uniform themselves. The lady did well to get into the Rifle Regiment; for she was evidently a sharp-shooter, and could pick off an officer, when so disposed. What an eye she must have? A plague on Captain Jackson! What evil genius sent him poaching here? Why sport his gray and black, among the pretty Quaker girls of Philadelphia? Why could not the Rifle officers enlist their wives elsewhere? Or why, if Philadelphia must be rifled of its beauty—why had not I been Captain Jackson?

When a man begins to think upon a subject of which he knows nothing, there is no end of it; for his thoughts not having a plain road to travel, will shoot off into every bye path. Thus it was, that my conjectures wandered from the captain to his lady, and from the lady to her father. What an honest, confiding soul, must worthy Obadiah be, continued I, to myself, to place a daughter, so estimable, perhaps his only child, under the protection of an entire stranger. He is doubtless a physiognomist. I carry that best of all letters of introduction, a good appearance. Perhaps he is a

phrenologist; but that cannot be, for my bumps, be they good or evil, are all muffled up. After all, the worthy man might have made a woful mistake. For all that he knew, I might be a sharper or a senator, a plenipotentiary or a pickpocket. I might be Washington Irving, or Sir Humphrey Davy, or the Wandering Jew. I might be a vampyre, or a ventriloquist. I might be Cooper the novelist, for he is sometimes "a travelling bachelor," or I might be our other Cooper, for he is a regular occupant of the stage. I might be Captain Symmes going to the inside of the world, or Mr. Owen going—according to circumstances. I might be Miss Wright—no, I could n't be Miss Wright—nor if I was, would any body be guilty of such a solecism as to ask Miss Wright to take charge of a lady, for she believes that ladies can take charge of themselves. After all, how does Obadiah know that I am not the President of the United States? What a mistake would that have been! How would the chief magistrate of twenty-four sovereign republics have been startled by the question, "Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady?"

It is not to be supposed that I indulged in this soliloquy at the expense of politeness. Not at all; it was too soon to intrude on the sacredness of the lady's quiet. Besides, however voluminous these

reflections may seem in the recital, but a few minutes were occupied in their production; for Perkins never made a steam generator half so potent as the human brain. But day began to break, and I thought proper to break silence.

"It is a raw morning, Madam," said I.

"Very raw," said she, and the conversation made a full stop.

"The roads appear to be rough," said I, returning to the charge.

"Very rough," replied the lady.

Another full stop.

"Have you ever travelled in a stage before?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"But never so great a distance, perhaps?"

"No, never."

Another dead halt.

I see how it is, thought I. The lady is a *blue*—she cannot talk of these common-place matters, and is laughing in her sleeve at my simplicity. I must rise to a higher theme; and then, as the stage rolled off the Schuylkill bridge, I said, "We have passed the Rubicon, and I hope we shall not, like the Roman conqueror, have cause to repent our temerity. The day promises to be fair, and the omens are all auspicious,"

“ What did you say about Mr. Rubicam ? ” inquired Mrs. Jackson.

I repeated ; and the lady replied, “ Oh ! yes, very likely,” and then resumed her former taciturnity. Thinks I to myself, Captain Jackson and his lady belong to the peace establishment. Well, if the lady does not choose to talk, politeness requires of me to be silent ; and for the next hour not a word was spoken.

I had now obtained a glimpse of my fair companion's visage, and candour compels me to admit that it was not quite so beautiful as I had anticipated. Her complexion was less fair than I could have wished, her eye was not mild, her nose was not such as a statuary would have admired, and her lips were white and thin. I made these few observations with fear and trembling, for the lady repelled my inquiring glance with a look of defiance ; a frown lowered upon her haughty brow, and I could almost fancy I saw a cockade growing to her bonnet, and a pair of whiskers bristling on her cheeks. There, thought I, looked Captain Jackson of the Rifle—fortunate man ! whose wife, imbibing the pride and courage of a soldier, can punish with a look of scorn the glance of impertinent curiosity.

At breakfast her character was more fully deve-

loped. If her tongue had been out of commission before, it had now received orders for active service. She was convinced that nothing fit to eat could be had at the sign of the "Black Horse," and was shocked to find that the landlord was a Dutchman.

"What's your name?" said she to the landlady.

"Redheiffer, ma'am."

"Oh! dreadful! was it you that made the perpetual motion?"

"No, ma'am."

Then she sat down to the table and turned up her pretty nose at every thing that came within its cognizance. The butter was too strong, and the tea too weak; the bread was stale, and the bacon fresh; the rolls were heavy, and the lady's appetite light.

"Will you try an egg?" said I.

"I don't like eggs."

"Allow me to help you to a wing of this fowl."

"I can't say that I'm partial to the wing."

"A piece of the breast, then, Madam."

"It is very tough, isn't it?"

"No, it seems quite tender."

"It is done to rags I'm afraid."

"Quite the reverse—the gravy follows the knife."

"Oh! horrible! it is raw!"

"On the contrary, I think it is done to a turn; permit me to give you this piece."

"I seldom eat fowls; except when cold."

"Then, madam, here is a nice cold pullet—let me give you a merry-thought; nothing is better to travel on than a merry thought."

"Thank you, I never touch meat at breakfast."

And my merry thought flashed in the pan.

"Perhaps, sir, your lady would like some chipped beef, or some——"

"This is not my lady, Mrs. Redheiffer," interrupted I, fearing the appellation might be resented more directly from another quarter.

"Oh la! I beg pardon; but how could a body tell, you know—when a lady and gentleman travels together, you know, it's so *natural*——"

"Quite natural, Mrs. Redheiffer."

"May be, ma'am, you'd fancy a bit of cheese, or a slice of apple-pie, or some pumpkin sauce, or a sausage, or——"

I know not how the touchy gentlewoman would have taken all this—I do not mean all these good things, but the offer of them; for luckily before



any reply could be made, the stage driver called us off with his horn. As I handed the lady into the stage, I ventured to take another peep, and fancied she looked vulgar; but how could I tell? Napoleon has said, there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous; and we all know that between very high fashion and vulgarity there is often less than a step. Good sense, grace, and true breeding, lie between. The lady occupied one of those extremes, I knew not which; nor would it have been polite to inquire too closely, as that was a matter which more nearly concerned Captain Jackson of the Rifle, who, no doubt, was excellently well qualified to judge of fashion and fine women.

By this time the lady had wearied of her former taciturnity, and grown loquacious. She talked incessantly, chiefly about her herself and her "*pa*." "*Her pa* was a Quaker, but she was not a Quaker. They had turned her out of meeting for marrying Captain Jackson. *Her pa* was a merchant—he was in the shingle and board line."

Alas! I was in the *bored line* myself just then.

Gentle reader, I spare you the recital of all I suffered during that day. The lady's temper was

none of the best, and travelling agreed with it but indifferently. When we stopped, she was always in a fever to go; when going she fretted continually to stop. At meal times she had no appetite; at all other times she wanted to eat. As one of the drivers expressed it, she was in a *solid pet* the whole day. I had to alight a hundred times to pick up her handkerchief, or to look after her baggage; and a hundred times I wished her in the arms of Captain Jackson of the Rifle. I bore it all amazingly, however, and take to myself no small credit for having discharged my duty, without losing my patience, or omitting any attention which politeness required. My companion would hardly seem to have deserved this; yet still she was a female, and I had no right to find fault with those little peculiarities of disposition, which I certainly did not admire. Besides, her husband was a captain in the army; and the wife of a gallant officer who serves his country by land or sea, has high claims upon the chivalry of her countrymen.

At last we arrived at Baltimore, and I immediately called a hack, and desired to know where I should have the pleasure of setting down my fair companion.

“At the sign of the Anchor, ——— Street, Fell’s Point,” was the reply.

Surprised at nothing after all I had seen, I gave the order, and stepped into the carriage. "Is any part of the Rifle regiment quartered on Fell's Point?" said I.

"I don't know," replied the lady.

"Does not your husband belong to that regiment?"

"La! bless you, no; Captain Jackson is'n't a soldier."

"I have been under a mistake then. I understood that he was a captain in the Rifle."

"The Rifleman, sir; he is captain of the Rifleman, a sloop that runs from Baltimore to North Carolina, and brings tar, and turpentine, and such matters. That's the house," continued she, "and, as I live, there's Mr. Jackson, up and well!"

The person pointed out was a low, stout built, vulgar man, half intoxicated, with a glazed hat on his head, and a huge quid in his cheek. "How are you, Polly?" said he, as he handed his wife out, and gave her a smack which might have been heard over the street. "Who's that gentleman? eh! a messmate of yours?"

"That's the gentleman that took care of me on the road?"

"The supercargo, eh? Come, Mister, 'light and take something to drink."

I thanked the captain, and ordered the carriage to drive off, fully determined, that, whatever other imprudence I might hereafter be guilty of, I would never again, if I could avoid it, "take charge of a lady."

## THE ISLE OF SHOALS.

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IN the Atlantic ocean, near the eastern coast of New Hampshire, is situated a cluster of islands, called the Isles of Shoals. In the autumn of 1780, a small sloop was seen approaching one of these islands. It would have been a hazardous navigation for an unskilful seaman, for the rocks rose high, projecting far into the sea, and presented a thousand angles on every side. Yet the sloop moved majestically along, now riding on the billows, and now enveloped in their folds, and at every turn showing its white sail over the rocks. At length it moved round the point, and entered a little sandy cove, where a rude wharf had been constructed. Just on the edge of the beach were scattered a few miserable looking huts; some of them seemed but little more than a pile of stones, and lay half buried beneath the ridges of sand, which the winds and waves were continually throw-

ing up. Behind this settlement, if it deserved the name, extended rows of dismal looking fish-flakes, giving a still more barren appearance to the prospect, and tainting the air with their effluvia. It was towards night, when the sloop anchored at the wharf. It was so uncommon for any but their own little fishing-boats, to make for the cove, that an unusual excitement prevailed among the inhabitants. Men with torn red baize jackets and checked shirts, women with tattered petticoats and slipshod shoes, and barefooted children with scarcely any clothing, collected in a group, to discover the cause of this unusual visit. After waiting some time without being able to make any discoveries, one or two of the men approached the sloop, with the intention of boarding her. A man immediately made his appearance on deck; his look was fierce and commanding, and he wore pistols in a leathern belt, that was buckled round his short jacket. He stood in an attitude of defiance, and asked the men what they wanted. "We did not know," replied they, in a surly tone, "but you might be after a cargo of fish." He made no other answer than by lengthening the rope which fastened the sloop to the wharf, and it floated to a distance that precluded any attempt to come on board. There was a marked contempt in this action, that roused the indignation of the spectators. "Cheer him,

my boys," ssid one of the men; and the little urchins threw up their tattered hats and red caps, and huzzaed and shouted; and even the fair sex, to their shame be it spoken, joined in the chorus, which, it must be confessed, had nothing of the female cadence but its shrillness. After a few coarse jests and additional shouts, the attack ceased, from want of opposition, and the miniature mob dispersed. Though the vessel remained at the wharf several days, no new curiosity was excited. It had been a passing impulse, and was not supplied by that fuel which imagination successfully employs. There seemed to be but three occupants of the sloop; two, who were evidently subordinate, and one man in the vigour of life, and evidently used to command.

In all degrees and classes of life, nature selects her favourite; even on this desolate spot, there was one building, that apparently promised better for its inhabitants than any of the others. The stones, that composed the walls of the house, were well fitted and arranged, and a tolerably neat wood-pile promised comfort for the approaching winter. It was at the door of this house, late one night, that a violent knocking was heard. The owner of it, John Boland, arose and opened it.

"What do you want?" said he, "can't you

settle your own quarrels, without coming to disturb quiet, well-behaved people?"

"For God's sake come to our assistance," said the man; "don't stop to ask questions, or it will be too late."

The voice of distress cannot be mistaken. John hurried on his clothes, and, accompanied by his wife and daughter, a girl of about fifteen, (for the females of the Shoals did not dread the night air,) they all followed the stranger; the women often stopping to recover a shoe they had dropped in the sand. When they reached the sloop, their entrance was no longer opposed; they made their way to the miserable hole dignified by the name of cabin. In a narrow birth, lay a young and delicate woman, apparently dying. The man, who had before resisted any intrusion, hung over her with a fixed and anxious countenance.

"We can do no good to her," said John; "she is dying."

"What do you mean by that, John Boland?" said his wife, coming forward; "if she is dying, it is for want of air; if she had as many lives as a cat, it is enough to stifle her here. Let us take her to our house."

No one made any opposition, and the lady was wrapt in her bed clothes, and conveyed to her new residence. Both Mrs. Boland and her daughter



Susan fully justified Ledyard's testimony to the humanity of woman, for though they had none of that peculiar gentleness which belongs to the sex, they were active in kind services.

In a short time the lady began to revive, but she was too feeble for utterance, though her eyes followed with intense anxiety every movement of her companion, who left the vessel and remained with her. He announced himself by the name of Maitland. There was no one on the spot capable of observing the nice gradations of feeling which either of the parties might have discovered; but, as the lady grew better, she had long private conversations with the gentleman, and frequently an agitation, which increased her disorder, was the consequence. At length he informed Mr. and Mrs. Boland, that it was absolutely necessary for him to pursue his voyage—that he had only put in at the island on account of the indisposition of his wife—that she was still wholly unable to go on board—and that there was no alternative but to leave her under their care for a month. They willingly consented. Every article that might conduce to her comfort, was brought from the sloop, and the mariners once more set sail. Whatever had been the struggles of Maitland and his wife, (whom he called Adela,) at parting, and whatever was the grief she might feel, it was ex-

pressed to no one; nobody had witnessed their interviews, nor was it apparent that she had objected to his leaving her; yet it seemed as if an increase of sorrow weighed down her spirits after his departure. It might be, that the solitude in which she found herself, and the perfect uncongeniality of every thing around her, were more than her mind could support. The sea air, however, and the regularity of her mode of life, promoted her recovery, and she every day gained health. She soon became able to walk out, and found Susan not an unpleasant companion, who could scale the highest rocks, and assisted Adela to walk with more security. For the first three weeks the lady appeared tranquil, but when the fourth arrived, it was evident her mind was suffering under the greatest anxiety. She repeatedly questioned John, "Did he tell you it might be a month?" But even the month expired, and he did not arrive. She thought of the delays of a sea voyage, of possible detentions, and she reasoned herself into a momentary tranquillity; but this could not last. Frequently, when the moon shone bright, and the people of the house believed her asleep, she seated herself at the window that looked on the little cove, and gazed on the ocean. In the indistinctness of the moonlight prospect, sometimes she imagined she beheld figures at a distance; and

then by their fixture discovered them to be merely projecting angles of the rocks. Then again, a white sail appeared to be approaching the shore ; but, alas ! it came no nearer. Often morning dawned upon her sleepless eyes, and with the light of day came new hopes. "He will certainly be here before night," thought she ; and in this hope would quit the house while all were still, and wander by the sea, and among the rocks. The scene was often a glorious one ; the sun just rising above the horizon cast his broad, red beam upon the ocean, which sparkled with a thousand colours. But such scenes brought no peace to her heart. "What am I," she would exclaim, "in this vast universe ? Who cares for me, or will take thought of me ? I might plunge into the ocean, and pass away unnoticed and forgotten like the sea-weed."

It would be wearisome to trace the emotions of this desolate being, as, hour after hour, and week after week, she gazed upon the ocean. Though many a sail rode proudly by, and sometimes, in tacking and veering, appeared making for the island, yet the beating of her heart was succeeded by the sickness of disappointment, for the keel rapidly cut the waters, and was soon lost in distance.

In this agitating and exhausting state of mind, November passed away, and December came on

with all the rigours of winter. The severity of the year 1780 is still remembered. It would be difficult to describe the feelings of Adela, when she first awoke, and found the ground covered with snow ! Hitherto she had been able to spend much of her time on the rocks, for the sea air is milder in its temperature than inland currents. She had been beguiled of some of her wretchedness, as she contemplated the noble and sublime prospect ; the perpetual moving of the waters brought comparative rest to her own mind ;—but to be shut up in the miserable hut with its inhabitants, seemed to be dooming her to a living death.

There is no desolation like that of the affections ; it palsies youth and destroys hope. He, who can lay his finger on one spot in the globe, and say, *it is mine*, has still something to love, to cling to ; for *there* may cluster the sympathies of nature, and the “endearing charities of life.” But Adela felt that she had no such strong hold ; and it was in vain, that her kind though ignorant companions often tried to cheer her by pleasant anticipations.

It was after many gloomy weeks, that, with the view of amusing her, John one day called to her to come out to the point, and see a ship that was coming on in full sail. There is an exhilaration in the bright sun and the blue sky of a frosty

morning. Adela felt it, as she stood and gazed at the swelling sails and the rapid movement of the vessel, as her keel divided the waters. All was brilliant and sparkling; the waves seemed rejoicing, like living beings, as they dashed against its sides. As she gazed upon the ship, moving proudly and majestically along, with its tall masts and snowy sails marking the swiftness of its progress, to her it appeared like a creature of life and happiness, exulting in its glory—the ocean, the wild and tumultuous ocean, ministering to its will, and the winds and waves subservient to its power. She gazed after it, as it proudly continued to divide the waters of the Atlantic, till it seemed like a speck upon the horizon. She was awakened from her reverie by the chilliness of her feelings, and a sudden change in the atmosphere. The sky became darkened, the sea birds wheeled to and fro, and seemed uncertain which way to steer their course: before she reached the house, flakes of snow fell at intervals, and all betokened one of those sudden storms to which our climate is subject. John gave it as his opinion, that the fine morning was a “weather breeder.” The storm increased rapidly, the waves burst their natural limits, and rose high upon the island. The wind drove tempests of sleet and hail before it, and howled and shrieked in its fury. Adela thought of the

noble vessel, and remembered how omnipotent she had believed it a few hours before; and she said to herself, "God help them, for no human being can!"

Night came on with tremendous darkness, and now, at intervals, they plainly distinguished minute guns. The men collected with torches of pitch and tar, and distributed themselves on the rocks; and the women, unrestrained by form, and guided only by their own impulses, were not less active. They supposed the vessel was dismasted and driven about by the fury of the elements, as the sound of the guns often changed its direction. It approached nearer and nearer. "It will be certain death," said one of the men, "if they can't keep off from the eastern breakers." At that moment, it was evident the vessel had struck. Shrieks were heard mingling with the gale, and the crash was even louder than the billows. One hope remained, that the men had cut the boat from the stern, and their lives might yet be saved. This was the case; they had succeeded in getting into the boat, and, in the darkness and tempest, had reached a ledge of rocks connected with the island; but their situation was still desperate; heavy seas broke over it, and there seemed but a short respite from death. One after another were swept into the ocean from which they had just escaped, yet a few still clung to the ledge;

but the rocks rose perpendicular above it, and presented no possibility of retreat. The people above discerned by their torches, the situation of these unfortunate men. It was a long while before they could afford them any assistance; but, by lowering torches and shouting, they at length made them comprehend that their situation was known; and finally succeeded in throwing ropes, which the men fastened round them. Of the fifteen who had taken to the boat, three were saved!

It proved to be the same ship that had passed in the morning with a fair wind; but a sudden squall came up, and in a short time increased to a hurricane, with constant rain and hail; she was driven back with fury, and at night had lost so much of her rigging as to be totally unmanageable, and had struck upon the breakers.

Such was the melancholy account given by the three men, whose lives had been so wonderfully preserved; two of them belonged to the crew, and one was a passenger. Adela learned from inquiry, that this last was a man rather advanced in life and unused to struggle with hardship. As soon as the day dawned, the Shoalers again collected and dispersed among the rocks, in hope that the lives of others of the crew might have been saved, or at least, that valuable articles from the wreck might have been thrown on shore; but nothing

was to be seen. The sun rose bright and clear; the waves had closed over *all*; and the ocean again presented her tempting bosom to new adventurers. Adela had contemplated this scene in speechless horror; there was but one image before her—just such a death her husband might have endured or be enduring—what else could have delayed his return? Perhaps, sometimes, doubts of his faith entered her mind, for theirs had not been a long tried affection. Yet to suppose he could desert *her* to whom he had vowed perpetual love and constancy, who had given up fairer prospects for *his sake*, it was incredible, it was past belief!

Some days elapsed before the shipwrecked passenger was able to walk abroad. He had been sheltered in one of the miserable fishing huts, and Adela had kindly contributed from her superior stock of comforts to his wants. He learnt from the inhabitants the little they knew of the lady, yet it seemed sufficient to rouse all his interest, and, as soon as he was able he requested to see her. She would gladly have excused herself, but there was no evading the request. The moment the stranger entered the room, she gave a loud shriek, and covered her face—it was her uncle! he who had supplied the place of a father, who had adopted her while she was almost an infant, and watched over her with unceasing tenderness. Her parents



had left her to his protection, and, in the affection and caresses of the little girl, he had felt none of the weary void of a single life. Adela was petted and introduced into company, while she was yet a child ; and the domestics, and even visitors, soon discovered that the way to the uncle's heart was through the child's favour. At the head of his table, she felt fully adequate to the direction of her own conduct, and for many years she apparently justified his confidence. She was frank, amiable, and affectionate. The fortune that she inherited from her parents was small, but by judicious management had been nearly doubled ; but this was of little account ; for Mr. Leslie, her uncle, was wealthy, and no one doubted that Adela would be his heir. Probably this circumstance might have attracted some of her lovers. The young lady, however, showed no disposition to encourage any of them ; and sometimes, when her satisfied uncle pleasantly said, " Why, Adela, I believe you are going to be an old maid ; "—she would reply, " To be sure I am, uncle ; for who is so fit a companion for an old bachelor ? "

It was at this crisis, that a young man, who was a native of Great Britain, but who had passed the greater part of his life in the East Indies, arrived at the city. He brought letters from respectable mercantile houses, which established his claims

upon fashionable society. He became a frequent visitor at Mr. Leslie's, and every one, but the uncle, perceived his object, and the probability of his success. It was not till it was too late to recall them, that he discovered that Adela's affections were engaged. It was a heavy blow to his hopes and plans; but still more so, when he learned that the young man was dissipated in his habits, and justly suspected of a fondness for play. It was in vain that he now represented to Adela the suspicions that rested on his character; with the favourite motto of inexperienced, headstrong young ladies in her mouth, that "she had rather be miserable with him, than without him," she adopted the resolution of marrying him. Mr. Leslie found it was too late to impose restraint, where discipline had never been exerted; as a last effort of kindness, he advised her to secure the principal of her own little fortune to herself. But Adela spurned the idea of such selfish, calculating prudence, and answered him with another celebrated quotation, as judicious as the former, "that where she could trust herself, she could trust her fortune." Unwillingly he resigned it into her hands, and they parted. Adela shed tears at what she called the hard-heartedness and unkindness of her uncle; and became the wife of Maitland in the full zeal of confiding affection. For a few weeks, she was

convinced that she was the most fortunate of women, and "the world well lost." It was not long, however, before Adela was doomed to recollect the warnings she had received, and the reports she had heard; in the late hours of her husband, his blood-shot eyes, and his petulance, she saw a conscience ill at ease. One evening he returned home in apparent agitation, and told her that he had had an unfortunate dispute with a young man,—they had fought, and he had wounded his antagonist; that it was necessary for him to escape, or he should be immediately arrested; that a vessel was waiting at the wharf, which was bound for Halifax, where he should be safe, and might remain concealed till the danger or excitement was over. Adela calmly acquiesced, but told him it was her fixed purpose to accompany him; it was in vain that he opposed her determination; she could not brook opposition, for she had been unused to it. "I have given up all for your sake," said she, "and if I give up you, nothing remains to me!" Maitland, in his turn, was obliged to submit. It was a dreary prospect, and a voyage of hardship, for a young lady accustomed to every luxury; but she bore it without complaining, till sea-sickness, and the want of proper accommodation, had reduced her almost to death. It was then that they put in at one of the Shoal Islands.

When he found her unable to proceed, he alarmed her with fears for his own safety. "It is only now that there is danger," said he; "when the circumstances are known, I shall be permitted to return without fear of arrest." Adela became eager for his departure; and he quitted her in the full assurance that he would return in a few weeks.

It was now that Mr. Leslie informed her that the story of the duel was a fabrication; that, after losing her little fortune at play, Maitland had forged a check in his name, to a large amount, on one of the principal banks, withdrawn the money, and absconded with it; that his own object in this voyage had been to follow and arrest him; that he knew from authentic sources that he was still at Halifax, and, though he did not appear during the day, was every night at the gaming table. "Providence," he continued, "has restored you to me in a manner that marks out to us both our proper course. You shall return with me; we will forget all that has passed; and I will receive you again as my child, on condition that you give up Maitland." The tears of Adela were her only reply; at length she said, "And if I reject this offer, what are the consequences?" "Adela," replied he, "I feel no spirit of revenge; I was following Maitland to arrest him, in the hope of opening your eyes, and redeeming you. I will, for your sake, with-

draw my prosecution, and leave him in possession of the sum he has fraudulently obtained. If you return with me, not a reproach shall ever meet your ear; you shall be, as you once were, my comfort and my solace, and we will only feel that disappointment has more closely united us. If you still cling to your husband, my offer of kindness shall not be by halves; I will see that you are properly conveyed to him at Halifax. But I warn you, that he has been long a notorious gambler; since your marriage he has thrown off the mask; he has now been guilty of a crime, that would condemn him to a prison for life: do not suppose this will be his last; his habits lead to death. I give you till to-morrow, to weigh the subject, and determine."

When Adela was left alone, she endeavoured to think and reason, but her mind was too much agitated to do either. When her uncle came, in the morning, she threw herself upon his neck, as she was wont to do in happier days; he pressed her closely to his heart. "Have you decided, Adela?" said he. "*I have,*" she replied, in a low voice; "all you say is true, *but he is my husband!*" The uncle loosened his hold, and turned mournfully away. In one hour from that time, he was borne in a little fishing boat far beyond her sight. Two days after, a vessel, with a comfortable cabin

and good accommodations, anchored at the little wharf, the captain of which sent notice to Mrs. Maitland that he was to convey her to Halifax. She took an affectionate leave of John and his family, and liberally rewarded their kindness. Mr. Leslie returned to the south; he spoke not of his niece, and no one presumed to mention her name in his presence; years passed by, and her memory seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

In the year 1790, a gentleman was visiting one of our state prisons; an interesting woman caught his attention, as she passed into one of the cells. "Is it possible," said he, "that woman can be a convict?" "O no, sir," replied the keeper, "she is willing to remain here as an assistant, for the sake of attending her husband, who was sentenced here for life for forgery, but will soon be released by death." The gentleman's curiosity was awakened; he requested to be admitted to the cell. The wife supported the head of the husband, and administered to his wants. As the gentleman gazed upon her, his heart became softened; the recollection of former times returned, and he said, in an impressive tone, "Adela!" She looked up, recognized her uncle, and fainted. When she recovered, he said, "O my child, go home with me!" She looked steadfastly at him, and replied, in the same tone in which she had spoken ten years before,

*"He is my husband."* Every alleviation that money could procure was supplied to the dying man; and when he had breathed his last, Mr. Leslie took Adela home. But she came not alone; she brought with her a little boy named Leslie, and a second Adela. To these children she never spoke of their father; but she strove to instil into their minds principles of religion and virtue. The old age of Mr. Leslie was cheered by gratitude and affection.

## THE IDLE MAN.

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O mortal man that livest here by toil,  
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;  
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;  
And certes, there is reason for it great;  
For though sometimes, it makes thee weep and wail,  
And curse thy stars, and early drudge and late,  
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,  
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

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THIS is a busy world, and repose was not made for man, except in his old age. Let philosophers, who know less of themselves than they do of the world, complain of the folly of mankind, in never being satisfied with the situation in which Providence hath placed them; and thus losing the present, in the anticipation of the future. Let them



sneer at their baffled hopes, when, arriving at the summit they have been toiling for years to gain, they find it a barren waste, dreary and desolate, unlike the peaceful vale below. Why is it that philosophers study to become wiser than they are, since the acquisition of knowledge, no more leads to the happiness of themselves or others, than does the acquisition of wealth and honours? It is, that they may become wiser than the rest of mankind, just as a man labours for wealth, that he may become richer and more powerful. In short, it is that they may be happier than they are; happier than the rest of their fellow creatures. What a dead sea of a world would this be, if we all knew to a certainty, that we were quite as happy as our neighbours? All would then be at ease, and all equally miserable. But let my story exemplify my meaning.

I was born and brought up in the Castle of Indolence. My father was a philosopher in his way; he hated the world, and despised his fellow-creatures, for no other reason that I could ever learn, but that, having toiled the best part of his life to get rich, and finding that his wealth added nothing to his happiness, he took it in dudgeon, and quarrelled outright with this "Mundane Terrene." I have heard that his first impulse towards money-making, was the hope of gaining a young

lady, who had long been the object of his affections; but who disliked his poverty more than she liked his person. He married her at last; but they had waited too long. My father was forty-five, and my mother only ten years younger. At these years, it requires a good deal of rubbing to smooth the asperities of old habits. The first disappointment of my father, was in finding that he had been labouring fifteen years to get a wife, who actually sometimes contradicted him, as he verily believed, without reason. "What is the use of money," said he, "if it don't make a man always right?" But though he was not exactly satisfied with his bargain, he loved my mother; and when she died, he was still more disappointed than at his marriage. He shut himself up in an old garret, where he continued to exist, and his money to accumulate, till I grew almost an old man myself; when he died, leaving me a fortune I knew not what to do with, any more than a child.

I was about twelve years old at the death of my mother; and more than thirty when my father died, almost at the period of fourscore and ten. From the time he shut himself up in his garret, I became in some degree my own master in all things, except spending money; which, though my father despised, he yet hoarded with the devotion of a miser. He let me do just as I pleased, provided

my bills did not amount to more than was absolutely necessary. I went to school, but only when and where I pleased. I floated about with the wind and tide, like a lazy ship at anchor; I learned no profession; I knew nothing of the business of this world, and I did nothing, except just what I pleased. I hated study—I hated exercise—I hated noise—I hated company—and above all, I hated trouble. I read, it is true, a piece of a book here, and a piece there; and not unfrequently, I had half a dozen works in hand at once, none of which I ever finished. So variable and fastidious was my appetite for books, that I sometimes spent whole mornings at the public library, without being able to select one to my satisfaction.

If I had any decided taste, it was for drawing; but this, like all my other propensities, was under the dominion of a busy idleness, that would not permit of any thing like a constant attention to one object, but led me by a sort of irresistible influence, from doing nothing in one place, to doing nothing in another. Sometimes, after sitting for hours, in a becalmed state in my room, I would suddenly seize my hat with an effort, and sally forth in a quick step, resolutely determined to do something, I knew not what; but before I got to the next corner, my impulse evaporated; I became again perfectly becalmed, and after stopping for a while

to consider where under heaven I should go; quietly returned to my room again—again to meditate another sally. It can hardly be conceived, except by a kindred spirit, what delight it was for me to have any thing to do, that did not involve either labour or trouble; both which I received with horror unsurpassable. Nay, I could not bear to see any person hard at work; and my bones imbibed the same sympathy with his labours, that those of Sancha Panza did with the sore bruises his sage master received in his misadventure with the Yanguesian carriers. It was a relief to me when my pencil wanted cutting—the honing of my razor was a perfect luxury—and helping my landlady to shell pease, the delight of my soul. But these could not last for ever: my principal resources were to consider what I should do, to do nothing, and to whistle quick tunes to make myself believe I was in a great hurry. I formed a close intimacy with a middle-aged person, who had left off business, and had much ado to live without it, for the sole purpose of having an antagonist at backgammon; and we used to spend whole days in playing and disputing whether chance or skill had most to do in winning the game; taking different sides, just as luck happened to be in favour of one or the other. This was a great relief to me while it lasted; but one

day, my antagonist gammoned me six times in succession. This was the most serious misfortune that had ever yet befallen me; I fell into a great passion, and made so many bitter reflections on my antagonist for his confounded luck, that he put on his hat, left the room, and never played with me afterwards. He was an irreparable loss to me; being almost the only philosophically idle man of my acquaintance. After this I took to playing by myself; and was for a long time tolerably happy, in always taking the winning hand against my old antagonist, who had the cruelty to gammon me six times running. But use wears off the keen edge of pleasure, as it does of a knife; and I grew tired at last, even of being always on the winning side.

Just at this time, Providence threw a furious chess-player in my way; which I look upon as the greatest blessing I ever received. He undertook to teach me; and I accepted his offer with gratitude. The game seemed made on purpose for me; producing, at first, exactly that gentle interest and excitement, so congenial to my soul. It was delightful to have something to do. I sometimes passed hours in studying a move, while my antagonist sat with the patience of a hundred Jobs, waiting for my decision; and cogitating his own. In process of time I had a perfect chess-board, de-

lineated on my sensorium, and completely lost the tedium of too much leisure, in playing games as I walked the streets, or sat smoking a cigar in my easy chair. Nay, I sometimes played games in my sleep; which, if I could only remember them, would shame a Philidor. While I considered myself a mere scholar, I suffered myself to be beaten with perfect docility; but in process of time, as I began to fancy myself a proficient, and my whole soul was absorbed in the game, I did not bear beating with so much philosophy. I began to be testy, and to revive my old doctrine of chances, insisting upon it, that chance governed this, as well as every other game. My master bore all this good humouredly; and even when I grew at length so irritable, as not to bear a defeat, he would slyly get up, open the door, and retire on the outside, before he cried "check-mate," for fear I should throw the chess-board at his head. It is inconceivable what trifles will overcome a man, who has no serious business in this world. It happened one hot summer day, we got warmly engaged at a game, and had locked ourselves up, that we might remain undisturbed. It lasted eight mortal hours; at the end of which, my antagonist treacherously drew me into a stale mate, when I actually had the game in my power. Unfortunately, his retreat

was out off by the door being locked ; the consequence was, that I discharged the chess-board, men, castles, elephants and all, at his head, with so unlucky an aim, that it checkmated him flat on the floor. The result of this great move was a duel, which I honestly confess was one of the pleasantest events of my life. I had something to do and something to fear ; and the excitement roused me into something akin to actual enjoyment. We exchanged shots without effect ; I apologised, and so the affair ended. I invited him to renew our game, but he shook his head, and good humouredly observed, that much as he loved chess, he feared broken heads and bullets more. The story took wind ; nobody would venture to play chess with me after this ; and thus I lost my main chance for killing time.

“ Too much care will turn a young man gray,” as the old song says, and too little is as bad as too much. For want of something else to think about, I began to think wholly of myself. I grew to be exceedingly tenacious of my health, my accommodations, my raiment, and my food. I ate much, walked little, slept enormously, and became a confirmed invalid. Having nothing extraneous to love, or to call forth my affections, or excite my ardent hopes and fears, I concentrated them all

upon myself. The object of our exclusive love is ever the focus of all our solitudes, and never fails to call up fears, whether real or imaginary. I had now reached the high hill of life, and was beginning to descend. The little changes of feeling, the slight stiffnesses of the joints, the impaired activity of the limbs, and the waning vivacity of the whole system, which mark this epoch in the life of man, struck me with dismay. I had nothing else for my mind to prey upon, and it fed upon that with the avidity of a diseased appetite. I consulted a doctor, and that did my business. A dose will convince a man he is sick, if he only imagined it before. No physician, who knows his business, will take a fee without giving a prescription in exchange; for a good workman knows how to make business. However, mine turned out a pretty honest fellow. Finding, after a twelvemonth, that I complained worse than ever, he advised me to take exercise, eat sparingly, and ride a hard trotting horse.

“A hard trotting horse!” exclaimed I, in inexpressible horror, “I’d as soon ride a race through the city of Gotham.”

“Very well, then get married; there is nothing like real evils to banish imaginary ones, and matrimony is a sovereign cure.”



"The remedy is worse than the disease," replied I, and left him in despair.

The horrors of a life of perfect ease now crowded thickly upon me, and I became the most miserable of all the miserable men, that have nothing to trouble them. I grew fat, lethargic, and was teased with a perpetual desire to eat. I ate till eating became a burden; and slept till sleep was little better than a nightmare, bringing all the horrors of indigestion in her train. I rolled from side to side, I tried to find a soft place in the bed, I rubbed my feet and hands together to restore the circulation of my blood, and tried to think about something to relieve my mind from vague and undefinable horrors. But what can a man think about, who has nothing to trouble him but himself? I became at last unwilling, or more truly, afraid, to go to bed, lest I should be hag-ridden, and quarrelled with my fellow boarders, who, having something to do by day, could not afford to sit up with me all night. The consequence of this loss of rest was, that when I sat still a few minutes during the day, I was sure to fall asleep in my chair. It was one warm summer day, the crisis of my fate, when having taken a huge walk of half a mile to see a picture of Leslie's, I returned overwhelmed with lassitude, and fell asleep

in my chair. When I awoke, I found a piece of paper pinned to my sleeve, on which I read the following lines—

They say Tom is dead, but the truth I deny,  
So cease all his friends to be grieved ;  
How can it be said that a man can quite die,  
Who ne'er in his life has quite lived ?

I never knew who played me this trick, but I shall ever feel grateful for the lesson, severe as it was.

“ What Diomed, nor Thetis' greater son,  
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege had done,

this well-timed sarcasm achieved. It mortified my pride ; it roused my anger ; it inflamed my vanity ; in short, it created a turmoil, a complete bouleversement in my system ; the atoms were set in motion, the waters had broken loose, nature was convulsed, and subsided into a newly-constituted world. I started up with a degree of energy unknown for many a year ; I paced the room with unnatural activity, and asked myself if it were possible that I had passed forty years of my life without quite living ; that I had been thus far a burden to myself, useless to the world, and an object of laughter to my companions. The struggle was a painful one, and put me into a fine perspiration—but I felt all the better for it. That

night I had something to think of except my aches and infirmities, and the nightmare eschewed my couch. I made up my mind to begin the world anew, and falling fast asleep, did not awake till the broad beams of morning darted into my windows. I made an unheard-of effort, and getting up, dressed myself, and was actually down stairs before breakfast was over—whereupon they predicted an earthquake.

From this day I resolved to do something, and be useful. "I'll let them see," quoth I, "I can quite live as well as other people. I will qualify myself to defend my country; there is a speck of war in the horizon, and every citizen ought to be prepared." I enrolled myself in a volunteer corps, the captain of which having a mistress in a distant part of the town, always marched us home that way after every turn out, which was every day. The reader may possibly form some remote conception of what I underwent in the service of my country, though he can never realize the extent of my sufferings. Conceive the idea of a man of my habits, carrying a musket of fourteen pounds three hours before breakfast, and marching through thick and thin, mud, dirt, and glory, three miles to pass muster before Dulcinea's windows. I felt inclined to mutiny, and certainly broke the articles of war ten times a day, by privately wishing my

captain and his mistress as well married as any couple could possibly be. But the recollection of the man that never in his life had quite lived, caused me to swear on the altar of patriotism, that I would carry arms till the speck of war was removed, though I plunged up to the middle in mud, before the windows of the beautiful damsel. I continued, therefore, to trudge right gallantly up one street and down another, with my musket that seemed like the world on the shoulders of Atlas, solacing myself by privately cursing the captain for leading us every day such a dance. Fatigue and vexation combined, however, worked a surprising effect upon me; I could sleep comfortably at night, I felt no inclination to sleep in the day, I enjoyed my dinner with wonderful gusto, and began to hold the nightmare and blue devils in defiance. In process of time the speck of war disappeared from the horizon. Our company laid down arms, and I was in great danger of backsliding, having declined an invitation to become a corporal of artillery; but whenever I found myself relapsing into my old habits, I unlocked my secretary, took out the mischievous epigram, and felt myself inspired to mind my own business, ride a hard-trotting horse, get married, or any other deed of daring.

I determined to take the management of my

property into my own hands, and attend to my own affairs, which I had entrusted to the management of a man who had, I believe, been pretty reasonable in not cheating me out of more than was sufficient to provide for himself and his family. I went to him, and desired a statement of my accounts, with a degree of trepidation that gave me the heart-burn. The man looked at me with equal dismay. Never were two people more frightened; I at the thought of gaining trouble, and he of losing profit. Finding me, however, peremptory, he in a few days presented me with a statement of his accounts, which exhibited a balance against me of a couple of thousands. It puzzled me how this could be; but it would have puzzled me ten thousand times more to find it out. I thought of applying to some experienced friend to examine into the affair; but I had no such friend, and to trust to a stranger, was to incur the risk of still greater impositions. Accordingly, I paid the money, glad to get off so well, and resolved hereafter to trust only to myself, even though I should be cheated every day.

No one knows the trouble I had from misunderstanding my affairs, or the losses I sustained in consequence of my utter ignorance of the most common transactions of business, and the inevitable suspicions consequent upon it. I did not know

what to do with my money, or how to invest it securely, and began seriously to contemplate buying an iron chest, and hoarding, in imitation of my father. However, I blundered on, daily diminishing my property by mismanagement, and fretting over my losses. All this time I was consoled, however, by the gradual improvement of my health and spirits. My thoughts ceased, by degrees, to prey upon myself, and were drawn off to my affairs. I became busy, brisk, and lively. I defied the nightmare and all her works. I began to relish ease at proper intervals, and, in spite of all the troubles and vexations of business, I was ten times better off than when I had nothing on the face of the earth to trouble me—but myself. I began to comprehend the possibility of a man, without any thing to vex him, being the most miserable being upon earth.

Cheered by this unexpected result of a little salutary worldly vexation, I went on with renewed zeal, and took courage to add to a little troubling of the spirit, a little shaking of the body. I actually purchased a horse, and trotted valiantly among the dandy equestrians, very little at first to the recreation of mind or body; for nothing could equal the aching of my bones, but the mortification of my spirit, in seeing, as I fancied, every body laughing at my riding. I should have ob-

served that it was this natural shyness, which formed a part of my character, that always stood in the way of my exertions. It kept me from going into company, from the never-to-be-forgotten night, when, being seduced into a tea-party, I got well nigh roasted alive, for want of sufficient intrepidity to change my position by crossing the room. It prevented my taking refuge in the excitement of dress; for I never put on a new coat that I did not feel as if I had got into a strait waistcoat, and keep clear of all my acquaintance, lest they should think I wanted to exhibit my finery. In short, I was too bashful for a beau, too timid for a gambler, too proud for a politician; and thus I escaped the temptations of the town, more from a peculiarity of disposition than from precept or example.

I think I have somewhere read—or perhaps only dreamed—that the pride of man waxed exceeding great, from the moment he had subjected the horse to his dominion. It certainly is a triumph to sit on such a noble animal, tamed perfectly to our will, and to govern his gigantic strength and fiery mettle with silken rein, or a whispered aspiration. It strengthens the nerves and emboldens the spirits, at least it did mine. By degrees, as I began to be accustomed to the saddle, the pains in my bones subsided, and feeling myself easy, I no longer suspected people of laughing at my awk-

wardness. In the warm season I went out into the country to see the sun rise, and in the winter I galloped in the very teeth of the north-west wind, till I defied Jack Frost, and snapt my fingers at the freezing point. My health daily improved—my spirits expanded their wings, and fluttered like birds released from their iron cages—and my nerves were actually braced up to the trial of looking a woman full in the face, an enormity I was never capable of before. Between my vexations in managing my business, and my rides on horseback, I was a new man, and had an idea of proposing my horse as a member of the College of Physicians, had I not apprehended they might think I was joking.

Still there were intervals in which my old infirmity, of sitting becalmed at home, doing nothing, and nursing blue devils, would come over me like a spider's web, and condemn me to my chair as if by enchantment. These relapses were terrible, and discouraged me beyond measure, for I began to fear that I should never be radically cured. Sitting thus stultified, one summer evening, I was startled by a smart slap on my shoulder, and a hearty exclamation of, "What, Tom, at your old tricks—hey!—giving audience to the blues." This was spoken by a merry, careless fellow, who was always full of what the world calls troubles, and



who, every body said, was to be pitied, because he had a wife and twelve children, and was not worth a groat. But he belied the world, and his destiny to boot, was always as busy as a bee by day, and merry as a lark in the evening, and the more children he had the blither was he. Nature had decreed he should be a happy man; and fortune had co-operated with her in making him poor.

"Come," said he, "what are you sitting here for, biting your lips, and eating up your own soul—for want of something else. Why don't you sally out somewhere, and do something?"

"What can I do—and where shall I go?—I know nobody abroad—and have no ties at home—no fire-side to cheer me of evenings."

"Why, become either a beau bachelor, or get married at once, which is better."

"Married! pshaw."

"Aye, married—if your wife turns out a scold, that is all you want. You will then have a motive for going abroad. If she is amiable, that is still better—then you will have a motive for staying at home."

"Faith, there is something in that."

"Something!—It is wisdom in a nut-shell. There's more philosophy in it than in three hundred folios."

"Well, if I thought——"

“ Thought ! never think of it at all—you have been all your life thinking to no purpose—it is time for you to act now. Hav’n’t I proved that you must be a gainer either way ?”

“ Well—well—I believe—I think—I’ll think of it.”

“ Think of a fiddlestick. Do you think a man is the better prepared for a cold bath, by standing half an hour shivering on the brink ? No—no—fall in love extempore ; you have no time to study characters—and if you had, do you think a man is the wiser for studying a riddle he is destined never to find out ? Mark what the poet says.”

“ What poet ?”

“ Hang me, if I know or care, but he sings directly to my purpose, and is, therefore, a sensible fellow. ‘ List—list—O list !’ as the tailor said.

“ Love is no child of time, unless it be  
 The offspring of a moment—O, true love  
 Requires no blowing of the lingering spark  
 To light it to a wild, consuming flame.  
 To linger on through years of sighing dolours,  
 To write, to reason, to persuade, to worry,  
 Some cold heart into something like an ague—  
 An icy, shivering fit—this is not love ;  
 ’Tis habit, friendship, such as that we feel  
 For some old tree because we’ve known it long—  
 All this is but to put the heart at nurse,  
 Or send it like a lazy school-boy forth

Unwillingly to learn his A B C,  
Under some greybeard, flogging pedagogue.  
Time's office is to throw cold water on,  
Not feed the flame with oil."

" And you have been married thirteen years?"

" Yes, and have twelve children, yet I can talk of love—aye, and feel it too. Come, I have a little party at home this evening; come—see—and be conquered."

" Well, said I, starting up, " wait till I make myself a little amiable."

" No—no—I know you of old. If you once have time to consider, you'll get becalmed as sure as a gun. Now or never—this is the crisis of thy fate."

Riding on horseback had made me bold; and I suffered myself to be carried off to the party by my merry friend; who predicted fifty times by the way, that I should be married in less than three weeks.

It was fortunate the distance was small; or my courage would have served me as it did Bob Acres, and "oozed out of the palms of my hands," before we arrived. My friend hurried me on, talking all the way, without giving me time to think; so that I was in the middle of his little drawing-room, before I could collect sufficient courage to run away. I made my bow to the lady, sat down as far as I could from all the females in the room,

and felt—nobody can describe what a bashful man feels in such a situation. I fancied every laugh levelled directly at me; and because I felt strange myself, believed that every body considered me a stranger. Luckily there was no fire that night, or I should have undergone a second roasting; for I am of opinion, if an earthquake had happened, I could not have found the use of my legs sufficiently to run out of the room, unless it had previously been deserted by the awful assemblage. The recollection of this horrible probation, even at this distance of time, makes me shudder. Had I an enemy in the world, which I hope I have not, all the harm I wish him would be to be cursed with that sensitive bashfulness, the offspring of pride and timidity, which, while it makes one think himself an object of universal attention, conveys an irresistible impression that he is some way or other ridiculous. How often have I envied those impudent fellows whom I saw sailing about the ladies, and laughing, chatting, or flirting, with as little apprehension as a moth flutters round a candle. I would have pawned every grain of sense I had in the world for just as much brass as would have emboldened me to pick up a lady's fan, or sweeten her tea.

I had remained in this situation just long enough to get into an agony of perspiration, when my good

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friend came over to me, with a request to introduce me to a lady, who sat on the opposite side of the room. I made fifty excuses, but all would not do; he had told her of his intention, and it would look rude for me to decline. Despair, for I verily believe it was nothing else, gave me sufficient strength to rise from my seat; my friend led me up to the lady, introduced me, pointed to a chair next her, and left me to my fate. My hands shook, my forehead became wet with a cold dew, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and a roaring in my ears announced that commotion of the nervous system, which always foretels the approach of a nightmare. I attempted to speak, with as little success as I had often had in trying to call for help in my sleep, when under the dominion of that foul fiend. Our eyes at length happened to meet, and there was something in a little mischievous smile that sparkled in her eye, and played in the corner of her lip, that called to mind a vision I thought I remembered to have seen before. "I believe you don't recollect me, Mr. Roebuck," said a voice that almost made me jump from my chair, though it was as low, and as sweet, as a distant wood dove. I have heard men extolled for marching up to the mouth of a loaded cannon without flinching; but no well authenticated instance of heroism, in my opinion, ever came up to that I exhibited on this memorable occasion, when

I answered, in a voice that I almost think was audible, looking her almost in the face the while. "Indeed I have not that honour, madam." The effort was decisive, my hands became steady, my forehead resumed its natural warmth, the roaring in my ears gradually subsided, my pulse beat healthfully, and my nerves settled down into something like self-possession. My neighbour followed up my reply, by reminding me that we had been at school together a long while ago—though I recollected she was much younger than myself—spoke of many little kindnesses I had done her at that time, and how vain she was of being the pet, of not only the biggest, but the handsomest boy in the school. "You are much altered," said she, "and so am I—but I recollected you, as soon as you came into the room. I was determined to renew our acquaintance, and to make the first advances—for I remember you used to be a shy boy." "Yes," said I, "and I am a shy man to my sorrow; but I can still feel delighted at meeting my little favourite again, in the shape of a fine woman"—and I believe the very d—l got into me, for I seized her hand, and squeezed it so emphatically that she blushed, and smiled mischievously, as I continued begging her pardon for not recollecting her, and apologizing for being such a shy fellow. The recollection of past times, and youthful days, the

meeting of old friends, and the recalling of early scenes and attachments, come over the heart of man, as the spring comes over the face of nature—waking the early songsters, touching the little birds and blades of grass with her magic wand into sensation, and putting the whole vivifying principle of expansion, growth, warmth, life, love, and beauty, into sprightly and exulting activity. As the ice-bound brook signalizes its release from the cold, rigid, inflexible chain of winter by its eternal murmurs, so did I my enfranchisement from the tongue-tied demon of silent stupidity, by an overflow of eloquence, such as alarmed my very self. I revelled in the recollections of the past; a dawning intimation of the future danced before my wakened fancy, distant, obscure, and beautiful. I talked like a Cicero of congress, whose whole year's stock of eloquence has been frozen up by a Lapland winter, and suddenly set going by a spring thaw—lamented my shyness—and again shook her hand most emphatically, to corroborate my assertion, that I was the shyest man in the world. I think I may truly affirm, that I enjoyed more of actual existence in one hour after this recognition, than I had for the last fifteen years, and was swimming in the very bosom of Elysium, when, happening to look towards my merry friend, I caught him in the very act of laughing at me most inordinately. O

reader, if thou art peradventure a bashful man, or, what is still more rare, a bashful woman, thou canst tell what it is to have the cold water of a mischievous laugh thrown upon the warm embers of a newly-awakened sentiment just lighting into a blaze. Like the traveller of the Swiss valleys, thou wilt find thyself, in one single moment, at one single step, transported from the region of flowers, fruits, and herbage, to the region of eternal ice—from the glowing embraces of laughing spring, to the withering grasp of frowning winter.

I was struck dumb, “and word spake never more” that night. My little school-mate, finding she could get nothing out of me, changed her seat, and left me alone, howling—no, not howling—but lost in the silent wilderness of stupefaction, where I remained, to see, as I thought, my host and the lady, making themselves right merry at my expense. I thought I could tell by the motion of their lips that they were talking of me; every word was a dagger, and every look a winged arrow tipped with poison. People may talk of the rack, the knout, the stake, the bed of Procrustes, and the vulture of Prometheus, but all these are nothing compared to the agonies of a sensitive, bashful man, when he thinks himself an object of laughter.

With a mortal effort, such as I never made be-



fore, and never shall again, I got up from my chair, made my bow, and rushed out of the room, in a paroxysm of wounded sensibility, and unappeasable wrath. The next day my merry, pleasant friend came to see me, and inquire how I liked his party, and what I thought of my little school-mate. I was grim—horribly grim, mysterious, and incomprehensible; I was too proud to acknowledge my wounds, or to do any thing more than hint at her being a giggling thing; I could not bear to see a woman always laughing, nor old friends that took such liberties with people as some people did. In short, I was as crusty as Will Waddle, after his half year's baking.

“Hey-day!” cried my merry friend, “which way does that perverse weathercock of thine point now? What is matter with the ‘shy gentleman’—hey?”

“There, there! By heaven I knew it, I knew how it was—I’m not quite so blind as some people think me—I’m not deaf—”

“No, nor dumb either, faith—I’ll say that for you, friend Tom; you talked last night for the next hundred years. But how do you like my cousin? she has done nothing but talk of you this morning—”

“Yes—and she did nothing but laugh at me last night.” Out it came; I could hold no longer.

"Laugh at you; with you, you mean; why, you were the merriest couple in the room."

"Except yourselves, after she left me—"

"Well, what if we did laugh—you can't expect to have all the laughing to yourself."

"O no—by no means—not I; you may laugh till doomsday; only I wish you would find somebody else to laugh at."

"Somebody else!—Why, what do you mean, Tom?"

"Why, d—m it, sir—I mean that you were laughing at me, from the moment she left my side," cried I, stalking about the room in great wrath.

"No such thing, upon my serious honour; we should both scorn such ill manners, and particularly towards you. She was describing the airs and affectation of a party of fashionable upstarts she met in the steam-boat, returning from the great northern tour."

"What did you keep looking at me every now and then for?"

"She was comparing you with what you were at school, and saying how little you were altered, except for the better."

"Now, Harry, upon your honour, remember—"

"Upon my honour, then, this is the truth, the

whole truth, and nothing but the truth—except, indeed—”

“ Except what ?”

“ Except that she expressed her pleasure at again meeting you, and her hope that she should see you often. What say you to paying her a morning visit—hey ?”

“ With all my heart—for she’s a very fine woman.”

I repeated my visits day after day, till I began to feel quite easy in the society of my little school-fellow, who had gained vastly in my good graces ever since I heard she thought me so much altered for the better. I remembered, at our first interview, she told me how proud she was in being the favourite of the biggest and handsomest boy in the school ; and if I was handsomer now than then, I concluded, much to my satisfaction, I must be a tolerably good-looking fellow. A woman who can make a shy, awkward man once feel easy in her company, can do any thing with him. But if she can add to this, the miracle of making him satisfied with himself, his happiness and devotion will be complete. From feeling perfectly easy in her society, I soon began to be very uneasy. I began to be in love, and a shy man in love is as great a torment to a woman as he is to himself, if she cares any thing

about him. I certainly was something of an original in my amour; for while I used as much pains to hide, as others do to display their love, I took it into my head that the lady ought to behave as if I were an accepted lover, and eschew all the rest of mankind. I was affronted with her three times a week, for some imaginary display of indifference; became inordinately jealous; and I confess honestly, played such capricious pranks, that, had she not been the best tempered creature in the world, she would have forbidden me her presence. Yet she treated me with a charming indulgence, humoured my follies, and forgave my insolent irritability sooner than I could forgive myself. Three several times I swore to myself I would confess my love, and ask her hand, and as often did the fates interpose to prevent me—once in the shape of a rainy day, which I thought a good excuse for delay; once in the likeness of a hole in my silk stocking, which I observed just as I was on the point of knocking at the door, and which so damped my spirits, that I turned about and went home disconsolate; and a third time in the semblance of one of those worthy persons, who lend their wits to such as have money, and let them into the secret of turning it to the best advantage. He propounded to me a cotton speculation, by which a fortune

would be made, as certain as fate, in three months at farthest.

To tell my readers a secret, the management of my property, although of great advantage to my health, had redounded very little to the credit of my sagacity, or the benefit of my purse. Knowing nothing of business myself, I took the advice of as many people as I could, remembering that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety. Some how or other it happened, however, that though the advice was always good when it was given, it turned out always bad in the end, owing to those unexpected revolutions, with which Providence so often shames human sagacity, as if in scorn of the puny prophets, who pretend to say what will happen to-morrow. By degrees these repeated losses impaired my fortune not a little; but I did not mind it—indeed I was rather rejoiced, as these occasional rubs roused me into a wholesome vexation, that kept me from that stagnant state of mind, which I dreaded above all things. It was not until I fell in love, and felt the want of that delightful confidence, which a full purse gives to the animal man in time of sore tribulation, that I found reason to regret the diminution of my fortune. But now, when I fancied it stood in the way of my becoming worthy the hand of my lady love, I often pondered on the

means of retrieving my losses, and this hint of a speculation effectually arrested my attention. Without being too particular, suffice it to say, that I yielded to the gentleman's infallible prognostics; I laid out nearly the whole of my fortune in a cotton speculation, and my friendly adviser declined taking a share in the profits, being content with his commissions on the purchase.

I had now ample employment between the perplexities of love and the anticipations of money, and settled in my own mind, that the realizing of the latter should put an end to the fears and hopes of the former, I continued my visits to the lady, but made no actual demonstrations, except by looks and actions, until the news arrived from Europe of the fall of cotton, and the consequent downfall of all my towering hopes. I lost the best part of what remained of my property; and a fit of shyness came over me, that effectually prevented me from making my purposed declaration, even if I had been ever so anxious. But I had lost both the intrepidity and the inclination, and considered I had now so little fortune remaining, that it would not only be imprudent, but presumptuous, to expect a favourable reception to a proposal of this nature. I shut myself up in my room, and was miserable; but, strange to say, not half so miserable as when I had nothing to trouble me. I

neither thought of myself, nor my infirmities, real or imaginary; but I thought of my lady love so intently that I forgot myself, and what is very remarkable, never had the nightmare during the whole period of my seclusion. Neither did my time hang dead about my neck like a mill-stone, as it did when I was so perfectly free from all care and all employment. In short, I had something to think of, and that is the next best thing to having something to do.

One day my merry old friend came to see me. "What has become of you this age?" said he, "and what is the matter, that we have not seen you lately? My cousin has inquired about you several times; so I came to see if you were becalmed, according to custom—or sick—or sulky—or—but what the deuce ails you?" looking at my woe-begone countenance.

"I am as poor as a rat."

"So much the better; you have all your life been suffering the penalty of riches, and now you will be good for something. But how?"

"A cotton speculation!" said I, shrugging my shoulders.

"Is all gone?"

"Not quite—I have a few thousands left."

"So much the better; you shall marry my cousin, and we will join stocks together as mer-

chants. You shall furnish the capital, and I'll manage it."

"I marry your cousin! When I was rich I had some hopes—now I have none. I mean to go to Missouri."

"Go to the —, but I say you shall marry my cousin—that is to say, if you love her?"

"Perdition catch my soul, but—"

"Pshaw! none of your heroics—do you or do you not?"

"I do, most truly—with all the ardour of youth, and all the steadiness of an old bachelor. And yet I will not marry her, even if she is willing."

"No—why?"

"She has twice the merit—twice the fortune—and a hundred times the beauty I have; the balance would be all on one side."

"Very well, we shall see," answered he, and away he went, leaving me in a flutter of timidity and hope. This is not intended for a love-tale, I shall therefore hurry over this part of my story. It is sufficient to say, that my little school-mate behaved nobly. I went to see her. "You would have bestowed your fortune upon me when you were rich—I will bestow mine upon you now you are poor. True, it is but little—but I will make it up in prudence and affection." We married,



and I entered into trade with my active merry friend. For some years we toiled through the vexatious routine of bargain and sale, buying and selling, and not making much for our pains. In the mean time, a little flock of boys and girls sprung up about me, and like the fresh brooks and fountains, which attract the roots of the old trees that lack refreshing moisture, called off my gnawing anxieties and carking cares, towards objects that excited a more wholesome, gentle, nay, delightful solicitude. Toil, exertion, and economy, became pleasures, because I had somebody to strive for; and I felt myself every day gaining courage, confidence, strength, and hilarity, in the busy scuffle I was engaged in. I can safely say, that during the whole of this period of delightful anxieties, I never once imagined myself sick; I had no more heart-beatings and heart-burnings—no tremblings, trepidations, and cold perspirations—nor was I once ridden by my old enemy, the nightmare. When the cares of the day were past, I could sit down and enjoy the refreshment of ease; and it was delightful, after the keen encounters of skill, sagacity, and bargaining, which occupied the day, to open my heart among those I could trust with my whole soul, and rely upon with the faith of a martyr.

By degrees, owing to the good management of

my merry partner, and something to my own care and attention, fortune began to smile upon us, and our acquisitions gradually grew to exceed all our wants. Every year now adds to the means of educating my children well, and leaving them a competence when I shall be no more. In short, my tale is at an end, and its moral completed. I am now happy in my wife—happy in my children; who, I am determined, shall never pine, if I can help it, in the enjoyment of perfect ease. I have excellent health; am almost as gay as my merry partner and friend; and have no fear, except that of getting so rich that I shall be tempted to retire from business, before I am old enough to enjoy a life of ease.

## CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.\*

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Glory and gain the industrious tribe provoke.

POPE.

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THE little secluded and quiet village of H. lies at no great distance from our "literary emporium." It was never remarked or remarkable for any thing, save one mournful pre-eminence, to those who sojourned within its borders—it was duller, even, than common villages. The young men of the better class all emigrated. The most daring spirits adventured on the sea. Some went to Boston; some to the south; and some to the west; and left a community of women who lived like

\* This story is a curious illustration of the universality of the fashion of the day. Many editors of our splendid English Annuals could, I suspect, bear testimony to a similar passion for literary fame on this side of the water.

nuns, with the advantage of more liberty and fresh air, but without the consolation and excitement of a religious vow. Literally, there was not a single young gentleman in the village—nothing in manly shape to which these desperate circumstances could give the form and quality, and use of a beau. Some dashing city blades, who once strayed accidentally to this sequestered spot, averred that the girls stared at them as if, like Miranda, they would have exclaimed—

“What is’t? a spirit?”

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form:—But ’tis a spirit.”

A peculiar fatality hung over this devoted place. If death seized on either head of a family, he was sure to take the husband; every woman in H. was a widow or maiden: and it is a sad fact, that when the holiest office of the church was celebrated, they were compelled to borrow deacons from an adjacent village. But, incredible as it may seem, there was no great diminution of happiness in consequence of the absence of the nobler sex. Mothers were occupied with their children and housewifery, and the young ladies read their books with as much interest as if they had lovers to discuss them with, and worked their frills and capes as diligently, and wore them as complacently, as if they

were to be seen by manly eyes. Never were there pleasanter gatherings or parties (for that was the word even in their nomenclature) than those of the young girls of H. There was no mincing—no affectation—no hope of passing for what they were not—no envy of the pretty and fortunate—no insolent triumph over the plain, and demure, and neglected—but all was good-will and good-humour. They were a pretty circle of girls—a garland of bright fresh flowers. Never were there more sparkling glances—never sweeter smiles—nor more of them. Their present was all health and cheerfulness; and their future, not the gloomy perspective of dreary singleness, for somewhere in the passage of life they were sure to be mated. Most of the young men who had abandoned their native soil, as soon as they found themselves *getting along*, loyally returned to lay their fortunes at the feet of the companions of their childhood.

The girls made occasional visits to Boston, and occasional journeys to various parts of the country, for they were all enterprising and independent; and had the characteristic of New England avidity for seizing a “privilege;” and in these various ways, to borrow a phrase of their good granddames, “a door was opened for them,” and in due time they fulfilled the destiny of women.

We spoke strictly, and à la lettre, when we said

that in the village of H. there was not a single *beau*. But on the outskirts of the town, at a pleasant farm, embracing hill and valley, upland and meadow land—in a neat house, looking to the south, with true economy of sunshine and comfort, and overlooking the prettiest winding stream that ever sent up its sparkling beauty to the eye; and flanked on the north by a rich maple grove, beautiful in spring and summer, and glorious in autumn, and the kindest defence in winter;—on this farm, and in this house dwelt a youth, to fame unknown; but known and loved by every inhabitant of H., old and young, grave and gay, lively and severe. Ralph Hepburn was one of nature's favourites. He had a figure that would have adorned courts and cities; and a face that adorned human nature, for it was full of good humour, kind-heartedness, spirit and intelligence; and, driving the plough, or wielding the scythe, his cheek flushed with manly and profitable exercise, he looked as if he had been moulded in a poet's fancy—as farmers look in *Georgics* and *Pastorals*. His gifts were by no means all external. He wrote verses in every album in the village, and very pretty album verses they were, and numerous too—for the number of albums was equivalent to the whole female population. He was admirable at pencil sketches; and once, with a little paint, the refuse of a house-

painting, he achieved an admirable portrait of his grandmother and her cat. There was, to be sure, a striking likeness between the two figures; but he was limited to the same colours for both; and besides, it was not out of nature, for the old lady and her cat had purred together in the chimney corner, till their physiognomies bore an obvious resemblance to each other. Ralph had a talent for music too. His voice was the sweetest of all the Sunday choir; and one would have fancied, from the bright eyes that were turned on him, from the long line and double lines of treble and counter singers, that Ralph Hepburn was a note-book; or that the girls listened with their eyes as well as their ears. Ralph did not restrict himself to psalmody. He had an ear so exquisitely susceptible to the "touches of sweet harmony," that he discovered, by the stroke of his axe, the musical capacities of certain species of wood, and he made himself a violin of chesnut, and drew strains from it, that if they could not create a soul under the ribs of death, could make the prettiest feet and the lightest heart dance; an achievement far more to Ralph's taste than the aforesaid miracle. In short, it seemed as if nature, in her love of compensation, had showered on Ralph all the gifts that are usually diffused through a community of beaux. Yet Ralph was no prodigy; none of his

talents were in excess, but all in moderate degree. No genius was ever so good humoured, so useful, so practical; and though, in his small and modest way, a Crichton, he was not, like most universal geniuses, good for nothing for any particular office in life. His farm was not a pattern farm—a prize farm, for an agricultural society; but in wonderful order, considering his miscellaneous pursuits. He was the delight of his grandfather, for his sagacity in hunting bees—the old man's favourite—in truth his only pursuit. He was so skilled in woodcraft, that the report of his gun was as certain a signal of death, as the tolling of a church bell. The fish always caught at his bait. He manufactured half his farming utensils; improved upon old inventions, and struck out some new ones; tamed partridges—the most untameable of all the feathered tribe; domesticated squirrels; rivalled Scheherazade herself in telling stories, strange and long—the latter quality being essential at a country fireside; and, in short, Ralph made a perpetual holiday of a life of labour.

Every girl in the village-street knew when Ralph's waggon or sleigh traversed it; indeed, there was scarcely a house to which the horses did not, as if by instinct, turn up, while their master greeted its fair tenants. This state of affairs had continued for two winters and two summers, since



Ralph came to his majority, and by the death of his father, to the sole proprietorship of the "Hepburn farm,"—the name his patrimonial acres had obtained from the singular circumstance, (in our *moving* country,) of their having remained in the same family for four generations. Never was the matrimonial destiny of a young lord, or heir just come to his estate, more thoroughly canvassed than young Hepburn's, by mothers, aunts, daughters, and nieces. But Ralph, perhaps from sheer good nature, seemed reluctant to give to one the heart, that diffused rays of sunshine through the whole village.

With all decent people, he eschewed the doctrines of a certain erratic female lecturer, on the odious monopoly of marriage; yet Ralph, like a tender-hearted judge, hesitated to place on a single brow the crown matrimonial, which so many deserved, and which, though Ralph was far enough from a coxcomb, he could not but see so many coveted.

Whether our hero perceived that his mind was becoming elated or distracted with this general favour, or that he observed a dawning of rivalry among the fair competitors, or whatever was the cause, the fact was, that he by degrees circumscribed his visits, and finally concentrated them in the family of his aunt Courland.

Mrs. Courland was a widow, and Ralph was the

kindest of nephews to her, and the kindest of cousins to her children. To their mother, he seemed their guardian angel. That the five lawless, daring little urchins did not drown themselves when they were swimming, nor shoot themselves when they were shooting, was, in her eyes, Ralph's merit; and then, "he was so attentive to Alice, her only daughter—a brother could not be kinder." But who would not be kind to Alice?—She was a sweet girl of seventeen, not beautiful—not handsome, perhaps—but pretty enough—with soft hazel eyes; a profusion of light brown hair, always in the neatest trim; and a mouth, that could not but be lovely and loveable, for all kind and tender affections were playing about it. Though Alice was the only daughter of a doting mother, the only sister of five loving boys, the only niece of three single, fond aunts; and last and greatest, the only cousin of our only beau, Ralph Hepburn—no girl of seventeen was ever more disinterested, unassuming, unostentatious, and unspoiled. Ralph and Alice had always lived on terms of cousinly affection; an affection of a neutral tint, that they never thought of being shaded into the deep dye of a more tender passion. Ralph rendered her all cousinly offices. If he had twenty damsels to escort, not an uncommon case, he never forgot Alice.

When he returned from any little excursion, he always brought some graceful offering to Alice.

He had lately paid a visit to Boston. It was at the season of the periodical inundation of annuals. He brought two of the prettiest to Alice. Ah! little did she think, they were to prove Pandora's box to her. Poor simple girl! she sat down to read them, as if an annual were meant to be read; and she was honestly interested and charmed. Her mother observed her delight. "What have you there, Alice?" she asked. "Oh, the prettiest story, mamma!—two such tried, faithful lovers, and married at last! It ends beautifully: I hate love stories that don't end in marriage!"

"And so do I, Alice," exclaimed Ralph, who entered at the moment; and, for the first time, Alice felt her cheeks tingle at his approach. He had brought a basket, containing a choice plant he had obtained for her; and she laid down the annual, and went with him to the garden, to see it set by his own hand.

Mrs. Courland seized upon the annual with avidity. She had imbibed a literary taste at Boston; where the best and happiest years of her life were passed. She had some literary ambition too. She read the North American Review from beginning to end; and she fancied no conversation

could be sensible or improving, that was not about books. But she had been effectually prevented, by the necessities of a narrow income, and by the unceasing wants of five teasing boys, from indulging her literary inclinations; for Mrs. Courland, like all New England women, had been taught to consider domestic duties as the first temporal duties of her sex. She had recently seen some of the native productions with which the press is daily teeming; and which certainly have a tendency to dispel our early illusions about the craft of authorship. She had even felt some obscure intimations, within her secret soul, that she might herself become an author. The annual was destined to fix her fate. She opened it—the publisher had written the names of the authors of the anonymous pieces against their productions. Among them she found some of the familiar friends of her childhood and youth.

If, by a sudden gift of second sight, she had seen them enthroned as kings and queens, she would not have been more astonished. She turned to their pieces, and read them, as perchance no one else did, from beginning to end—faithfully. Not a sentence—a sentence! not a word was skipped. She paused to consider commas, colons, and dashes. All the art and magic of authorship were

made level to her comprehension, and when she closed the book, she *felt a call* to become an author, and before she retired to bed she obeyed the call, as if it had been, in truth, a divinity stirring within her. In the morning she presented an article to *her* public, consisting of her own family and a few select friends. All applauded, and every voice, save one, was unanimous for publication—that one was Alice. She was a modest, prudent girl; she feared failure, and feared notoriety still more. Her mother laughed at her childish scruples. The piece was sent off, and in due time graced the pages of an annual. Mrs. Courland's fate was now decided. She had, to use her own phrase, started in the career of letters, and she was no Atalanta to be seduced from her straight onward way. She was a social, sympathetic, good-hearted creature too, and she could not bear to go forth in the golden field to reap alone.

She was, besides, a prudent woman, as most of her countrywomen are, and the little pecuniary equivalent for this delightful exercise of talent was not overlooked. Mrs. Courland, as we have somewhere said, had three single sisters—worthy women they were—but nobody ever dreamed of their taking to authorship. She, however, held them all in sisterly estimation. Their talents were

magnified as the talents of persons who live in a circumscribed sphere are apt to be, particularly if seen through the dilating medium of affection.

Miss Anne, the eldest, was fond of flowers, a successful cultivator, and a diligent student of the science of botany. All this taste and knowledge, Mrs. Courland thought, might be turned to excellent account; and she persuaded Miss Anne to write a little book entitled "Familiar Dialogues on Botany." The second sister, Miss Ruth, had a turn for education, ("bachelor's wives and maid's children are always well taught,") and Miss Ruth undertook a popular treatise on that subject. Miss Sally, the youngest, was the saint of the family, and she doubted about the propriety of a literary occupation, till her scruples were overcome by the fortunate suggestion that her coup d'essai should be a Saturday night book, entitled "Solemn Hours,"—and solemn hours they were to their unhappy readers. Mrs. Courland next besieged her old mother. "You know, mamma," she said, "you have such a precious fund of anecdotes of the revolution and the French war, and you talk just like the "Annals of the Parish," and I am certain you can write a book fully as good.

"My child, you are distracted! I write a dreadfully poor hand, and I never learned to spell—no girls did in my time."

“ Spell ! that is not of the least consequence—the printers correct the spelling.”

But the honest old lady would not be tempted on the crusade, and her daughter consoled herself with the reflection, that if she would not write, she was an admirable subject to be written about, and her diligent fingers worked off three distinct stories in which the old lady figured.

Mrs. Courland's ambition, of course, embraced within its widening circle her favourite nephew, Ralph. She had always thought him a genius, and genius in her estimation was the philosopher's stone. In his youth she had laboured to persuade his father to send him to Cambridge, but the old man uniformly replied that Ralph “ was a smart lad on the farm, and steady, and by that he knew he was no genius.” As Ralph's character was developed, and talent after talent broke forth, his aunt renewed her lamentations over his ignoble destiny. That Ralph was useful, good, and happy—the most difficult and rare results achieved in life—was nothing, so long as he was but a farmer in H. Once she did half persuade him to turn painter, but his good sense and filial duty triumphed over her eloquence, and suppressed the hankerings after distinction that are innate in every human breast, from the little ragged chimneysweep that hopes to be a *boss*, to the politi-

cal aspirant, whose bright goal is the presidential chair.

Now Mrs. Courland fancied Ralph might climb the steep of fame without quitting his farm; occasional authorship was compatible with his vocation. But, alas! she could not persuade Ralph to pluck the laurels that she saw ready grown to his hand. She was not offended, for she was the best-natured woman in the world, but she heartily pitied him, and seldom mentioned his name without repeating that stanza of Gray's, inspired for the consolation of hopeless obscurity :

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,” &c.

Poor Alice's sorrows we have reserved to the last, for they were the heaviest. “ Alice,” her mother said, “ was gifted; she was well educated, well informed; she was every thing necessary to be an author.” But Alice resisted; and, though the gentlest and most complying of all good daughters, she would have resisted to the death—she would as soon have stood in a pillory as have appeared in print. Her mother, Mrs. Courland, was not an obstinate woman, and gave up in despair. But still our poor heroine was destined to be the victim of this *cacoethes scribendi*; for Mrs. Courland divided the world into two classes, or rather parts—authors and subjects for authors; the one active,



and the other passive. At first blush one would have thought the village of H. rather a barren field for such a reaper as Mrs. Courland, but her zeal and indefatigableness worked wonders. She converted the stern scholastic divine of H. into as much of a La Roche as she could describe; a tall wrinkled bony old woman, who reminded her of Meg Merrilies, sat for a witch; the schoolmaster for an Ichabod Crane; a poor half-witted boy was made to utter as much pathos, and sentiment, and wit, as she could put into his lips; and a crazy vagrant was a God-send to her. Then every "wide spreading elm," "blasted pine," or "gnarled oak," flourished on her pages. The village church and school-house stood there according to their actual dimensions. One old *pilgrim* house was as prolific as haunted tower or ruined abbey. It was surveyed outside, ransacked inside, and again made habitable for the reimbodied spirits of its founders.

The most kind-hearted of women, Mrs. Courland's interests came to be so at variance with the prosperity of the little community of H., that a sudden calamity, a death, a funeral, were fortunate events to her. To do her justice she felt them in a twofold capacity. She wept as a woman, and exulted as an author. The days of the calamities of authors have passed by. We have all wept

over Otway, and shivered at the thought of Tasso. But times are changed. The lean sheaf is devouring the full one. A new class of sufferers has arisen, and there is nothing more touching in all the memoirs Mr. D'Israeli has collected, than the trials of poor Alice, tragi-comic though they were. Mrs. Courland's new passion ran most naturally in the worn channel of maternal affection. Her boys were too purely boys for her art—but Alice, her sweet Alice, was pre-eminently lovely in the new light in which she now placed every object. Not an incident in her life but was inscribed on her mother's memory, and thence transferred to her pages, by way of precept, or example, or pathetic or ludicrous circumstance. She regretted now, for the first time, that Alice had no lover whom she might introduce among her dramatis personæ. Once her thoughts did glance on Ralph, but she had not quite merged the woman in the author; she knew instinctively that Alice would be particularly offended at being thus paired with Ralph. But Alice's *public life* was not limited to her mother's productions. She was the darling niece of her three aunts. She had studied botany with the eldest, and Miss Anne had recorded in her private diary all her favourite's clever remarks during their progress in the science. This diary was now a mine of gold to her, and faithfully

worked up for a circulating medium. But, most trying of all to poor Alice, was the attitude in which she appeared in her aunt Sally's "solemn hours." Every aspiration of piety to which her young lips had given utterance was there *printed*. She felt as if she were condemned to say her prayers in the market place. Every act of kindness, every deed of charity, she had ever performed, were produced to the public. Alice would have been consoled if she had known how small that public was; but, as it was, she felt like a modest country girl when she first enters an apartment hung on every side with mirrors, when, shrinking from observation, she sees in every direction her image multiplied and often distorted; for, notwithstanding Alice's dutiful respect for her good aunts, and her consciousness of their affectionate intentions, she could not but perceive that they were unskilled painters. She grew afraid to speak or to act, and from being the most artless, frank, and, at home, social little creature in the world, she became as silent and as stiff as a statue. And, in the circle of her young associates, her natural gaiety was constantly checked by their winks and smiles, and broader allusions to her multiplied portraits; for they had instantly recognized them through the thin veil of feigned names of persons and places. They called her a blue

stocking too; for they had the vulgar notion that every body must be tinged that lived under the same roof with an author. Our poor victim was afraid to speak of a book—worse than that, she was afraid to touch one, and the last Waverley novel actually lay in the house a month before she opened it. She avoided wearing even a blue ribbon, as fearfully as a forsaken damsel shuns the colour of green.

It was during the height of this literary fever in the Courland family, that Ralph Hepburn, as has been mentioned, concentrated all his visiting there. He was of a compassionate disposition, and he knew Alice was, unless relieved by him, in solitary possession of their once social parlour, whilst her mother and aunts were driving their quills in their several apartments.

Oh! what a changed place was that parlour! Not the tower of Babel, after the builders had forsaken it, exhibited a sadder reverse; not a Lancasterian school, when the boys have left it, a more striking contrast. Mrs. Courland and her sisters were all “talking women,” and too generous to encroach on one another’s rights and happiness. They had acquired the power to hear and speak simultaneously. Their parlour was the general gathering place, a sort of village exchange, where all the innocent gossips, old and young, met to-

gether. "There are tongues in trees," and surely there seemed to be tongues in the very walls of that vocal parlour. Every thing there had a social aspect. There was something agreeable and conversable in the litter of netting and knitting work, of sewing implements, and all the signs and shows of happy female occupation.

Now, all was as orderly as a town drawing-room in company hours. Not a sound was heard there save Ralph's and Alice's voices, mingling in soft and suppressed murmurs, as if afraid of breaking the chain of their aunt's ideas, or perchance, of too rudely jarring a tenderer chain. One evening, after tea, Mrs. Courland remained with her daughter, instead of retiring, as usual, to her writing desk. "Alice, my dear," said the good mother, "I have noticed for a few days past that you look out of spirits. You will listen to nothing I say on that subject; but if you would try it, my dear, if you would only try it, you would find there is nothing so tranquillizing as the occupation of writing."

"I shall never try it, mamma."

"You are afraid of being called a blue stocking.—Ah! Ralph, how are you?"—Ralph entered at this moment.—"Ralph, tell me honestly, do you not think it a weakness in Alice to be afraid of blue stockings?"

“It would be a pity, aunt, to put blue stockings on such pretty feet as Alice’s.”

Alice blushed and smiled, and her mother said—“Nonsense, Ralph; you should bear in mind the celebrated saying of the Edinburgh wit—‘no matter how blue the stockings are, if the petticoats are long enough to hide them.’”

“Hide Alice’s feet! Oh aunt, worse and worse!”

“Better hide her feet, Ralph, than her talents—that is a sin for which both she and you will have to answer. Oh! you and Alice need not exchange such significant glances! You are doing yourselves and the public injustice, and you have no idea how easy writing is.”

“Easy writing, but hard reading, aunt.”

“That’s false modesty, Ralph. If I had but your opportunities to collect materials”—Mrs. Courland did not know that in literature, as in some species of manufacture, the most exquisite productions are wrought from the smallest quantity of raw material—“There’s your journey to New York, Ralph,” she continued, “you might have made three capital articles out of that. The revolutionary officer would have worked up for the ‘Legendary;’ the mysterious lady for the ‘Token;’ and the man in black for the ‘Remember Me;’—all founded on fact, all romantic and pathetic.”

"But mamma," said Alice, expressing in words what Ralph's arch smile expressed almost as plainly, "you know the officer drank too much; and the mysterious lady turned out to be a runaway milliner; and the man in black—oh! what a theme for a pathetic story!—the man in black was a widower, on his way to Newhaven, where he was to select his third wife from three *recommended* candidates."

"Pshaw! Alice: do you suppose it is necessary to tell things precisely as they are?"

"Alice is wrong, aunt, and you are right; and if she will open her writing desk for me, I will sit down this moment, and write a story—a true story—true from beginning to end; and if it moves you, my dear aunt, if it meets with your approbation, my destiny is decided."

Mrs. Courland was delighted; she had slain the giant, and she saw fame and fortune smiling on her favourite. She arranged the desk for him herself; she prepared a folio sheet of paper, folded the ominous margins, and was so absorbed in her bright visions, that she did not hear a little by-talk between Ralph and Alice, nor see the tell-tale flush on their cheeks, nor notice the perturbation with which Alice walked first to one window and then to another, and, finally, settled herself to that best of all sedatives—hemming a handkerchief.

Ralph chewed off the end of his quill, mended his pen twice, though his aunt assured him "printers did not mind the penmanship," and had achieved a single line when Mrs. Courland's vigilant eye was averted by the entrance of her servant girl, who put a packet into her hands. She looked at the direction, cut the string, broke the seals, and took out a periodical fresh from the publisher. She opened at the first article—a strangely-mingled current of maternal pride and literary triumph rushed through her heart and brightened her face. She whispered to the servant a summons to all her sisters to the parlour, and an intimation, sufficiently intelligible to them, of her joyful reason for interrupting them.

Our readers will sympathize with her, and with Alice too, when we disclose to them the secret of her joy. The article in question was a clever composition written by our devoted Alice when she was at school. One of her fond aunts had preserved it; and aunts and mother had combined in the pious fraud of giving it to the public, unknown to Alice. They were perfectly aware of her determination never to be an author. But they fancied it was the mere timidity of an unfledged bird; and that when, by their innocent artifice, she found that her pinions could soar in a literary atmosphere, she would realize the sweet



fluttering sensations they had experienced at their first flight. The good souls all hurried to the parlour, eager to witness the coup de théâtre. Miss Sally's pen stood emblematically erect in her turban; Miss Ruth, in her haste, had overset her inkstand, and the drops were trickling down her white dressing, or, as she now called it, writing gown; and Miss Anne had a wild flower in her hand, as she hoped, of an undescribed species, which, in her joyful agitation, she most unluckily picked to pieces. All bit their lips to keep impatient congratulation from bursting forth. Ralph was so intent on his writing, and Alice on her hemming, that neither noticed the irruption; and Mrs. Courland was obliged twice to speak to her daughter before she could draw her attention.

"Alice, look here—Alice, my dear."

"What is it, mamma? something new of yours?"

"No; guess again, Alice."

"Of one of my aunts, of course?"

"Neither, dear, neither. Come and look for yourself, and see if you can then tell whose it is."

Alice dutifully laid aside her work, approached and took the book. The moment her eye glanced on the fatal page, all her apathy vanished—deep crimson overspread her cheeks, brow, and neck. She burst into tears of irrepressible vexation, and threw the book into the blazing fire.

The gentle Alice! Never had she been guilty of such an ebullition of temper. Her poor dismayed aunts retreated; her mother looked at her in mute astonishment; and Ralph, struck with her emotion, started from the desk, and would have asked an explanation, but Alice exclaimed—"Don't say any thing about it, mamma—I cannot bear it now."

Mrs. Courland knew instinctively that Ralph would sympathize entirely with Alice, and quite willing to avoid an *éclaircissement*, she said—"Some other time, Ralph, I'll tell you the whole. Show me now what you have written. How have you begun?"

Ralph handed her the paper with a novice's trembling hand.

"Oh! how very little! and so scratched and interlined! but never mind—'*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*.'"

While making these general observations, the good mother was getting out and fixing her spectacles, and Alice and Ralph had retreated behind her. Alice rested her head on his shoulder, and Ralph's lips were not far from her ear. Whether he was soothing her ruffled spirit, or what he was doing, is not recorded. Mrs. Courland read and re-read the sentence. She dropped a tear on it. She forgot her literary aspirations for Ralph and

Alice—forgot she was herself an author—forgot every thing but the mother ; and rising, embraced them both as her dear children, and expressed, in her raised and moistened eye, the consent to their union, which Ralph had dutifully and prettily asked in that short and true story of his love for his sweet cousin Alice.

In due time the village of H. was animated with the celebration of Alice's nuptials : and when her mother and aunts saw her the happy mistress of the Hepburn farm, and the happiest of wives, they relinquished, without a sigh, the hope of ever seeing her an AUTHOR.

## THE FAWN'S LEAP.

### A LEGEND OF THE NATCHEZ.

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On! on! fleet hart! the bloodhounds press thy track!  
HUNTING SONG.

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THE avidity with which every class of readers dwells upon the narrative of personal prowess, national legends, or remote tradition, is powerfully identified with the springs of human action, and traces its origin to the most intense impulses agitating the heart of man.

They are, for the most part, the inartificial relation of motives and actions finding a sympathetic response in every bosom, while they possess that unity and simplicity to which may be referred all that we understand by grandeur and sublimity, whether in the wonders of inanimate creation, the

deep fountains of human feeling, or the tempestuous passions of the soul.

The early intercourse of the Europeans with the American aborigines, once the undisputed masters of a country whence violence and fraud, under foul pretexts and specious names have expelled them, could its annals have been perpetuated, would present to the inquirer, at this day, incidents worthy of the pen of the historian, and the sympathies of the philanthropist. The admirer of that kind of reading to which allusion has been made, and of traits of character developed under strong excitement, the expansion of feelings and passions uncontrolled by artificial institutions, and displayed amid peril and adventure, would possess a fund of intellectual treasure, now irretrievably lost to his researches.

Among the numerous tribes whose history and misfortunes have aroused our curiosity, or claimed our sympathy, there are none presenting incidents fraught with higher interest, than that which inhabited the fertile region lying between the luxuriant vales of Second Creek and St. Catharine, and the high bluffs of the Mississippi. A melancholy record of their numbers and power is seen in the isolated mounds and verdant places of the dead; while a city, seated on enduring hills, will transmit to posterity the brief, but bloody story of the ill-fated Natchez.

Such are the reflections which come in upon the mind, and knock at the heart of the solitary wanderer in the silent valleys and deep solitudes of the Mississippi; or mingle with his visions while he reposes beneath the impenetrable shade of magnificent oaks, flinging up their stupendous arms and spreading out their perennial verdure over the graves of a nation!

I have, elsewhere, detailed the accident to which I was indebted for an acquaintance with an aged Indian, the sole relict of the Natchez tribe. It has ripened into intimacy; and the partiality I have always indulged for deep forests and silent musings among the beauties of nature, is enhanced by the society of a companion of congenial taste, and one who is the only sensitive link between the thousands who moulder around us, and that busy world on whose verge he awaits the mandate that will reunite him with kindred spirits.

It was in a mood produced by such a train of thought, that I found myself in company with my aged friend, on a bright and beautiful evening in May. We were strolling along the ledges and precipices known by the name of the "Ellis Cliffs," lying like a huge barrier in grim repose against the eastern bank of the Mississippi. The sun was descending gloriously, and the broad green band of the western forest looked like a

giant emerald, girt with sapphire, and set in billows of fretted gold. His declining rays lighted the summits of these bare and inaccessible peaks, which, like ruined towers, shot up their desolate heads into the mist that floats far above the bed of the river; or glanced on the polished green of the silver pine, displaying, in all their magnificence, those sparkling changes from which it takes its name: and the rough branches and wiry leaves of this hardy tree responded a plaintive melody to the sullen roar of the river blast, as it struggled up the deep fissures and narrow defiles of the wild and rugged scenery. Two hundred and fifty feet below, the Mississippi rolled on in grandeur. The mighty waters moved in silence; but the whirling eddy, bearing up against the course of the flood, and bellowing with the voice of a distant cataract, seemed to return, as if in vengeance, upon the barrier set there to stay his power. Immense masses of earth, were thus undermined and detached from the cliffs, and the crash of the falling trees, as they thundered into the abyss, fearfully attested the depth and resistless force of the current.

On the opposite shore lay, in beautiful contrast, the fertile plains of Louisiana. King's Point, with the adjoining plantations, looked like an extended map. Distance invested every object with an appearance of softness and serenity; while the sun,

casting his mellow lustre over all, imparted an air of deep tranquillity and quiet loveliness. Turning now to the left, a new and exquisite landscape met the eye. We beheld the river through an immense aperture, formed, as if by a convulsion of nature, in the bosom of the cliffs, driving on between romantic heights and luxuriant plains, and pursuing his majestic course until the forests, seeming to unite, enveloped his waters in verdure and distance.

I was contemplating this scenery in mute admiration, and did not observe that my companion had disappeared, and that the day was rapidly approaching its close. I now wound a hunting bugle, as a signal, and my dog, who had followed the old man, came bounding towards me. I soon heard his answering halloo far below, and with Carlo as a pilot, but not without difficulty, reached the spot where he stood. He seemed much elated by some discovery, and pointed, with evident exultation, to a wide fissure, running directly across a narrow ridge: its bottom was apparently on a level with the river, which must have been above one hundred feet lower than our position, and possessed a width of perhaps twenty feet. I approached the edge cautiously, gazing into it with an unsteady eye and whirling brain, and was relieved when the restored gravity of the Indian



permitted me to withdraw from the place. We hastened to regain the summit. An air of satisfaction was diffused over his venerable countenance, and he mounted the steep ascent with unusual agility.

Upon questioning him, I learned that there was connected with this pass an incident, exhibiting enterprize and courage on the part of an Indian girl, and of affectionate devotion to a lover, not surpassed in the annals of ancient or modern heroism. The facts are few and simple; they had been delivered to the narrator in days of boyhood, among other occurrences worthy of remembrance, and, from the description he had received of the adventure, he entertained no doubt of its being identified with the spot we had just been contemplating.

A long peace existing between the Natchez nation and those tribes nearest to their borders, strengthened by a league against the French for mutual protection, led to much friendly intercourse and reciprocal offices of regard and kindness. A casual interview between a young and gallant warrior of one of them, and a Natchez girl, produced impressions, which, matured by time, ripened into mutual attachment. Overtures were made to the family of the maiden, and presents exchanged; the union was regarded by all as auspicious, and entirely favourable to the interests of both nations:

the bright moons and beautiful skies of the south never smiled on a happier pair than the warlike Alama, and the dark-eyed Xalissa.

About this period the arts and gold of the French prevailed over the faith of some of the nations, heretofore united with the Natchez in opposition to the intolerable oppressions heaped upon them by these adventurers. Falsehoods were invented and treacherous designs attributed to all parties in the league, through emissaries and spies secretly sent among them. Complaint and recrimination were followed by aggression and open hostility. The consequence was, that in proportion to the friendship and good feeling, heretofore existing, was the spirit of wrath and vengeance with which these barbarians flew to arms. The hatchet was unburied, the runners, bearing the red symbol of combat, passed rapidly among the tribes, and young warriors, with restrung bows and feathered shafts, painted in the grim colours, and braced in the imposing costume of war, pricked their stormy passions by the inspiring songs and martial dances of their race.

The first onset was between the Natchez and the native tribe of Alama ; and so sudden, that the last interview between him and Xalissa was broken off by the terrific cry of their respective tribes, summoning the youthful warriors to the work of death.

Alama, high in reputation and command, reluctantly obeyed the call. In his situation he could not but have been familiar with the existing jealousies, nor failed to perceive the evidences of the approaching crisis; but, with the hopes and wishes of a lover, he had driven from his thoughts the fatal reality, and fondly cherished the fair and joyous visions with which a sanguine imagination and youthful affection had deluded his heart. He studiously banished the gloomy anticipations of war, panted not for its dangers or glories, but sighed for days of peace and happiness with his beautiful Fawn. This was the name of Xalissa when translated into our tongue; with it well corresponded her starry, untamed eye, fringed in lashes as dark and silky as the raven plume that decked her hair; her slender form, graceful as the neck of the swan cleaving the waters of her own blue lake; and her tiny foot and agile step, elastic as the step of the young panther upon the quicksands of her native stream.

These day dreams of bliss were dissipated by the fierce realities of war. They were destined to separate, and trials awaited them, eminently calculated to test their constancy, full of deep interest and big with peril.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the bloody scenes which ensued, or to detail the various fortunes that

attended these destructive wars. They sprang from a fatal policy, designed by the French to weaken the Indians, while they looked on in apathy, nursing their own power for the ultimate extermination of this unfortunate people. So far as the present contest was involved, the Natchez were successful. They had routed their enemies and taken many captives, who, according to the usages of savage warfare, were condemned to torture. Among them was Alama !

All the friendly sentiments, heretofore existing between the tribes, and which partly grew out of the projected alliance, were of no consideration. They had been superseded by that settled and deadly hate characteristic of barbarians, increased by the personal bravery and daring achievements of the prisoner. Alama, perceiving that the fortune of the day was against him, had made a bold but fruitless attempt to rally the discomfited forces of his country. Being dangerously wounded, and deserted by his companions, he was surrounded by the enemy. He fought with the desperation of a tiger, and strewed the ground with dead ; but finally, pierced like a target with a hundred arrows, fell into the power of the Natchez. His wounds, though numerous and dangerous, were not destined to prove mortal. His athletic form, in the vigour of youth and manly strength, had been trained and

hardened amidst enterprize and danger ; and his soul rose superior to misfortune and suffering. This heroic bearing only exasperated his enemies, and sealed his doom ; but, under present prostration, he was deemed an unfit object for the extremities of an Indian execution ; it was therefore deferred.

Xalissa, in the agony of her soul, had witnessed his sufferings, but dared not exhibit the sympathies she so deeply felt, or betray an emotion calculated to rouse suspicion, and thus precipitate his destiny. One thing she had resolved upon, notwithstanding the fearful obstructions opposed to her designs—to save or to perish with him !

Among the Natchez were certain superannuated women, generally blind or crippled, pretending to preternatural powers, and dealing in charms and witchcraft. These beldames were held in undefined and superstitious awe by young and old. Their favours were ardently sought, and their displeasure carefully avoided. They derived a support from imposture, and were rendered, by their physical infirmities, peevish and mischievous.

When captives were brought in by the warriors, their misfortunes were aggravated by every insult that the resources of savage ingenuity could suggest ; and not the least were the revilings, taunts, and incantations of these hags, to whose power they were subjected preparatory to execution. They

dressed themselves in strange and fantastic attire, and wore hideous masks to heighten the effect of their uncouth and antic ceremonies. They were unquestioned in their proceedings, being avoided by all, through mingled emotions of fear and detestation.

Xalissa availed herself of this superstition to effect her designs. Habited in the disguise of these pretended magicians, she came by night to the place where Alama was confined. It was an enclosure strongly constructed of stakes sunk into the ground, and covered by like materials, firmly set on in the form of a roof. His companions had been successively led out to execution, and he lay alone, in the centre of the prison, bound to a post driven deep into the earth. On the outside a gallery, composed lightly of cane, and covered with branches, sheltered a numerous guard, and the entrance was constantly occupied by a powerful Indian. These precautions interposed difficulties of no ordinary kind: the approach of Xalissa was, however, unobstructed; the Indian reverently gave way, and she was soon at the side of the prisoner. He had been accustomed to such scenes, and marked the entrance of his supposed tormentor with perfect unconcern. She performed over him various unmeaning ceremonies; she heaped abuse and insult on the victim, cast opprobrium upon his

name and tribe, and kneeling over him, chanted those low sad tones which warn the captive of doom and death. Then she recited the victories of the Natchez, their deeds of renown, and the glories of their ancestors, uttering new imprecations on their foes. At length, however, as the curiosity of the guard subsided, she gradually brought her face nearer to that of Alama, and, taking his hand, addressed him in a whisper.

“ Let your ears be open, your tongue still, your face unchanged. I am here to save you ! Fear not ; I am Xalissa ! ”

The warrior, overcome by love, gratitude, and joy, with a heart bursting to give expression to his emotions, exerted, nevertheless, the control over his feelings so remarkable in the Indian.

“ Your wounds,” resumed the beautiful girl, with her mouth close to his ear, while she was heaving her arms in all the frenzy and eccentricity of the character she had assumed, “ your wounds will not suffer you to fly—promise to obey me. To-morrow I will tell you all—promise ! ”

Alama pressed her hand in token of assent, but whispered, as he did so,

“ My foot is heavy, but my hand is not weak. Cut the thongs that bind me ; give me my hatchet ; I will yet open our path to the forest.”

“ No blood must be shed,” rejoined Xalissa ;

"my brother guards you ; he must not die by your hand. You have promised ! Silence ! The Natchez are wary. If I am suspected, we are lost ! I will come again !

She now sprang suddenly to her feet, and rocking her body to and fro, often repeated the same or like mockeries, and then slowly left the prison. Here she wandered about among the guards who were lying sluggishly around the fire, took their bows in her hands, and pronouncing over them certain cabalistic words ; at the same time, dancing round them with grimaces and frantic gestures. Having thus familiarized herself with those whom she intended to deceive, laid a plan for accomplishing a most important design in relation to their arms, and lulled suspicion asleep, she retired.

The following day the same mummary was repeated, and the guard, not only unsuspecting, but exhibiting some symptoms of disgust and weariness at the perseverance of the sorceress, lay indolently about the dungeon ; thus enabling Xalissa briefly to unfold her plan.

"To-morrow you are doomed to the stake. We must fly to-night. The warrior who guards the door, I have told you is my brother ; his life must be safe—at least till all else fails. We must exchange dresses. I know the passes to the river, which you do not ; wounded, you could not



escape. I will break the guard ! When the Nat-chez pursue me, take your course to the Huma-chitto. I will meet you where it joins the Mississippi. Fear not for me—the bowstrings will be charmed ! My foot is light. Be silent. Obey, and we are safe !”

Then, with a wild and unearthly shriek, she seized a firebrand, and renewing her sibyl-like denunciations and incoherent maledictions, her voice sank away, as if from the exhaustion of passion, into coarse and direful tones ; the notes were taken up by the guard excited to fury, and the song of death rang fearfully among the surrounding echoes.

Xalissa returned at night prepared to accomplish her hazardous purpose. She had brought with her a vegetable acid, active and powerful in its effects ; and with this, in the progress of her pretended witchcraft, she managed to touch all the bowstrings. The savages were passive and unsuspecting ; for they regarded her as being supernaturally inspired, and excited to new raptures by the near prospect of vengeance and blood.

So soon as all became silent, and the watch fire sank down upon the embers, she again seated herself by the side of Alama, and cautiously severed the cords which bound him. She took his bright head-piece, and clasped it on her own brow. She

then put her mask upon him, and threw around him the parti-coloured tunic she had worn, at the same time enveloping her little person in his hunting shirt, stiff with blood from numerous and ghastly wounds. She now took the position he occupied, while Alama, assuming her's, personated the character of the tormentress, while she appeared as the wounded and condemned captive.

These changes were effected more silently and rapidly than can be explained by words. Fuel had been added to the fire by the Indians. And, by the time they were accomplished, the flame went up, bright and sparkling, in the midst of a savage but picturesque group, worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

Now was the moment for action. Xalissa sprang forward, and, by a blow dealt with all her force, threw her brother from his balance, and passed him. He, not doubting that the prisoner had escaped while the old woman slept, raised a whoop which alarmed all his companions. They seized their bows, and, before Xalissa had passed beyond the light of the fire, twenty arrows were drawn upon her, either of which must have proved mortal; but the charm she employed proved effectual, and the bowstrings snapped into a thousand pieces! They were, of course, relinquished, and the whole band, with a shout of vengeance, pressed hotly on the flying girl.

We now return to Alama. The brief communications which necessarily passed between him and Xalissa, and the engrossing interest of the occasion, did not enable him properly to appreciate the motives of this generous girl. All now flashed upon his mind. After his fetters were removed, he might have passed the guard, as she had done, and with no greater hazard; but she dreaded lest Alama, in the struggle for escape, would endanger the life of her brother; or that, stiff from wounds, he would be overtaken in flight. But, if these apprehensions had proved groundless, his ignorance of the passes might involve him in difficulty, or, at best, leave him to contend, at fearful odds, with those who could tread blindfold every bayou and deer path of these intricate defiles. On the other hand, disguised as she was, she did not deem it possible that the Indians would suspect any stratagem, and, consequently, the pursuit being drawn upon her, Alama, though wounded, might in a few hours be beyond the fear of danger.

So far all had succeeded; and the prisoner left the scene of his sufferings unmolested, and with new sentiments of admiration and affection for the devoted maid. Divesting himself of his incumbrances, he was soon buried in the recesses of the forest, and turned his yet feeble steps to the point designated by her.

In the mean time the lovely Fawn, impelled less by fear for herself than anxiety and affection for him, fled before her pursuers. Her light and symmetrical form, borne along as if by the breeze, seemed to flit onward like some bird of night on its noiseless wing. The Indians, in the outset, were in no doubt of overtaking the wounded prisoner, and laughed in scorn at the shallow attempt made to escape, where cunning had not been resorted to, and where physical power or personal bravery could not avail. They were, however, speedily undeceived, and derision turned into utter astonishment at the spectacle of a wounded and emaciated prisoner, with the speed of a deer, setting at defiance their fleetest runners. With every inducement, therefore, to urge them on, they encouraged one another to new efforts and redoubled exertions.

They now rapidly approached the rugged and uneven ground which marks the line of the "Ellis Cliffs." The continual abrasion of the Mississippi undermines huge banks of earth, overhanging here the margin of the precipitous shore, leaving frightful chasms and deep bayous running on a level with the river, and at various angles to its course, far up into the heights. This, together with the springs, bursting out at various altitudes, and passing through sandy or decaying strata,

produces, particularly in the rainy season, a melting and sinking of the soil, and a wavy, uneven surface. On the return of the summer suns the soil becomes baked, and extremely rigid and disagreeable to the feet. It was here that Xalissa, struggling against difficulties and dangers, and beset by enemies active and persevering, found her strength beginning to yield.

From the operation of causes just detailed, the pass to the river, formerly used by the Natchez, had been cut off, and another was now resorted to, though farther and more circuitous. The former ran along a narrow ridge between two deep ravines. Across this a rain gutter had been formed, which, gradually widening, had become a deep and dangerous gulf, deemed impassable by the foot of man. It was the spot recognized by my old Indian friend.

The object of those in pursuit was, therefore, to cut off the retreat of Xalissa by the new route, should she attempt it, and drive her upon one of which they suppose her ignorant, being that abandoned as impassable by reason of the "break."

lissa, however, knew them both. She strained every nerve to reach the new and safe descent. It was in vain. The poor girl, nearly exhausted, found, as daylight approached, that her brother, he fleetest of the Indians, was gaining upon her,

and that, in fact, escape by mortal means was almost hopeless. She, therefore, ceased her flight, and paused, as if collecting her powers for some desperate resource. Upon this the Indians, secure of their victim, sent forth a yell of triumph.

Xalissa now turned suddenly and went directly down the deserted pass. In this attempt no interference was offered by the Natchez. On the contrary, when they reached its entrance, and saw her pent up between the highlands and the chasm, without hope of escape either to the right or the left, their joy was uncontrolled, and a savage and exulting cry rang ominously among the cliffs.

The enthusiastic girl felt that a moment had arrived, involving her own fate and that of her wounded lover; for her capture must expose the stratagem, and place his fate beyond the reach of hope. Between these probabilities and personal danger there was, in her mind, no hesitation. She hastily threw off the hunting shirt taken from Alama, tightened the belt that clasped her person, and, with a fearless bound, cleared the appalling gulf, now spreading forth its terrors between her and the astonished and baffled savages!

Pausing for a moment to recover from the stunning effect of the leap, she raised her beautiful eyes in adoration to her divinity, whose warm rays were just emerging from the east. To her his

rising seemed invested with new glories; perhaps she believed that he contemplated her enterprize with favour, and thus benignly smiled on its success. Be it, however, as it may, she offered to Heaven the purest of all sacrifices—the tribute of an innocent and grateful heart; then plunging forward into the forest, she sought the shores of the Mississippi.

Every common emotion, which might be supposed to influence the pursuers on such an occasion, was merged in utter astonishment; and they stood lingering on the edge of the precipice, wrapt in silent admiration. They were unwilling, however, to follow the example of courage they had witnessed; and turning their course to the adjoining pass, rushed tumultuously down. They repaired to the outlet, where Xalissa must gain the level, trusting that the intricacies of the path would impede her flight. But they were too late: a light impression on the waving sand, disappearing almost as soon as seen, was an unequivocal indication of her having passed there on her way to the river. Hopeless of success, but impelled by curiosity, they followed to the margin, and there, on the prostrate body of a noble oak, whose gigantic limbs lay far out into the stream, they beheld her standing calm, secure, and unconcerned. Collecting herself for a last effort, she gave the shout

expressive of victory, waved her hand in token of defiance, and plunged into the dark and angry stream! The waters closed over her, and they saw her no more!

The Natchez returned disappointed and ashamed. Fortunately for themselves, as they conceived, they brought with them the hunting shirt of Alama, as evidence of their story. This circumstance, the situation of their bowstrings, discoloured, rotten, and useless, the sudden restoration of their prisoner, his great speed, and unaccountable knowledge of the defiles, and finally, his prodigious leap and sudden disappearance, afforded ample ground for attributing the whole to demoniacal interference, and supernatural agency. This construction soothed their own vanity, and for the moment satisfied the nation; but so soon as it was discovered that Xalissa had disappeared, no doubt existed that she was privy to the escape; in what way, however, it remained for time to develop.

Alama, in the meanwhile, unobstructed and unobserved, reached the mouth of the Humachitto; and there, upon the bank, trembling with anxiety for his safety, sat his beloved girl! She sprang forward, in her artlessness and affection, and, clasped in the arms of the wounded chief, hid her face, radiant with joy, in his manly bosom.

They speedily reached the native forests of



Alama, where the exalted virtues of Xalissa received additional lustre from this distinguished act of heroism, and where she was amply rewarded, in the affections of her chosen warrior, and the gratitude of a nation.

The hostile tribes again became friends; and Alama and Xalissa, with the aged warriors and the youth of both nations, would often assemble upon the heights, which have been described, to amuse themselves in their plays and pastimes; and the scene of the adventure witnessed many a jest at the expense of the Natchez guard. Frequently, too, with wonder and admiration, did they measure the incredible vault that Xalissa had accomplished; and, in honour of her virtue, and in commemoration of the achievement, they called it "THE FAWN'S LEAP."

## REMINISCENCES OF NEW YORK.

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I CONFESS that I value much less any reputation which I might gain as a writer of romance and poetry, and as a painter of manners, than the fame to be derived from the less ambitious, but perhaps more useful office, of faithfully gathering up and preserving those fragments of tradition and biography, which give to history its living interest, and embody with the objects which we behold around us, the memory of the good or wise who once lived among them. Even the traditions of more frivolous personages, as they may perhaps appear to some readers, are not wholly without their value, as being even more than the boasted stage, the "mirrors and brief chronicles of the time." In this city especially, it is of more importance to preserve the recollection of these things, since here the progress of continual alteration is so rapid, that a few years effect what in Europe is

the work of centuries, and sweep away both the memory and the external vestiges of the generation that precedes us.

I was forcibly struck with this last reflection, when not long since I took a walk with my friend, Mr. De Viellecour, during his last visit to New York, over what I recollected as the play-ground of myself and my companions in the time of my boyhood, and what Mr. De Viellecour remembered as the spot where his contemporaries at an early period used to shoot quails and woodcocks. We passed over a part of the city which in my time had been hills, hollows, marshes, and rivulets, without having observed any thing to awaken in either of us a recollection of what the place was before the surface had been levelled and the houses erected, until, arriving at the corner of Charlton and Varick streets, we came to an edifice utterly dissimilar to any thing around it. It was a wooden building of massive architecture, with a lofty portico supported by Ionic columns, the front walls decorated with pilasters of the same order, and its whole appearance distinguished by that Palladian character of rich though sober ornament, which indicated that it had been built about the middle of the last century. We both stopped involuntarily and at the same moment before it.

“If I did not see that house on a flat plain,”

said Mr. De Viellecour, "penned in by this little gravelly court-yard, and surrounded by these starveling catalpas and horse-chesnuds, I should say at once that it was a mansion which I very well remember, where in my youth I passed many pleasant hours, in the society of its hospitable owner, and where, afterwards, when I had the honour of representing my county in the Assembly, which then sat in New York, I had the pleasure of dining officially with Vice President Adams. That house resembled this exactly, but then it was upon a noble hill, several hundred feet in height, commanding a view of the river, and of the Jersey shore. There was a fine rich lawn around it, shaded by large and venerable oaks and lindens, and skirted on every side by a young but thrifty natural wood of an hundred acres or more."

Perceiving it to be a house of public entertainment, I proposed to Mr. Viellecour that we should enter it. We went into a spacious hall, with a small room on each side, opening to more spacious apartments beyond. "Yes," said Mr. Viellecour, "this is certainly the house I spoke of." He immediately, with the air of a man accustomed to the building, opened a side door on the right, and began to ascend a wide staircase, with a heavy mahogany railing. It conducted us to a large room on the

second story, with wide Venetian windows in front, and a door opening to a balcony under the portico. "Yes," said my friend, "here was the dining-room. There, in the centre of the table, sat Vice President Adams, in full dress, with his bag and *solitaire*, his hair frizzed out on each side of his face, as you see it in Stuart's older pictures of him. On his right sat Baron Steuben, our royalist republican disciplinarian general. On his left was Mr. Jefferson, who had just returned from France, conspicuous in his red waistcoat and breeches, the fashion of Versailles. Opposite, sat Mrs. Adams, with her cheerful, intelligent face. She was placed between the courtly Count Du Moustiers, the French ambassador, in his red-heeled shoes and ear-rings; and the grave, polite, and formally bowing Mr. Van Birkel, the learned and able envoy of Holland. There too was Chancellor Livingston, then still in the prime of life, so deaf, as to make conversation with him difficult; yet so overflowing with wit, eloquence, and information, that while listening to him, the difficulty was forgotten. The rest were members of Congress and of our legislature, some of them no inconsiderable men.

"Being able to talk French, a rare accomplishment in America at that time, a place was assigned to me next the Count. The dinner was served

up after the fashion of that day, abundant, and, as was then thought, splendid. Du Moustiers, after taking a little soup, kept an empty plate before him, took now and then a crumb of bread into his mouth, and declined all the luxuries of the table that were pressed upon him, from the roast beef down to the lobsters. We were all in perplexity to know how the Count could dine, when at length his own body cook, in a clean white linen cap, a clean white *tablier* before him, a brilliantly white damask *serviette* flung over his arm, and a warm pie of truffles and game in his hand, came bustling eagerly through the crowd of waiters, and placed it before the Count, who, reserving a moderate share for himself, distributed the rest among his neighbours, of whom being one, I can attest to the truth of the story, and the excellence of the *pâté*. But come, let us go, and look at the fine view from the balcony."

My friend stepped out at the door, and I followed him. The worthy old gentleman seemed much disappointed at finding the view he spoke of confined to the opposite side of Varick street, built up with two-story brick houses; while half a dozen ragged boys were playing marbles on the side walks. "Well," said he, "the view is gone, that is clear enough; but I cannot, for my part, un-

derstand how the house has got so much lower than formerly."

I explained to my friend the omnipotence of the Corporation, by which every high hill has been brought low, and every valley exalted, and by which I presumed this house had been abased to a level with its humbler neighbours; the hill on which it stood having been literally dug away from under it, and the house gently let down without even disturbing its furniture, by the mechanical genius and dexterity of some of our eastern brethren.

"This is wrong," said the old gentleman; "these New Yorkers seem to take a pleasure in defacing the monuments of the good old times; and of depriving themselves of all venerable and patriotic associations. This house should have been continued in its old situation, on its own original and proper eminence, where its very aspect would have suggested its history. It was built upwards of seventy years ago, by a gallant British officer, who had done good service to his native country and to this. Here Lord Amherst was entertained, and held his head-quarters, at the close of those successful American campaigns, which, by the way, prevented half the state of New York from being now a part of Canada. Here was afterwards successively the quarters of several of our

American generals, in the beginning of the revolution; and again, after the evacuation of the city. Here John Adams lived as Vice President, during the time that Congress sat in New York; and here Aaron Burr, during the whole of his Vice Presidency, kept up an elegant hospitality, and filled the room in which we stand with a splendid library, equally indicative of his taste and scholarship. The last considerable man that lived here was Counsellor Benzon, afterwards a governor of the Danish islands—a man who, like you, Mr. Herbert, had travelled in every part of the world, knew every thing, and talked all languages. I recollect dining here in company with thirteen gentlemen, none of whom I ever saw before, but all pleasant fellows, all men of education and some note—the Counsellor a Norwegian; I the only American; the rest, of every different nation in Europe; and no two of the same; and all of us talking bad French together.

“There are few old houses,” continued Mr. de Viellecour, “with the sight of which my youth was familiar, that I find here now. Two or three, however, I still recognize. One of these is the house built by my friend, chief justice Jay, in the lower part of Broadway, and now occupied as a boarding house. It is, as you know, a large square three-story house, of hewn stone, as substantially



built within as without, durable, spacious, and commodious, and, like the principles of the builder, always useful and excellent, whether in or out of fashion."

"I believe he did not reside there long," said I.

"No, he soon afterwards removed into the house built by the state for the governors, and then to Albany, so that I saw little of him in that house beyond a mere morning visit or two. No remaining object brings him to my mind so strongly as the square pew in Trinity Church, about the centre of the north side of the north aisle. It is now, like every thing else in New York, changed. It is divided into several smaller pews, though still retaining externally its original form. That pew was the scene of his regular, sober, unostentatious devotion, and I never look at it without a feeling of veneration. But, Mr. Herbert, can you tell me what is become of the house of my other old friend, Governor George Clinton, at Greenwich?"

"It is still in existence," I answered, "although in very great danger of shortly being let down, like the one in which we now are."

"When I was in the Assembly," pursued Mr. de Viellecour, "the governor used to date his messages at 'Greenwich, near New York.' Now, I suppose, the mansion is no longer *near*, but *in* New York."

"Not quite," I replied, "but doubtless will be,

next year. In the mean time the house looks as it did."

"I remember it well—a long, low, venerable, irregular, white, cottage-like brick and wood building, pleasant notwithstanding, with a number of small low rooms, and one very spacious parlour, delightfully situated on a steep bank, some fifty feet above the shore, on which the waves of the Hudson and the tides of the bay dashed and sported. There was a fine orchard too, and a garden on the north; but I suppose that if not gone, they are going, as they say in Pearl Street."

"It is even so—were you often there?"

"Not often, but I had there too divers official dinners, and at one of them I recollect sitting next to old Melancthon Smith, a self-taught orator, the eloquent opposer of the adoption of the federal constitution, and the Patrick Henry of the New York Convention of 1788, who for weeks successfully resisted the powerful and discursive logic of Hamilton, and the splendid rhetoric of Robert R. Livingston. On my other side, and nearer the governor, sat Brissot de Warville, then on a visit to this country, whose history as a benevolent philosophic speculatist, an ardent though visionary republican, and one of the unfortunate leaders of the Gironde party in the French National Assembly, every body knows."

“But you say nothing of the governor himself.”

“Oh, surely you must have known him! If you did not, Trumbull’s full length of him in the City Hall here, taken forty years ago, and Ceracchi’s bust, of about the same date, will give you an excellent idea of his appearance.”

“Oh yes—his appearance was familiar to me, and I knew him personally too; but when I was in his company, I was too young to have much conversation with him, and afterwards, when he was last governor, and during his vice-presidency, I was, you know, out of the country.”

“His conversation and manners in private, corresponded exactly with his public character and his looks. His person and face had a general resemblance to those of Washington; but though always dignified, and in old age venerable, he had not that air of heroic elevation which threw such majesty around the father of the republic. There was a similar resemblance in mind. If he had not the calm grandeur of Washington’s intellect, he had the same plain, practical, sound, wholesome common-sense—the same unpretending but unerring sagacity as to men and measures, the same directness of purpose, and firmness of decision. These qualities were exerted as governor during our revolution with such effect that the people never forgot it, and they proved their gratitude by

confiding to him the government of this state for twenty-one years, and the second office in the union for eight more. His behaviour in society was plain but dignified, his conversation easy, shrewd, sensible, and commonly about matters of fact—the events of the revolution, the politics of the day, the useful arts and agriculture.”

“Is Hamilton’s house still standing?”

“Not that in which he laboured as secretary of the Treasury to restore the ruined credit of the nation, and reduce our finances and revenue laws to order and uniformity—where he wrote the *Federalist*, and those admirable reports which now form the most luminous commentary upon our constitution. That was in Wall Street; it has been pulled down, and its site is occupied by the Mechanics’ bank. His last favourite residence was the Grange, his country seat at Bloomingdale, which, when I last saw it, remained much as he left it.”

Mr. Viellecour and myself ordered some refreshment, as a kind of apology for the freedoms we had taken with the old mansion. On leaving it we walked down Greenwich Street, moralizing as we went on the changes which time was working so much more visibly in this little corner of the world than in any other part of it which I had seen—where the flight of years seemed swifter than else-

where, and to bring with it more striking moral lessons. After an absence of thirty years from the great cities of Europe, I beheld in them when I revisited them, the same aspect, venerable still, yet neither newer nor older than before, the same order of streets, the same public buildings, the same offices, hotels and shops, the same names on the signs, and I found my way through their intricacies as if I had left them but yesterday. Here, on the other hand, when I returned after an absence of two years, every thing was strange, new and perplexing, and I lost my way in streets which had been laid out since I left the city.

My companion often stopped to look at houses and sites of which he had some remembrance. "There," said he, pointing to a modest-looking two story dwelling in one of the cross-streets—"there died my good friend Mons. Albert, a minister of our French Protestant church about twenty years ago, a very learned and eloquent divine, and the most modest man I ever knew. He was a native of Lausanne, a nephew of Deyverdun, the friend of Gibbon, who figures in the correspondence and memoirs of the historian. Mons. Albert was much in the society of Gibbon, and has related to me many anecdotes of his literary habits and conversation."

"I must not suffer you to monopolize all the

recollections of the city," said I to my friend. "Observe, if you please, that house on the corner opposite the one to which you have directed my attention. There lived for a time my old acquaintance Collies, a mathematician, a geographer, and a mechanician of no mean note. He was a kind of living antithesis, and I have often thought that nature made him expressly to illustrate that figure of rhetoric. He was a man of the most diminutive frame and the most gigantic conceptions, the humblest demeanour and the boldest projects I ever knew. Forty years ago, his mind was teeming with plans of western canals, steam-boats, railroads, and other public enterprises, which in more fortunate and judicious hands have since proved fruitful of wealth to the community, and of merited honour to those who carried them through. Poor Collies had neither capital to undertake them himself, plausibility to recommend them to others, nor public character and station to give weight and authority to his opinions. So he schemed and toiled and calculated all his life, and died at eighty, without having gained either wealth for himself, or gratitude from the public. The marine telegraphs in this port are a monument of his ingenuity, for he was the first man of the country who established a regular and intelligible system of ship signals."

My friend stopped at some of the shops to make inquiries concerning the ancient inmates. At length I heard him asking for Adonis. "Pray," said I, "who is this modern Adonis for whom you are inquiring? some 'smooth, rose-cheeked boy' doubtless, like him of Mount Libanus." "This Adonis," replied Mr. Viellecour, "is neither a 'smooth nor rose-cheeked boy,' being in fact a black old man, or rather gentleman, for a gentleman he is every inch of him, although a barber. I say *is*, for I hope he is still alive and well, although I have not seen him for some years. In this sneaking, fashion-conforming, selfish world, I hold in high honour any man who for the sake of any principle, important or trifling, right or wrong, so it be without personal interest, will for years submit to inconvenience or ridicule. Adonis submitted to both, and for principle's sake."

"Principle's sake!—upon what head?"

"Upon his own, sir, or upon Louis the Sixteenth's, just as you please. Adonis was an old French negro, whom the convulsions attendant in the West Indies upon the French revolution, threw upon our shores, and who held in the utmost horror all jacobinical and republican abominations. He had an instinctive sagacity as to what was genteel and becoming in manners and behaviour, as well as in the cut of a gentleman's hair, or the

curl of a lady's. He had attended to the progress of the French revolution with the greatest interest, and his feelings were excited to the highest pitch when he heard of the beheading of the French king, and the banishment of the royal family. He then deliberately renounced the French nation and their *canaille*, *parvenu* rulers, and in testimony of the sincerity of his indignation and grief, took off his hat and vowed never to put it on again until the Bourbons should be restored to the throne. This vow he faithfully kept. For twenty-one years, through all weathers, did he walk the streets of New York, bare-headed, carrying his hat under his arm, with the air of a courtier, filled with combs, scissors, and other implements of his trade, until his hair, which was of the deepest black when he first took it off, had become as white as snow. For my part, I confess I never saw him on my occasional visits to the city, walking to the houses of his customers without his hat, but I felt inclined to take off my own to him. Like all the rest of the world, I took it for granted that the loyal old negro would never wear his hat again. At length in the year 1814, the French armed schooner —, with the white flag flying, arrived in the port of New York, bringing the first intelligence of the return of the Bourbons to their throne and kingdom. Adonis would not believe



the report that flew like wild-fire about the city ; he would not trust the translations from the French gazettes, that were read to him in the American papers by his customers, but walked down to the battery, with the same old hat under his arm, which he had carried there for twenty years ; saw the white flag with his own eyes, heard the news in French from the mouth of the cook on board the vessel ; and then waving his hat three times in the air, gave three huzzas ! and replaced it on his head, with as much heart-felt pride, as Louis the XVIIIth could have done his crown."

I could not help smiling at the earnest gravity of the old gentleman's eulogy upon Adonis. " I fear," said I, " that your chivalric *coiffeur* owes a little of his sentimental loyalty to your own admiration of every thing generous and disinterested. When you are excited on this head, sir, you often remind me of what old Fuseli, in his energetic style, used to say of his great idol, Michael Angelo — ' All that he touched was indiscriminately stamped with his own grandeur. A beggar rose from his hands the patriarch of poverty ; the very hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity.' I suspect you have been unconsciously playing the Michael Angelo, in lighting up such a halo of consecrated glory, round the bare and time-honoured head of old Adonis. I am afraid I cannot do quite as

much for another tonsorial artist of great celebrity, who flourished here in our days; but whom, as at that time, you were not much in the habit of coming to town, perhaps you do not remember. He made no claim to chivalry or romance, his sole ambition was to be witty and poetical; and witty he certainly was, as well as the vehicle and conduit of innumerable good pleasantries of other people. I mean John Desborus Huggins."

"Huggins—Huggins," said Mr. de Viellecour, "I knew a young lady of that name once; she who is now Mrs. —, the fashionable milliner."

"Oh, yes—that incident of your life cannot easily lose its place in my memory. But John Desborus Huggins was no relation of hers. He was of pure English blood, and had no kindred on this side of the Atlantic. At the beginning of this century, and for a dozen years after, he was the most fashionable, as well as the most accomplished artist in this city for heads, male and female. He had a shop in Broadway, a low wooden building, where now towers a tall brick pile, opposite the City Hotel. This was literally the head-quarters of fashion; and fortune, as usual, followed in the train of fashion. But Huggins had a soul that scorned to confine its genius to the external decoration of his customers' heads. He panted after wider fame; he had cut Washington Irving's

hair; he had shaved Anacreon Moore, and Joel Barlow, on his first return from France; from them, when he was here, he caught the strong contagion of authorship. One day he wrote a long advertisement, in which he ranged, from his own shop in Broadway, to high and bold satire upon those who held the helm of state at Washington; mimicked Jefferson's style, and cracked some good-humoured jokes upon Giles and Randolph. He carried it to the Evening Post. The editor, the late Mr. Coleman, you know, was a man of taste, as well as a keen politician. He pruned off Huggins's exuberances, corrected his English, threw in a few pungent sarcasms of his own, and printed it.

“ It had forthwith a run through all the papers on the federal side of the question in the United States; and as many of the others as could relish a good joke, though at the expense of their own party. The name of Huggins became known from Georgia to Maine. Huggins tried a second advertisement of the same sort, a third, a fourth, with equal success. His fame as a wit was now established; business flowed in upon him, in full and unebbing tide. Wits and would-be wits, fashionables and would-be fashionables, thronged his shop; strangers from north and south had their heads cropped, and their chins scraped by him, for the sake of saying on their return home,

that they had seen Huggins; whilst during the party-giving season, he was under orders from the ladies every day and hour for three weeks a-head. But alas, unhappy man! he had now a literary reputation to support; and his invention, lively and sparkling as it had been at first, soon began to run dry. He was now obliged to tax his friends and patrons for literary assistance. Mr. Coleman was too deeply engaged in the daily discussion of grave topics to continue his help. In the kindness of my excellent friend, the late Anthony Bleecker, he found for a long time a never-failing resource. You were not much acquainted with Bleecker, I think—the most honourable, the most amiable, and the most modest of human beings. Fraught with talent, taste, and literature, a wit, and a poet, he rarely appeared in public as an author himself; whilst his careless generosity, furnished the best part of their capital, to dozens of literary adventurers, sometimes giving them style for their thoughts; and sometimes thoughts for their style. Bleecker was too kindly tempered for a partisan politician; and his contributions to Huggins were either good-natured pleasantries, upon the fashions or frivolities of the day; or else classical imitations and spirited parodies, in flowing and polished versification. Numerous other wits and witlings, when Bleecker grew tired of it, some of whom had

neither his taste nor his nice sense of gentlemanly decorum, began to contribute, until at length Huggins found himself metamorphosed into the regular Pasquin of New York, on whom, as on a mutilated old statue of that name at Rome, every wag stuck his anonymous epigram, joke, satire or lampoon, on whatever was unseemly in his eyes, or unsavoury in his nostrils, in this good city. I believe he was useful, however. If his humanities had not been too much neglected in his youth, to allow him to quote Latin, he might have asked with Horace—*Ridentem dicere verum*—”

“ My dear sir,” interrupted the old gentleman, “ if you will quote, and I see you are getting into one of your quoting moods; you had better quote old Kats, my maternal grandmother’s favourite book, the great poet of Holland and common sense. He has said it better than Horace: ‘ Haar lagehend coysheid laert, haar spelend vormt ter deuyd.’ You ought always to quote old Kats, whenever you can; for I suspect that you and I, and Judge Benson, are the only natives south of the Highlands who can read him. But to return to your barber author:—”

“ Huggins became as fond and as proud of these contributions, as if he had written them all himself; and at last collected them, and printed them together in one goodly volume, entitled, ‘ Hug-

giniana; illustrated with designs by Jarvis, and wood-cuts by Anderson.' He was now an author in all the forms. Luckless author! His 'vaulting ambition overleaped itself.' He sent a copy of his book to the *Edinburgh Review*, then in the zenith of its glory; and the receipt was never acknowledged. He sent another copy to Dennie, whose *Port Folio* then guided the literary taste of this land; and Dennie noticed it only in a brief and cold paragraph. What was excellent in a newspaper *jeu d'esprit*, whilst events and allusions were fresh, lost of course much of its relish when served up cold, years after, in a clumsy duodecimo. Besides, not having been able to prevail on himself to part with any thing which had once appeared under his name, much very inferior matter was suffered to overlay those sprightly articles which had first given him *éclat*. Then the town critics assailed him, and that 'most delicate monster,' the public, who had laughed at every piece, good, bad, and indifferent, singly in succession, now that the whole was collected, became fastidious, and at the instigation of the critics aforesaid, pronounced the book to be 'low.' Frightful sentence! Huggins never held up his head after it. His razors and scissors lost their edge—his napkins and aprons their lustrous whiteness—and his conversation its soft spirit and

vivacity. His affairs all went wrong thence forward, and whatever might have been the immediate cause of his death, which took place a year or two after, the real and efficient reason was undoubtedly mortified literary pride. ‘Around his tomb,’ as old Johnson says of Archbishop Laud—

“Around his tomb, let arts and genius weep,  
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.”

We had now got far down into the old part of the city, when, turning up Vesey Street from Greenwich, Mr. de Viellecour made a sudden pause. “Ah,” said he, “one more vestige of the past. There,” pointing to a common-looking old house, “there, in 1790, was the *atelier* of Ceracchi, when he was executing his fine busts of our great American statesmen.”

“Indeed!” answered I—“I have often thought of it as a singular piece of natural good fortune, that at a time when our native arts were at so low an ebb, we had such an artist thrown upon our shores, to perpetuate the true and living likenesses of our revolutionary chiefs and sages. Ceracchi’s busts of Washington Jay, Alexander Hamilton, George Clinton, and others, are now as mere portraits above all price to this nation; and they

have besides a classic grace about them, which entitle the artist to no contemptible rank as a statuary."

"It was not a piece of mere good fortune," said my friend. "We have to thank the artist himself for it. Ceracchi was a zealous republican, and he came here full of enthusiasm, anxious to identify his own name in the arts, somehow or other, with our infant republic—and he has done it. He had a grand design of a national monument, which he used to show to his visitors, and which he wished Congress to employ him to execute in marble or bronze. Of course they did not do so, and, as it happened, he was much more usefully employed for the nation, in modelling the busts of our great men.

"He was an Italian, I believe a Roman, and had lived some time in England, where he was patronized by Reynolds. Sir Joshua (no mean proof of his talent) sat to him for a bust, and a fine one I am told it is. Ceracchi came to America, enthusiastic for liberty, and he found nothing here to make him change his principles or feelings. But the nation was not ripe for statuary—a dozen busts exhausted the patronage of the country, and Congress was too busy with pounds, shillings, and pence, fixing the revenue laws, and funding the debt, to think of his grand allegorical monument.



Ceracchi could not live upon liberty alone, much as he loved it, and when the French revolution took a very decided character, he went to France, and plunged into politics. Some years after, he returned to Rome, where he was unfortunately killed in an insurrection or popular tumult, growing out of the universal revolutionary spirit of those times."

"May his remains rest in peace!" added I. "Whatever higher works of art he may have left elsewhere—and he who could produce those fine classic, historical busts, was undoubtedly capable of greater things—whatever else he may have left in Europe, here his will be an enduring name. As long as Americans shall hold in honoured remembrance the memory of their first and best patriots—as long as our sons shall look with reverent interest on their sculptured images, the name of Ceracchi will be cherished here:

"And while along the stream of time, their name  
Expanded flies and gathers all its fame;  
Still shall his little barque attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale."

We had now finished our long walk, and as the old gentleman was going into his lodgings, I took leave of him, saying, that "I was this morning endeavouring to collect a few anecdotes and his-

torical recollections associated with the city localities ; and that I was going home to record our conversation, as a chapter of Reminiscences of New York.

THE  
LITTLE DUTCH SENTINEL  
OF THE  
MANHADOES.

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“ How times change in this world, and especially in this new world !” exclaimed old Aurie Doremus, as he sat at the door of his domicil—the last of the little Dutch houses, built of little Dutch bricks, with the gable end turned to the street—on a sultry summer evening, in the year so many honest people found out that paper money was not silver or gold. Half a dozen of his grown up grandchildren were gathered about him, on the seats of the little porch, which was shaped something like an old revolutionary cocked hat, as the good patriarch made this sage observation. He was in fine talking humour, and after a little while, went on amid

frequent pauses, as if taxing his memory to make up his chronicle.

"It was the twenty-fourth—no, the twenty-fifth of March, 1609, that Hendrick Hudson sailed from Amsterdam. On the fourth of September, after coasting along Newfoundland to Cape Cod—from Cape Cod to Chesapeake Bay, and thence back again along the Jersey coast, he came in sight of the Highlands of Neversink, and anchored in the evening inside of Sandy Hook. This was in 1609—how long ago is that Egbert?" said the good man, turning to me.

"Two hundred and sixteen years," replied I, after sore tribulation, for I never was good at ciphering.

"Two hundred and sixteen years—well, at that time there was not a single white man, or white man's habitation in sight of where we are now sitting, in the midst of thousands, tens of thousands—I might almost say hundreds of thousands. Ah! boys, 'tis a rapid growth, and Heaven grant it may not afford another proof, that the quick of growth are quick of decay." After musing a little he proceeded, as if speaking to himself, rather than to us.

"If it were possible that an Indian, who had lived on this spot at the time of Hudson's first visit, could rise from the dead, with all his recol-

lections of the past about him, what would he think at beholding the changes that have taken place. Nothing that he had ever seen, nothing that he had ever known, would he recognize ; for even the face of the earth has passed away, and the course of the mighty rivers has been intruded upon by the labours of the white strangers. No vestiges, not even the roots of the woods where he hunted his game—no landmarks familiar to his early recollections—no ruins of his ancient habitations—no traces to guide him to the spot where once reposed the remains of his fathers—nothing to tell him that his eyes had opened on the very spot, where they closed two hundred years ago.” Again he paused a few moments, and then resumed his cogitations.

“ And this is not all, its name and destinies, as well as its nature, are changed. From the Manhatoes of the ancient proprietors, it passed into the New Amsterdam of the Dutch, and the New York of the English—and now,” continued he, his eyes sparkling with exultation, “ now it is the possession of a free and sovereign people. The sandy barren which formed the projecting point of our isle, and where a few Indian canoes were hauled up, is now the resort of thousands of stately ships coming from the farthest parts of the earth, and bearing the rich products of the new world into

every corner of the old. Their masts bristle around the city, like the leafless trees of a wintry forest. The rugged island, to which nature had granted nothing but its noble situation, and which seemed condemned to perpetual sterility, is now become a region of rich gardens and white groups of houses—the very rocks are turned to beds of flowers, and the tangled swamps of ivy clinging about the stunted shrubbery, into smooth lawns, embellishing and embellished by the sprightly forms of playful lads and lasses, escaped from the city to enjoy a summer afternoon of rural happiness. All, all is changed—and man the most of all. Simplicity has given place to the ostentatious, vulgar pride of purse-proud ignorance—the wild Indian to the idle and effeminate beau—politeness to ceremony—comfort to splendour—honest mechanics to knavish brokers—morals to manners—wampum to paper money—and the fear of ghosts to the horrors of poverty.” Here again the old man paused, and seemed to retire within himself for a minute or two; after which I observed him to begin to chuckle and rub his hands, while his mischievous old eye assumed a new vivacity.

“ I wonder what figure one of our Dutch belles or beaux of 1700, or thereabouts, would make at a rout, or the Italian Opera? I faith I believe they would be more out of their element, than the

Indian I spoke of just now. They would certainly make rare sport in a cotillion, and I doubt would never arrive at that acmé of modern refinement, which enables people to prefer sounds without sense, to sense without sound—and to expire with ecstasy at sentiments expressed in a language of which they don't comprehend a word. I dare swear they would prefer even a Dutch song they could understand, to an Italian one they could not."

"But did they believe in ghosts, grandfather?" asked the youngest little granddaughter, who was just beginning to dip in the modern wonders of romance, and had been caught by the word ghost in the old gentleman's harangue.

"Aye, that they did, and in every thing else. Now people believe in nothing except what they see in the newspapers—and the only exercise of their faith appears, not indeed in believing that a crust of bread is a shoulder of mutton, but that a greasy rag of paper is a guinea. I have heard my grandfather tell fifty stories of ghosts and witches; but they have all passed from my memory, except one about a little Dutch sentinel, which he used to repeat over so often that I have never forgot it to this day."

"O, tell us the story," cried the little romance reader, who was the old gentleman's prime fa-

vourite, and to whom he never thought of denying any thing, either in or out of reason. "I'll give you two kisses if you will."

"A bargain," cried the good Aurie, "come hither baggage." The little girl presented first one rosy cheek and then the other, which he kissed affectionately, and began as follows, while we all gathered about him, and listened like so many Schahriars.

"Once upon a time, then, to use the words of a pleasant and instructive historian, the governors of New Amsterdam were little kings, and the burgomasters such great men, that whoever spoke ill of one of them, had a bridle put into his mouth, rods under his arms, and a label on his breast recording his crime. In this trim he was led by the sheriff and tied to a post, where he remained a spectacle to the public, and an example to all evil-doers—or rather evil-sayers. I wonder how such a custom would go down now-a-days, with the great champions of the liberty of the press? Then too, instead of street inspectors, whose duty it is to take care of one side of a street, and let the other take care of itself, there were roy-mesters to look to the fences, and keep the cows from trespassing on their neighbours' pastures—then the houses were covered with reeds and straw, and the



chimneys were made of wood—then all matrimonial disputes were settled by ‘a commissary of marriage affairs,’ and no man could eat a loaf of bread, except the flour had been inspected by the ‘comptroller general of the company’s windmill,’ who could be no other than the sage Don Quixote himself—then the distinction of ranks, instead of being designated by great and little barons, was signified by great and little burghers, who danced hipsey-saw and reels—plucked the goose—rambled on the commons, now the park, for nuts and strawberries—made parties of pleasure to enjoy the retired shades of the Ladies’ Valley, since metamorphosed into Maiden Lane—shot bears in the impenetrable forests of Harlaem Heights—hunted the deer along the Bloomingdale road—and erected May-poles on the first of May, in the great meadow where the college now stands.”

“In what year of our Lord was that?” asked the little pet lady.

“Why in the year 1670, or thereabout, you baggage.”

“I declare I thought it must have been somewhere about the year one,” said she, laughing. The old man patted her cheek and went on.

“About this time the good citizens of New Amsterdam were most especially afraid of three things—Indians, ghosts, and witches. For the

first they had good reason, for the Indians inhabited the country around them in all directions, and though the honest Amsterdammers could beat them at a bargain, there was another game at which they had rather the advantage. In regard to ghosts and witches, I cannot say as much in justification of their fears. But that is neither here nor there. Some people that will run like a deer from real danger, defy ghosts and witches, and all their works; while the fearless soldier who faces death without shrinking, in a hundred battles, trembles and flees from a white cow in a church-yard, or a white sheet on a clothes-line on a moonlight night. It was thus with honest JAN SOL, the little Dutch sentinel of the Manhadoes.

“Jan was a short, square-built, bandy-legged, broad-faced, snub-nosed little fellow, who valued himself upon being an old soldier; a species of men, that, with the exception of travellers, are the most given to telling what are called tough stories, of any people in the world. According to his own account, he had been in more pitched battles than Henry the Lion, or Julius Cæsar; and made more lucky escapes than any knight-errant on record. The most miraculous one of all, was at some battle—I forget the name—where he certainly would have been killed, if he had not very opportunely arrived just after it was over. But though one of

the most communicative persons in the world, he never gave any tolerable reason for visiting New Amsterdam. He hinted, indeed, that he had been invited over to discipline the raw provinces; but there was a counter story abroad, that he was drummed out of his regiment for walking in his sleep, and emptying the canteens of the whole mess. Indeed he did not positively deny, that he was apt to be a rogue in his sleep; but then he made it up, by being as honest as the day, when he was awake.

“However this may be, at the time I speak of, Jan Sol figured as corporal in the trusty city guard, whose business it was to watch during the night, to guard against the inroads of the savages, and to enforce, in the day time, the military code established for the good order and well-being of the metropolis. This code consisted of nineteen articles, every one of which was a perfect blue law. Bread and water, boring tongues with a red hot iron, hanging, and such like trifles, were the least a man had to expect in those days. The mildest infliction of the whole code, was that of riding a wooden horse, for not appearing on parade at the ringing of a bell. This town was always famous for bell-ringing. Jan had many a ride in this way for nothing. Among the most rigid of these regulations, was one which denounced death for going

in and out of the fort, except through the gate; and another, ordaining a similar punishment for entering or leaving the city by any other way but the land-poort, after the mayor had gone his rounds in the evening, and received the keys from the guard.

“ The state of society, and the neighbourhood of the Indians, I suppose, made these severe restrictions necessary; and we are not, while sitting quietly at our fire-sides, out of their reach, to set ourselves in judgment upon our ancestors, who planted the seeds of this empire in the midst of dangers. In the little sketch of New Amsterdam, to which I have before referred, and which is well worth your reading, it is stated that the gate was shut in the evening before dark, and opened at day-light. At nine o'clock the tattoo was beat, as the signal for the honest folks to go to sleep as quick as possible, and it is recorded they all obeyed the summons in the most exemplary manner. The sentinels were placed at different points, considered the most accessible, and changed every half hour, that being the limit of a quiet, orderly Dutchman's capacity for keeping awake after nine o'clock.

“ One bright moonlight night, in the month of August, it fell to the lot of Jan Sol to mount guard, not a hundred yards from the great gate,

or land-poort, which was situated in Broadway, near where Trinity church now stands. Beyond this, between Liberty and Courtlandt Streets, stood the company's mill, where nearly all the flour was made for the consumption of the little metropolis. The place where he took his rounds was a sand-bank, elevated above the surrounding objects, and whence he could see the river, the opposite shore of New Jersey, then called Pavonia, the capacious bay, and the distant hills of Staten Island. The night was calm, and the cloudless sky showed thousands of wandering glories overhead, whose bright twinklings dawned in the slow undulating surface of the glassy mirror. All round there was perfect silence and repose, nothing moved upon the land or the waters, neither lights were burning, nor dogs barking; these sagacious animals having been taught, by a most infallible way of appealing to their instincts, that it was unlawful to disturb the somniferous indulgences of their masters. It was a scene for poetic inspiration, but Jan Sol was no poet, although he often availed himself of the poetic science in his stories. He was thinking of something else, besides the beauty of the night and the scene. The truth is, his nerves were very much out of order at that moment.

“ It was about the time that witches made their

first appearance in the new world, whither they came, I suppose, to escape the pleasant alternative of being either drowned or hanged, proffered to them in those days by the good people of England. But they got out of the frying-pan into the fire, as history records, particularly to the eastward of the Manhadoes, where some of them underwent the ordeal of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Others fled to New Amsterdam, greatly to the discomfort of the good citizens, who took such umbrage at broomsticks, that the industrious and cleanly housewife's vocation of sweeping the parlour twelve times a day, was considered as naught. It is affirmed, that instead of a broom, they used the broad-brimmed Sunday hats of their husbands in blowing away the dust, for fear of being taken for witches. There was a universal panic, and a universal dust throughout all the city.

“ But this was not the worst of it either Just about this time Dominie Egidius Luyck prophesied the world was coming speedily to an end, as plainly appeared from the great quantity of toadstools, which made their appearance in the Ladies' Valley and Windmill Meadow after a heavy rain. This prophecy was followed up by the appearance of the northern lights, falling stars, and mysterious rattlings of invisible carriages through the streets at midnight. To crown all, an inspired fanatic

had passed through the Broadway, crying out, 'Woe, woe, to the crown of pride, and the drunkards of Ephraim. Two woes past, and the third coming, except ye repent—repent—repent.' All these horrors now encompassed the imagination of Jan Sol, as he paced the little sand hillock with slow steps, and from time to time started at his shadow. The half hour seemed an age, and never did any body long so much for the appearance of a corporal's guard to relieve him.

"He had not been on his watch more than ten minutes, or so, when happening to look towards the opposite shore of Pavonia, he saw something moving on the waters like a canoe shooting across the river. Five hundred Indians with tomahawks and scalping knives, all at once stood before the little sentinel, whose imagination was ready cocked and primed for the reception of all sorts of horrors. He had a great mind to fire his gun, and alarm the garrison, but a little of the fear of his companions' jokes, restrained him for that time. However, he drew a pistol, and refreshed his courage with a little of the genuine schiedam, after which he ventured to look that way again. But the canoe had disappeared in a most miraculous manner, and Jan was satisfied in his own mind, that it was neither more nor less than the ghost of a canoe. There was not much consolation in this; but it was better

than the five hundred Indians, with their tomahawks and scalping knives.

“The night breeze now sprung up with its chilling dews, and cooled Jan’s courage till it nearly fell down to the freezing point. The wind, or some other cause, produced a sort of creaking and moaning in the old crazy windmill, which drew the eyes of the little sentinel in that direction. At that moment, Jan saw a head slowly rising and peeping over the wall, directly in a line with the windmill. His eyes became rivetted to the spot, with the irresistible fascination of overwhelming terror. Gradually the head was followed by shoulders, body, and legs, which Jan swore belonged to a giant, at least sixteen ells high. After sitting a moment upon the wall, the figure, according to Jan’s relation before the governor next morning, put forth a pair of enormous wings, and whirling itself round and round in a circle—while its eyes flashed fire, and its teeth appeared like live coals—actually flew down from the wall towards the governor’s garden, where it disappeared, or rather sank into the ground, close by the garden gate. Jan fired his gun, and one might have supposed he killed himself, for he fell flat on his face, apparently as dead as a door nail.

“Here he was found by the relief guard, about five minutes afterwards, with his face buried in the sand hill. The moment they touched him, he be-



gan to roar out with awful vociferation, 'Woe, woe to the crown of pride, and the drunkards of Ephraim.' They could make nothing of Jan or his story, and forthwith carried him to the 'big house,' as it was called, where the governor resided, and who, together with the whole corporation and city, had been waked by the discharge of the gun. Such a thing had not happened within the memory of man. Jan told his story, and swore to it afterwards; but all he got was a ride on the wooden horse the next morning. The story, however, took wind, and there was more liquor sold that day at the Stadt Herberg, or city tavern, than for a whole week before. Coming upon the back of the Dominie's toad-stools, the northern lights, the rumbling of the invisible wheels, and the mysterious denunciation of the drunkards of Ephraim, it made a great impression; and many, not to say all, believed there must be something in it. Several people went to church the next day, who had not been there since they were christened.

"Measures were taken the following night, and for several nights afterwards, to detect this gigantic spectre, but in vain. Nothing appeared to disturb the quiet repose of the guard of the city, till the next Saturday night, when it came to Jan Sol's turn to take his watch upon the sand hill, about the same hour as before. They say Jan fortified

himself with a double allowance of schiedam, and put a little Dutch Bible in the pocket of one of his breeches. But all would not do, for many people were ready to swear afterwards, that his hair stood on end so sturdily that he could hardly keep his tin cap upon it. Ghosts, hobgoblins, and all that sort of thing, have not only a propensity to visit some one particular person, but are likewise extremely regular in their habits, as well as in their hours of appearing. Exactly at the same hour the little canoe shot from Pavonia—the night breeze sprang up as before—the old windmill began to creak and moan—the gigantic spectre peered over the wall at the same spot as before, and cautiously glaring round with his fiery eyes, unfurled his mighty wings, and after turning a few somersets, flew towards the gate of the governor's garden, where he disappeared as before. This time Jan was too far gone to fire his matchlock, but a few minutes after he was found almost insensible with fright, by the relief guard, who carried him before the governor next morning, where he swore to the same story, and was complimented with another ride on the wooden horse.

“ But the repetition of a miracle is sure to make it less miraculous ; and a wonder twice told is almost half proved. People began to believe, and from believing, to be sure there was something out of the

way, at least, in this affair. Miracles, like misfortunes, never come single; and almost every one had a wonder of his own to reinforce that of the little Dutch sentinel. At least fifty of them happened within less than a week, each more alarming than the other. Doors opened at midnight by invisible hands—strange black cats with green eyes, and sparks of fire flying out of their backs, appeared at different times—the old mahogany chests of drawers made divers strange noises, and sometimes went off with a report almost as loud as a pistol—and an old woman coming into market with cabbages before daylight in the morning, met a black figure, she could almost swear had a tail and a cloven foot. A horseman was heard in the middle of the night galloping furiously towards the landpoort, crying ‘whoa! whoa!’ with a hollow voice; and what was very singular, though several persons got up to look out of the windows, no one could see the least sign of horse, or horseman. In short, the whole city of New Amsterdam was in a panic, and he was a bold man that did not run away from his own shadow. Even the ‘big house,’ where the governor dwelt, was infected, insomuch that his excellency doubled his guards, and slept with loaded pistols at his bedside. One of these made a voluntary discharge one night, and the bullet passed right through the picture of admiral Van Tromp, which hung up in

the chamber. If it had been the admiral himself, he would have been killed as sure as a gun. This accident was considered as very remarkable, as there were no hair-triggers in those days, to go off of themselves.

“ There was at that time a public-spirited little magistrate in office, by the name of DIRCK SMET, a pipe-maker by trade, who was the father of more laws than all the lawyers before or after him, from Moses down to the present time. He had the itch of legislation to a most alarming degree, and like Titus, considered he had lost a day, when he had not begotten at least one law. A single circumstance or event, no matter how insignificant, was enough for him. If a little boy happened to frighten a sober Dutch horse, which by the way was no such easy matter, by flying his kite, the worshipful Dirck Smet would forthwith call a meeting of the common council, and after declaiming a full hour upon the dangers of kite-flying, get a law passed, denouncing a penalty upon all wicked parents who allowed their children to indulge in that pestilent amusement. If there happened a rumour of a man, a horse, a cow, or any other animal being bit by a mad dog, in some remote part of New England, or elsewhere, Dirck Smet would spout a speech enough to make one's hair stand on end, about the horrors of hydrophobia, and get a law passed against all

the honest mastiffs of New Amsterdam, who had no more idea of running mad than I have at this moment. Owing to the number of little creeks intersecting the city, and the quantity of grass growing in the streets at that time, there was never a finer city for raising flocks of geese than New Amsterdam—in fact there were as many geese as inhabitants. Dirck declared war against these in a speech of three hours, which so overpowered the council, that they all fell asleep, and passed a law banishing the geese from the city; although one of the members, who had the finest goose-pond in the place, talked very learnedly about the famous goose that saved the capitol. It is said that Dirck's antipathy to these honest birds, arose from having been attacked and sorely buffeted by a valiant old gander, whose premises he had chanced to invade on some occasion. He was, indeed, the most arrant meddler and busy body of his day, always poking his nose into holes and corners, ferreting out nuisances, and seeking pretexts for new laws; so that, if the people had paid any attention to them, they would have been under a worse tyranny than that of the Turk or the Spaniard. But they were saved from this by a lucky circumstance—the council thinking they did enough by making the laws, let them take care of themselves afterwards; and honest Dirck Smet was too busy begetting new laws, to mind what became

of the old ones. Nevertheless, he got the reputation of a most vigilant magistrate, which means a pestilent intermeddler with people's domestic sports and occupations, and a most industrious busy body in attempting impossibilities.

"As soon as Dirck Smet heard the story of the inroads of the winged monster, he fell into a fever of anxiety, to do something for the good of the community. He was on the point of proposing a severe law against winged monsters; but from this he was dissuaded by a judicious friend, who represented the difficulty of catching this sort of delinquents, and that this was absolutely necessary, before he could punish them. Baffled in this point, he fumed about from one place to another, insisting that something must be done for the quiet and security of the city, and that a law of some kind or other was absolutely necessary on the occasion, if it were only to show their zeal for the public good. It was his opinion that a bad law was better than no law at all, and that it would be an inexcusable piece of negligence, to let these interloping monsters fly over the wall with impunity.

"All this while his excellency the governor of New Amsterdam, said nothing but thought a great deal. He was a little jealous of the popularity of Dirck Smet, who had got the title of Father of the City, on account of having saved it from the hor-

rors of flying kites, mad dogs, and hissing ganders. In fact, they were two such great men, that the city was not half large enough for them both, and the consequence was, that instead of assisting, they only stood in each other's way, like two carts in a narrow lane. We can have too much of a good thing, even as regards laws and rulers. The governor was determined to do nothing, for no other reason that could ever be discovered, than because his rival was so busy. The fears of the good citizens, however, and their increasing clamors against the negligence of their rulers, at length roused the activity of the governor, who forthwith convened his council, to deliberate upon the best means of saving the city of New Amsterdam.

“Dirck Smet, who was ex-officio a member, was in his glory on this occasion, and talked so much that there was no time for acting. At length, however, the inward man gave out, and he had not breath to say any thing more. ‘It was then,’ tradition says, ‘that a silent old member, who never made a set speech in his life, proposed, in as few words as possible, and in a quiet colloquial manner, that measures should be first taken to ascertain the truth of the story, after which means might be found to detect the miracle, or the impostor, whatever it might be.’ It is affirmed the whole council was astonished that a man should be able to say so

much in so few words, and that henceforth the silent member was considered the wisest of them all. Even Dirck Smet held his tongue for the rest of the sitting, thus furnishing another striking proof, my children, that good sense is an overmatch for the most confirmed garrulity. The same old gentleman suggested, that as Saturday night seemed to be the period chosen for his two visits by the winged monster, it would be advisable to place some of the most trusty of the city guard in ambush, in the vicinity of the spot, where, according to the testimony of Jan Sol, he had flown over the wall, to intercept him there, or at least overtake him in his progress to the governor's garden. Every body wondered at the wisdom of this proposal, which was adopted with only one dissenting voice. Dirck Smet moved as an amendment, that the word 'progress' should be changed to 'flight;' but it was negatived, greatly to his mortification, and therefore he voted against the whole proposition, declaring it went against his conscience.

“Accordingly, the next Saturday night, a party was got in readiness, of six picked men of the city guard, under the command of Captain Balthaser Knyff, of immortal memory, who had faced more ghosts in his generation than any man living. The whole band was equipped with an extraordinary number of nether garments for defence, and forti-



fied with double allowance of schiedam, to keep up their courage in this arduous service. The captain was considered a person of the greatest weight in all the city, and in addition to this, he added to his specific gravity, by stuffing into his pocket all the leaden weights he could borrow of a neighbouring grocer, for he did not know but the monster might fly away with him. His comrades remonstrated that this additional weight would impede his pursuit of the foe; but the captain nobly replied, 'it was beneath a soldier to run, either from or after an enemy.' The most perfect secrecy was preserved in all these arrangements.

"Thus equipt, they took their station, about eleven o'clock on the Saturday night following the last appearance of the winged monster, under cover of one of the neighbouring houses; and there waited the coming of the mysterious visiter. Twelve o'clock, the favourite hour of spectres of all sorts, came and passed, yet no spectre appeared peeping over the wall. By this time they began to be wearied with long watching; and it was proposed that they should take turns, one at a time, while the others slept off the fatigue of such unheard-of service. The lot fell upon Jan Sol, who being, as it were, a sort of old acquaintance of the spectre, was supposed to be particularly qualified for this honour. Jan forthwith posted himself at the

corner of the house, upon one leg, to make sure of keeping awake, as he had whilome seen the New Amsterdam geese do, ere they were banished from the city, by the inflexible patriotism of Dirck Smet, the great lawgiver.

“The little Dutch sentinel stood for about half an hour, sometimes on one leg, sometimes on the other, with his head full of hobgoblins, and his heart full of fears. All was silent as the grave, save the sonorous music of the captain’s vocal nose, or as it might be poetically expressed, “living lyre,” which ever and anon snorted a low requiem to the waning night. The moon was on the swift decrease, and now exhibited an arch not unlike a bright Indian bow, suspended in the west, a little above the distant horizon. Gradually it sunk behind the hills, leaving the world to the guardianship of the watchmen of the night, the twinkling stars. Scarcely a minute after, the heart of honest Jan was set bumping against his trusty ribs, by the appearance of something slowly rising above the indistinct line of the city wall, which I ought to observe, was made of wood. The spectre gradually mounted higher and higher, and rested on the very spot where he had seen it twice before. The teeth of Jan Sol chattered, and his knees knocked against each other—but he stood his ground manfully, and either would not,

or could not run away. This time the spectre, though he appeared with two enormous wings projecting from his shoulders, did not whirl them round, or expand them in the manner he had done before. After sitting perched for a few moments on the wall, he flew down to the ground, and crept cautiously along, under cover of the wall, in a direction towards the big house. At this moment, the trusty Jan with some difficulty roused his companions, and silently pointed to the spectre gliding along as before related. Whether it was that it saw or heard something to alarm it, I cannot say; but scarcely had the redoubtable Captain Knyff risen, and shaken from his valiant spirit the fumes of sleep and schiedam, when the spirit took as it were, to itself wings, and sped rapidly towards the gate of the governor's garden. The party pursued, with the exception of the captain, who carried too much weight for a race, and arrived within sight of the gate just in time to see the spectre vanish, either under, over, or inside of it, they could not tell which. When they got to the gate, they found it fast locked; a proof, if any had been wanting, that it must have been something supernatural.

“ In pursuance of their instructions, the guard roused the governor, his household, and his troops, with the intention of searching the garden, and if

necessary, every part of his house, for the purpose of detecting this mysterious intruder. The garden was surrounded by a high brick wall, the top of which bristled with iron spikes, and pieces of bottles set in mortar. It was worth a man's life to get over it. There was no getting in or out except by the gate, on the outside of which the governor stationed two trusty fellows, with orders to stand a little apart, and perfectly quiet. Now all the governor's household was wide awake, and in a bustle of anxiety and trepidation, except one alone, who did not make her appearance. This was the governor's only daughter, as pretty a little Dutch damsel, as ever crossed Kissing Bridge, or rambled over the green fields of the Manhadoes. Compared to the queer little bodies that figure now-a-days in the Broadway, seemingly composed of nothing but hats, feathers, and flounces—she was a composition of real flesh and blood; which is better than all the gauze, silk, tulle, and gros de Naples in the world. A man marries a milliner's shop instead of a woman, now-a-days;" said the old gentleman, glancing a little archly at the fashionable paraphernalia of his pretty pet granddaughter." Her face and form was all unsophisticated native beauty, and her dress all simplicity and grace."

"Is that her picture hanging in the back parlour?" asked the little girl in a sly way.

"Yes; but the picture does not do justice either to the beauty, or the dress of the original."

"I hope not," said the other; "for if it does, I am sure I would not be like her for the world."

"Pshaw, you baggage;" replied the old gentleman; "you'll never be fit to hold a candle to her."

"The search now commenced with great vigour in the garden; although Jan Sol openly declared it as his opinion, that they might look themselves blind before they found the spectre, who could fly over a wall as easy as a grasshopper. He accordingly kept aloof from the retired part of the garden; and stuck close to his noble commander Captain Knyff, who, by this time, had come up with the pursuers. All search, however, proved vain; for, after a close investigation of more than an hour, it was unanimously agreed, that the intruder, whether man, monster, or ghost, could not possibly be hid in the garden. The governor then determined to have the house searched, and accordingly the whole party entered for that purpose, with the exception of the two sentinels without the gate. Here, while rummag-

ing in closets, peering under beds, and looking up chimneys in vain, they were alarmed by a sudden shout from the garden, which made their hearts quake with exceeding apprehension. The shout was succeeded by loud talking, and apparent tugging and struggling, as if between persons engaged in hot contention. At the same moment, the governor's daughter rushed into her chamber, and throwing herself on the bed with a loud shriek, remained insensible for some time. Every body was sure she had seen the spectre.

“ It appears that while the search was going on in the big house, and the attention of every body employed in that direction, the sentinels outside the gate heard the key cautiously turned inside ; then, after a little pause, slowly open. A face then peeped out, as if to take an observation, and the owner, apparently satisfied that the coast was clear, darted forward. The first step, he unluckily tripped over a rope which these trusty fellows had drawn across the gate, and fell full length on the ground. Before he could recover his feet, the two sentinels were upon him, and, in spite of his exertions, kept him down, until their shouts drew the rest of the guard to their assistance. The spectre was then secured with ropes, and safely lodged in the cellar under a strong escort, to await his examination the next morning. Jan Sol was

one of the band, though he insisted it was all nonsense to mount guard over a spectre.

“ The council met betimes, at the sound of a bell, rung by a worthy citizen, who, in addition to his vocation of bell-ringer, was crier of the court, messenger to the governor, sexton, clerk, and grave-digger to the whole city of New Amsterdam. It was something to be a man in those days, before the invention of steam-engines, spinning jennys, and chess-playing automats, caused such a superfluity of human beings, that it is much if they can now earn salt to their porridge. At that time, men were so scarce, that there were at least half-a-dozen offices to one man; now there are half-a-dozen men to one office, all which is owing to machinery. This accumulation of honours in the person of the bell-ringer, made him a man of considerable consequence, insomuch, that the little boys about Flattenbarrack Hill, chalked his name upon their sleighs, and it is even asserted that he had an Albany sloop called after him. I could therefore do no less than make honourable mention of a person of his dignity.

“ After the council met, and every thing was ready, the door of the cellar was cautiously opened, and Jan Sol at the head, that is to say, in the rear of a file of soldiers, descended, for the purpose of bringing forth this daring interloper, who had thus

from time to time disturbed the sleep of the sober citizens of New Amsterdam. Jan offered to bet a canteen of schiedam, that they would find nobody in the cellar, but, contrary to all expectation, they presently came forth with the body of a comely youth, apparently about the age of five-and-twenty, which was considered very young in those days. Nothing was more customary there, than for a sturdy mother to bastinado her boys, as she called them, after they had grown to be six feet high. They were all the better for it, and made excellent husbands.

“ When the young man came into the presence of the puissant governor of the New Netherlands, he appeared a comely person, tall, fair-complexioned, and pleasant of feature. He was asked whence he came, and not having a lawyer at his elbow to teach him the noble art of prevarication, replied, without hesitation—

“ ‘ From Pavonia.’ ”

“ ‘ How did you get into the city ?’ ”

“ ‘ I climbed the wall, near the company’s wind-mill.’ ”

“ ‘ And how did you get into the governor’s garden ?’ ”

“ ‘ The same way I got out.’ ”

“ ‘ How was that ?’ ”

“ ‘ Through the gate.’ ”



“ ‘ How did you get through the gate ?’

“ ‘ By unlocking it.’

“ ‘ With what ?’

“ ‘ With a key ?’

“ ‘ Whence came that key ?’

“ No answer.

“ ‘ Whence came that key ?’

“ ‘ I shall not tell.’

“ ‘ What induced you to scale the wall, and intrude into the garden.’

“ ‘ I shall not tell.’

“ ‘ Not if you are hanged for not telling ?’

“ ‘ Not if I am hanged for not telling.’

“ ‘ What have you done with the wings with which, according to the testimony of Jan Sol, you flew from the wall, and through the street to the governor’s garden.’

“ ‘ I never had any wings, and never flew in the whole course of my life.’

“ Here Jan Sol was called up, and testified positively to the wings and the flying. There was now great perplexity in the council, when the keeper of the windmill demanded to be heard. He stated he remembered perfectly well, that on the two nights referred to, he had set his windmill going about the hour in which Jan Sol saw the spectre whirl round and fly from the wall. There had been a calm for several days previous,

and the citizens began to be in want of flour. He had therefore taken advantage of the rising of the wind at the time, to set his mill going. A little farther inquiry led to the fact, that the place where the spectre scaled the wall, was exactly in a line with the windmill, and the spot where Jan held his watch. It was thus, that the spectre became identified with the wings of the mill. This exposition marvellously quieted the fears of the good people; but there were a number of stern believers who stuck by the little sentinel, and continued to believe in the winged monster. As for poor Jan, he looked ten times more foolish, than when he used to be caught emptying the canteens of his comrades in his sleep. This elucidation being over, the examination proceeded.

“ ‘Did you know of the law, making it death for any one to enter or depart from the city, between sunset and sunrise, except through the gate?’

“ ‘I did.’

“ ‘What induced you to violate it?’

“ ‘I shall not tell.’

“ ‘Was it plunder?’

“ ‘I am no thief.’

“ ‘Was it treason against the state?’

“ ‘I am no traitor.’

“ ‘Was it mischief?’

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“ ‘ I am not a child.’

“ ‘ Was it to frighten people?’

“ ‘ I am not a fool.’

“ ‘ What is your name?’

“ ‘ My name is of no consequence—a man can be hanged without a name.’

“ And this was all they could get out of him. Various cross questions were put to entrap him. He replied to them all with perfect freedom and promptitude, until they came to his name, and his motives for intruding into the city in violation of a law so severe, that none as yet had ever been known to transgress it. Then, as before, he declined answering.

“ In those early days, under the Dutch dynasty, trial by jury was not in fashion. People were too busy to serve as jurymen, if they had been wanted; and the decision of most cases was left either to the burgomasters, or, if of great consequence, to the governor and council. Justice was severe and prompt, in proportion to the dangers which surrounded the early colonists, and the spirit of the times in which they flourished. They lived in perpetual apprehension; and fear is the father of cruelty. The law denouncing death to any person who should enter the city betwixt sunset and sunrise, except by the gate, was considered as too essential to the security of the citizens, to be relaxed

in favour of any one, especially of a person, who refused to tell either his name, or the motive for his intrusion. By his own admission, he was guilty of the offence, and but one course remained for the council. The young man was sentenced to be hanged that day week, and sent to the fort for safe keeping till the period arrived.

“That day the daughter of the governor, did not appear to grace the table of his excellency—nor in the management of those little household affairs, that are not beneath the dignity of the daughters of kings. She was ill with a head-ache, and kept her bed. The governor had no child but her, and though without any great portion of sensibility, was capable of all the warmth of parental affection. Indeed, all his affections were centred in this little blooming offspring, who was the only being in all the new world that carried a drop of his blood, coursing in her blue veins. He was also proud of her—so proud, that his pride often got the better of his affection. She had many admirers—for she was fair, wealthy, and the daughter of the greatest governor in the new world, not excepting him of Virginia. It followed, as a matter of course, that she was admired, but it was at an awful distance. The honest Dutch swains, who had not pursued the female sprite through all the mazes of romance, and learned

how oftentimes high born ladies stooped to lads of low degree, gaped at her at church, as if she had been a sea-serpent. They would as soon have thought of aspiring to the governor's dignity, as to the governors's daughter. Besides, he was one of those absurd old blockheads, who consider nobody good enough for their daughters, at home, and hawk them about Europe, in search of some needy sprig of nobility, who will exchange his mighty honours for bags of gold, and a fair blooming virtuous virgin into the bargain. He had sworn a thousand times, that his Catalina should never marry any thing below a Dutch baron."

"Was her name Catalina—was she my namesake?" interrupted the little granddaughter.

"Yes, girl—she was your great-great-grandmother,—and you were christened after her"—said the old man, and proceeded.

"This awe on the part of the young fellows of New Amsterdam, and this well known determination of the governor, kept all admirers at an awful distance from the young lady, who grew up to the age of eighteen, loving no one save her father, now that her mother was no more; and an old black woman, who had taken care of her ever since she was a child. The throne of her innocent bosom had remained till then quite vacant, nor did she know for certain, what it was that made her some-

times so weary of the world, and so tired of the length of the livelong sultry summer hours. She walked into the garden to pluck the flowers, until she became tired of that. She strolled with her old nurse into the rural retirement of Ladies' Valley, and the shady paths which coursed the wood where the park is now, until she became tired of that. In short, she became tired of every thing, and so spiritless, that her father was not a little alarmed for her health.

“ About this time the governor was called by important political business to the eastern frontier, and the journey was expected to take up several days. During his absence, a party was formed to cross the river, and spend the day in rambling about the romantic solitudes of Weehawk, then a sort of frontier between the white man and the Indian. Catalina was pressed to accompany them and at last consented, although against the will, not only of the governor's deputy, but of the governor himself, who would certainly have forbidden it, had he been present ; but he was a hundred miles off, and in the absence of the governor, there was nobody equal to the governor's daughter. The morning was fine, and the party sat out as happy as youthful spirits and youthful anticipations could make them. Here they rambled at will and at random, in groups, in pairs,

and alone, just as it suited them ; gathering together to take their refreshments, and again separating, as chance or will directed them.

“ Catalina had separated from the others, and wandered almost unconsciously, half a mile from the landing-place, by herself. Perhaps when she sat out she expected some of the beaux to follow, but they stood in such awe of her, that not one had the temerity to offer his attendance. Each being occupied with his own pursuits and reflexions, no one missed the young damsel for some time, until their attention was roused by a shriek at a distance in the wood. After a momentary pause, the shrieks were repeated in quick succession, and almost immediately succeeded by the report of a gun. The little group of young people was struck with dismay, and the first impulse was to run to the boats, and escape into the stream. But to do them justice, this was but a momentary selfishness, for the moment they missed Catalina, the young men prepared to pursue in the direction of the shrieks and the gun. At this crisis, a figure darted swiftly from the wood, bearing the young lady insensible in his arms, and approaching the group, placed her with her head in the lap of one of the girls, while he ran to the river, and returned with some water in his hat.

“ Catalina soon came to herself, and related

that she had been seized by an Indian, and rescued by the young man, who all the young damsels presently discovered, was very handsome. He wore the dress of a gentleman of that day, which sooth to say, would not cut much of a figure just now. He was accoutred as a sportsman, and had in his bag sufficient evidence of his skill. It was decided on all hands, that the stranger having saved the life of Catalina, or at least rescued her from captivity, was destined to be her future husband, and that her time was now come. Such prophecies are very apt to be fulfilled. The stranger announced himself as the son of the ancient and honourable lord of Pavonia, and was blushingly invited by Catalina to come and receive the thanks of her father, when he should return from the eastern frontier. But he only shook his head, and replied with a dubious smile—‘Are you sure I shall be welcome?’

“From this time Catalina became more languid and thoughtful than ever. When the governor returned and heard the story of her straying into the woods, and of her deliverance, he swore he would reward the gallant young man, like a most liberal and puissant governor. But when afterwards, on inquiring his name, he found that it was the son of the lord of Pavonia, he retracted his promise, and swore that the son was no better than



the father, who was an arrant splutterkin. They had quarrelled about the boundaries; his excellency claiming the whole of the river on the west side, up to the high-water mark, while the lord of Pavonia, whose territories lay exactly opposite the city of New Amsterdam, had the temerity to set nets, and catch shad in the very middle of the stream. The feud was bitter in proportion to the dignity of the parties, and the importance of the point at issue. The governor commanded his daughter never to mention the name of the splutterkin, on pain of his displeasure.

“Rumour, however, says that the young man found means to renew his acquaintance with Catalina, and that though she might never mention his name to her father, she thought of him all day, and dreamed about him all night. After a while the rumour died away, and the people began to think and talk of something else. Some of the young men, however, who happened to see the culprit that had dared to leap over the wall against the statute, thought he had a strong resemblance to the youth who had rescued Catalina from the Indian. The young lady, as I said before, continued ill all day, and for several days after the condemnation of the spectre youth, who persevered obstinately in refusing any disclosure of his name, or his motive for scaling the walls of New

Amsterdam. In the mean time the period of his execution approached, only two days of life now remained to him, when Catalina, with an effort, determined to bring her fate to a crisis at once. She rose from her bed, pale and drooping like a lily, and tottering to her father's study, sank at his feet.

“ ‘ Father,’ said she, ‘ will you forgive him and me?’ ”

“ ‘ Forgive thee my daughter, I have nothing to forgive, so that is settled—but who is the other?’ ”

“ ‘ My husband.’ ”

“ ‘ Thy husband!’ exclaimed the puissant governor, starting up in dismay; ‘ and who is he?’ ”

“ ‘ The youth who is sentenced to die, the day after the morrow.’ ”

“ ‘ And who is he—in the d—I’s name—I had almost said,’ exclaimed his excellency in wrathful amazement.

“ ‘ He is the son of the lord of Pavonia,’ replied she, hiding her face with her hands.

“ ‘ And thou art married to that splutterkin?’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, father.’ ”

“ ‘ Then I shall take care to unmarry thee—the knot the parson tied, the hangman shall untie the day after the morrow, or I am no governor But who dared to marry thee against my will?’ ”

“ ‘Dominie Curtanius.’

“ ‘He did—then the Dominie shall hang by the side of the splutterkin. Go to thy chamber, to thy bed, to thy grave, thou art no daughter of mine.’

“ Poor Catalina crawled to her bed, and wept herself into a temporary forgetfulness. The next day she was so much worse, that the old nurse declared she would die before her husband. The governor kept up a good countenance, but his heart was sorely beset by pity and forgiveness, which both clung weeping about him. He went so far as to sound some of the council about pardoning the young man; but one of them, who was suspected of looking up to the fair Catalina, talked so eloquently about the safety of the city and the public good, that he was fain to hold his tongue, and shut himself up, for he could not bear to see his daughter.

“ At length the day arrived, big with the fate of poor Catalina and her unhappy husband. She sent to her father for permission to see him before he died, but the governor, after a sore struggle, denied her request.

“ ‘Then, indeed, he is no longer my father,’ cried Catalina, and sinking upon her bed, covered her head as if to shut out the world. Presently the bell tolled the hour of the sacrifice, and its

hollow vibrations penetrated the ears of the mourning wife. In spite of her weakness, and the endeavours of the old nurse, she started up, and rushing towards the door of her chamber, exclaimed wildly, 'I will see him—I will go and see him die.' But her strength failed her, and she sank on the floor. In the meantime a scene peculiarly interesting to the fortunes of Catalina, was passing below. The proud, obdurate, rich old lord of Pavonia, had heard of the capture—the condemnation of his only son. For awhile his pride and hatred of the governor of New Amsterdam almost choked the thought of entreaty or concession to his ancient enemy. But as the time approached, and he heard of the situation of his son, and of his unfortunate wife, who had never offended him, his heart gradually relented. When the morning arrived, and he looked across the smooth river, from the long porch fronting his stately mansion, towards the spot where his son was about to suffer an ignominious death, he could restrain his feelings no longer.

" Calling for his boatmen and his barge, and hastily putting on his cocked hat and sword, he embarked, crossed swiftly over the river, and landing, proceeded directly to the big house. He demanded an audience of the governor.

" 'The old splutterkin is here too—but let him

come in, that I may be satisfied the old dog is as miserable as myself,' said the governor, with tears in his eyes.

"The lord of Pavonia entered with a stately bow, which was returned in as stately a manner by the governor.

" 'I come,' said Pavonia, 'I come,'—and his voice became choked,—'to ask the life of my son at your hands.'

" 'Thy son has broken the laws, and the laws have condemned him to death justly.'

" 'I know it,' said the other; 'but what if I pay the price of his ransom?'

" 'I am no money higgler.'

" 'But if I surrender the right of the river, to high-water mark?'

" 'What!' said his excellency, pricking up his ears, 'wilt thou? And the shad fishery, and the diabolical gill nets?'

" 'Yea—all—all!' said the other, 'to save the life of my only son.'

" 'Wilt thou sign, seal, and deliver?'

" 'This instant—so I receive back my boy alive.'

" 'Stay then a moment.'

"The governor then hastily directed his bell-ringer to call the council together, and laid the proposition before them. The concession was

irresistible, and the council decided to pardon the son, on condition that the father executed the deed of relinquishment. He did so, and the young man was forthwith set at liberty. It is time for me to retire," said our good grandfather, "so I must cut short my story. The meeting of the husband and his faithful wife took place without witnesses, and none was ever able to describe it. Catalina speedily recovered, and lived to see her children's children play about the room by dozens. The lord of Pavonia and the governor of New Amsterdam continued a sort of grumbling acquaintance, and dined together once a year, when they always quarrelled about the fishery and high-water mark. In process of time, their respective fortunes became united in the person of the winged monster, and formed a noble patrimony, some of which I inherited with your grandmother.

"Jan Sol underwent many a joke, good, bad, and indifferent, about the winged monster. But he continued, to his dying day, to assert his solemn belief, that the young lord of Pavonia and the spectre were two different persons. Many a time and oft did he frighten his wife and children with the story, which he improved every time he told it, till he was at length gathered to his fathers, as his fathers had been gathered before him. He had enough people to keep him in countenance,

for there were hundreds of discreet citizens, who treated all doubts concerning the appearance of the winged monster, with as little toleration, as do the good folks of the town of Salem, the wicked unbelievers in the existence of the great sea serpent."

## THE RIFLE.

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Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

SHAKSPEARE.

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THE traveller who passes, during the summer or autumn months of the year, through the States of our union that lie west of the Ohio river, Indiana and Illinois in particular, will often pause in his journey, with feelings of irrepressible admiration, to gaze upon the ten thousand beauties which nature has spread through these regions with an uncommonly liberal hand. The majestic mountain, upholding the heavens on its cloudy top, does not, to be sure, arrest his astonished eye; and the roaring cataract, dashing from a dizzy height, and thundering down into whirling depths below, then rising again in upward showers, forms no part of the character of their quiet scenes. But



the wide-spread prairie, level as some waveless lake, from whose fertile soil the grass springs up with a luxuriance unparalleled in any other part of our country, and whose beautiful green is besprinkled with myriads and myriads of flowers, ravishing the sight with their loveliness, and filling the air with their sweets; and, again, on either side of these immense savannas, standing arrayed, "like host to host opposed," the leafy forests, whose silence has not often been broken by the voice of man, and through whose verdant recesses the deer stalk in herds, with the boldness of primeval nature,—these are some of the scenes that call forth a passing tribute of praise from every beholder. Such is their summer aspect; but when winter "has taken angrily his waste inheritance," not even the painter's pencil can convey a just conception of the bleakness and desolation of the change. Then those extensive plains, lately covered with the infinitely diversified charms of nature, become one white unvaried waste; through the vistas of the naked trees, nothing meets the glance but snow; and if from the chilly monotony of earth, the wearied eye looks up to heaven, thick and heavy clouds, driven along upon the wind, seem overcharged to bursting, with the same frigid element. It was during the latter season that the incidents of our story took place.

About the middle of December, some ten or twelve years ago, before Illinois was admitted a sister State into the union, on the afternoon of a day that had been uncommonly severe, and during the morning of which there had occurred a light fall of snow, two persons were seen riding along one of the immense prairies, in a northern direction. The elder seemed advanced in years, and was dressed in the usual habiliments of the country. He wore a cap made of the skin of the otter, and a hunting-shirt of blue linsey-wolsey covered his body, descending nearly to the knees, and trimmed with red woollen fringe. It was fastened round the waist by a girdle of buckskin, to which was also appended a bullet pouch, made of the same material with the cap. His feet were covered with buckskin mocassins, and leggings of stout cloth were wrapped several times round his legs, fastened above the knee and at the ankle with strings of green worsted. The horse he bestrode was so small, that his rider's feet almost dragged on the ground, and he had that artificial gait, which is denominated rocking. The old man's hair fell in long and uncombed locks beneath his cap, and was white with the frosts of many winters; while the sallowness of his complexion gave proof of a long residence in those uncultivated parts of the country where the excessive vegetable decay, and the stag-

nation of large bodies of water, produce perennial agues. His companion was a young man, dressed according to the prevailing fashion of the cities of the eastern States, and his rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes, evinced that he had not suffered from the effects of climate. He was mounted on a spirited horse, and carried in his hand, the butt resting on his toe, a heavy looking rifle.

"Well, Doctor Rivington," said the elder person, "I should no more ha' looked to see one of you Yankees taking about wi' you a rail Kentuck rifle, than I should ha' thought I'd be riding myself without one. If I did 'nt see it in your hands, I could almost swear that it's Jim Buckhorn's."

"You have guessed correctly, Mr. Silversight," replied the young physician; "I believe you know almost every rifle in this part of the territory."

"Why, I have handled a power of 'em in my time, Doctor," said the old man, "and there a'n't many good ones atwixt Sangano and the Mississip', that I don't know the vally on. I reckon, now, that same rifle seems to you but a clumsy sort of shooting-iron, but it's brought down a smart chance of deer, first and last. That lock 'a a rail screamer, and there a'n't a truer bore, except mine, that I left down in the settlement, to get a new sight to--no, not atwixt this and Major Marsham's. It carries just ninety-eight, and mine a little over ninety-four to

the pound. Jim has used my bullets often, when we've been out hunting together."

"I was unacquainted with the worth of the gun," resumed Charles Rivington; "but stepping into the gunsmith's this morning, I heard him lament that he had missed a chance of sending it out to Jimmy Buckhorn's; so, intending to come this way, I offered to take charge of it myself. In this wilderness country, we must stand ready to do such little offices of friendship, Mr. Silver-sight."

"'Twas no doubt kindly meant, doctor, and Jim will be monstrous glad to git his piece agin," said the hunter. "But my wonderment is, and I don't mean no harm by it, how that tinker would trust such a screamer as that 'ere with a Yankee doctor. Do give it to me; I ca'n't 'bide seeing a good rifle in a man's hand that don't know the vally on it."

Doctor Rivington resigned the weapon with a good-humoured smile; for he had been some time in the country, and partly understood the love which a hunter always feels for a piece, of the character of that he had been carrying; he knew, too, though the old man's manners were rough, there was nothing like roughness in his heart. Indeed, the very person who was loath to trust his young companion with a gun, intrinsically worth

but a trifle, would nevertheless, as we shall presently see, have unhesitatingly placed in his charge, without witness or receipt, an uncounted or unlimited amount of money. The term Yankee, which we have heard him applying, in rather a contemptuous manner, was then, and for years after, used indiscriminately in reference to all such as emigrated from the States east of the Alleghany mountains. Handing his rifle across his horse to the old hunter, Charles Rivington observed, "I am glad you have offered to take it, Mr. Silversight, for there appears to be a storm coming up, and as I wish to reach Mr. Wentworth's to-night, I can make the distance shorter, by crossing through the timber into the other prairie, before I get to Buckhorn's."

"Will you be going to town, to-morrow, Doctor?" asked Silversight.

"I shall."

"Well, then, you can do me a good turn. Here," said the old man, handing a little leathern bag, "is fifteen dollars in specie; and the rest, four hundred and eighty-five in Shawnee-town paper, is wrapped in this bit of rug. Want you to pay it into the land-office, to clear out old Richly's land: I was going to take it in; but you'll do just as well, and save me a long ride."

The physician promised to attend to the busi-

ness, and they kept on together, conversing about such subjects as the nature of the scene suggested, until they reached the place where the path, dividing, pursued opposite directions.

"This is my nearest way, I believe?" said Charles.

"It is," answered the old man. "This first track, that we noticed awhile ago, lies on my route; so I'll push my nag a little, soon as I load this rifle, and it may so be, that I'll overtake company. Doctor, look here, and you'll know how an old hunter loads his piece—it may stand you in stead some day; I put on a double patch, because my bullets are a leetle smaller than Jim's, you mind I told you. There," said he, as he shoved the ball into its place, and carefully poured some priming into the pan, "it's done in quick time by them what have slept, year in and year out, with red Indians on every side of 'em. Good night to ye, doctor; you needn't lift the certificates—the register may as well keep 'em till old Richly goes in himself."

So saying, the two travellers parted, each urging his horse to greater speed, as the night threatened to set in dark and stormy. The old hunter, acknowledging to himself in mental soliloquy, that the doctor was "a right nice and cute young fellow, considering he was raised among Yankees,"

rode briskly along the path. He had proceeded about four or five miles further on his way, when he perceived that the track he before observed turned aside: "So, so," said he, "Slaymush has been out among the deer, to-day; I was in hopes 'twas some one going up to the head-waters;" and he kept rocking along the road, when, directly, the report of a musket was heard reverberating through the night, and the old man, writhing and mortally wounded, fell from his horse, which, scared by the occurrence, ran wildly over the prairie. A form was seen a few minutes after, cautiously approaching the place, fearful lest his victim should not yet be dead; but apparently satisfied in this particular, by his motionless silence, he advanced, and proceeded immediately to examine the pockets of the deceased.

"Damnation!" muttered he at length, when a fruitless search was finished, "the old curmudgeon has'n't got the money after all; and I've put a bullet through his head for nothing. I'm sure, I heard him say, in Brown's tavern, down in the settlement, that old Richly give it to him to carry; well, it's his own fault, for telling a bragging lie about it; and the grey-headed scoundrel won't never jeer me again, for using a smooth-bore, before a whole company of Kentuck-squatters—it carried true enough to do his business. I'm sorry

I dropped that flask, any how; but this powder-horn will make some amends," grumbled the wretch, as he tore the article he spoke of from the breast, where it had hung for forty years. "What the devil have we here!" said he again, as he struck his foot against the rifle that the murdered man had dropped; "ho, ho," discharging it into the air, "if the worst comes to worst, they'll think his piece went off by accident, and shot him. But there's no danger—it will snow by day light, and cover the trail; and the prairie-wolves will finish the job."

Thus muttering, the ruffian remounted the animal he held by the bridle, and trotted across the prairie, nearly at right angles with the path, along which the unfortunate hunter had been travelling.

It was in a log-house, larger, and of rather more comfortable construction, than was usually seen in that wilderness country, beside a fire that sent a broad and crackling flame half way up the spacious chimney, that there was seated, on the evening of this atrocious murder, in addition to its ordinary inmates, the young physician from whom we have lately parted. His great-coat, hat, and overalls were laid aside, and he was conversing with that agreeable fluency, and pleased expression of countenance, which denoted that he was happy in the



society around him. Opposite, and busily employed in knitting, sat a beautiful girl of eighteen. From her work, which seemed to engross an unusual portion of her attention, she every now and then would send a furtive glance to their guest, thus telling, in the silent language of love, the tale she never could have found words to utter. We say she was beautiful; and if a complexion so clear, that

The eloquent blood spoke through her cheek, and so distinctly wrought,  
That we might say of her, her body thought;

if laughing blue eyes, lighted up by intelligence and affection; if smooth and glossy auburn ringlets; teeth white as the snow around her father's dwelling, and a person which, though not tall, was well formed and graceful;—if all these traits combined, constitute a claim to the epithet, it certainly belonged to her. She was modestly attired in a dress of no costly material; and the little feet that peeped from underneath it, were cloathed in white stockings of her own fabrication, and in shoes of too coarse a texture ever to have been purchased from the shelves of a fashionable city mechanic. Yet that same form had been arrayed in richer apparel, and had been followed by glances of warmer admiration, than perhaps ever fell to the

share of those, who are ready to condemn her on account of her simple garb.

Catharine Wentworth was the daughter (at the time of our story, the only one,) of a gentleman who had formerly been a wealthy merchant in the city of New York; but to whom misfortune in business had suddenly befallen, and had stripped him of all his fortune. While surrounded by affluence, he had been considered remarkably meek and affable; but became proud and miserable in adversity: and not caring to remain among scenes that continually brought to mind the sad change in his condition, he emigrated, with his whole family, to the wilds of Illinois. He was actuated in part, no doubt, by a higher and better motive. At that time he was the father of another daughter. Louisa, older than Catharine, was fast falling a victim to that disease, which comes over the human form, like autumn over the earth, imparting to it additional graces, but too truly whispering that the winter of death is nigh. The medical attendant of the family, perhaps to favour the design which he knew Mr. Wentworth entertained, intimated that a change of climate was their only hope. The change was tried and failed, and the fair Louisa reposed beneath the turf of the prairie.

How strangely does the human mind accommodate itself to almost any situation! The man who

had spent his life hitherto in a sumptuous mansion, surrounded by all those elegances and means of enjoyment, which, in a large city, are always to be procured by fortune, now experienced, in a log cabin, divided into but four apartments, and those of the roughest kind, a degree of happiness that he had never known before. And well he might be happy; for he was rich, not in money, but in a better, a more enduring kind of wealth. His wife, two hardy and active sons, and his remaining daughter, Catharine, were all around him, smiling in contentment, and ruddy with health. We can only estimate our condition in this life by comparison with others; and his plantation was as large, and as well cultivated, his crops as abundant, his stock as good as any of the settlers on that prairie. He had still a better source of consolation: Louisa's death, the quiet of the country, and the natural wish of every active mind to create to itself modes of employment, had led him more frequently to read and search the sacred scriptures, than he had found leisure to do before; and this was attended, as it always is, with the happiest result, a knowledge and love of Him, "whom to know is life eternal." But we are digressing.

The family of Mr. Wentworth, with the addition of Charles Rivington, (whom, indeed, we might almost speak of as one of its members, for, on the

coming new year's day, he was to receive the hand of their "saucy Kate," as the happy parents fondly called her,) were gathered round the fire-side, conversing cheerfully on every topic that presented itself, when a light tap was heard at the door, and Mr. Rumley, the deputy-sheriff of the county, entered the apartment. He apologized for his intrusion, by saying, that having had business to attend to at a cabin farther up the prairie, which detained him longer than he expected, he should not be able, on account of the darkness of the night, to return to town until the following morning; he therefore hoped that he might be accommodated with a bed. His request was, of course, readily complied with.

He was a tall, dark person, dressed much in the manner of the unfortunate hunter, except that his leggings were of buckskin. He had lost an eye when a young man, in a scuffle with an Indian, two of whom sprung upon him from an ambush; this, with a deep scar upon his forehead, received in a tavern-brawl at New Orleans, two or three years before, and the wrinkles that age, or more likely, his manner of life, had ploughed, gave to his countenance a sinister and disagreeable expression. At this time, the haggard appearance of his face was increased, either from having been a long while exposed to the cold, or from some latent sickness working on him, for his lip quivered, and was of a

bloodless hue, and he was remarkably pale. Charles Rivington, who often met him in his rides, was the first to notice the change from his usual appearance.

"You look pale and fatigued, Mr. Rumley; I hope you are not unwell?"

"No, sir—that is—yes, I do feel a little sickish; and should be glad to go to bed, if it's convenient," answered Mr. Rumley.

"Perhaps there is something we can do for you, sir?" said the maternal Mrs. Wentworth.

"No, ma'am, I thank ye. I reckon a good night's sleep will be best for me; it's what cures all my ailings."

And in compliance with his wish the guest was shown to his apartment.

One by one the different members of this peaceful family sought their pillows, till soon Charles Rivington and the blushing Catharine were left sole occupants of the room.

But though alone, they were not lonely; he had many an interesting tale to whisper into the maiden's ear, (for it was almost a week since they met,) and she, though something of a chatterbox, when none but her mother and brothers were present, on this occasion betrayed a wonderful aptitude for listening. The hours glided happily away; and the gray morning was already advancing, when the

happy young man, imprinting a good-night kiss upon her cheek, left her to those sweet dreams which slumber bestows only on the young and innocent.

It was late in the afternoon of the following day, that Charles Rivington, being returned to the town where he resided, was seated in his office, employed in counting a roll of notes, a pile of dollars lying, at the same time, on the table before him, when three men abruptly entered the apartment.

"You are our prisoner," cried the foremost of the party. "By heavens, Jim! look there; there's the very money itself. I can swear to that pouch."

And here he rudely seized our hero by the collar.

"Stand back, sir, and lay hold of me at your peril," returned Charles Rivington, sternly, as, shaking the man from him, he gave him a blow that sent him to the other side of the office; "What is it that you have to say? If I am to be made prisoner, produce your warrant."

"You may as well submit quietly, Doctor Rivington," said another of the party, who was a constable. "You perhaps can explain every thing; but you must come with us before Squire Lawton. This is my authority, (showing a paper,) and it is only necessary to say that suspicion rests on you, as the murderer of old Silversight, who

was found shot through the head, on the road this morning."

"Is it possible?—poor old man! has he really been killed! When I parted from him last night he was not only well, but seemed in excellent spirits," said the doctor.

"He parted from him last night! mark that, Buckhorn," said the one who had just received so severe a repulse from our hero, and whose name was Carlock. "He left him in excellent spirits! mark what the villain says!"

"There needs no jeering about it," replied Buckhorn. "Doctor Rivington, you tended me in my bad fever last spring, and again when I had the chills in the fall, and you stuck by me truer than any friend I've had since my old mother died; except this ere rifle; and I am monstrous sorry I found it where I did. It may so be that you've got a clear conscience yet; but whether or no, though old Silversight and me has hunted together many and many's the day, you shall have fair play any how, damn me if you sha'n't. That 'ere money looks bad; if it had been a fair fight, we mought a hushed it up somehow or 'nother."

Our hero, while Buckhorn was speaking, had time to reflect that if Silversight were indeed dead, circumstances would really authorize his arrest.

The rifle, which he was known to have carried with him from town, had been found, it seems, beside the murdered body. The money that the unfortunate man had entrusted to him, was discovered in his possession; and how could it be proved for what purpose it had been given to him? As these thoughts rushed rapidly through his mind, he turned to the officer, and observed,

“ Mr. Pyke, I yield myself your prisoner. I perceive there are some circumstances that cause suspicion to rest on me. I must rely, for awhile upon the character which, I trust, I have acquired since my residence among you, for honour and fair dealing, until I shall be enabled to prove my innocence, or till heaven places in the hands of justice the real perpetrator of the deed.”

So saying, he gathered up the money from the table, and departed with the officer and his companions, to the house of Mr. Lawton, who, being a justice of the peace, had issued a warrant for his apprehension.

“ I have always been glad to see you heretofore, Doctor Rivington,” said the magistrate, politely, on the appearance of that person before him, “ and should be so now, were it not that you are charged with a crime, which, if proved, will call down the severest vengeance of the law. I hope and believe, however, that you can establish



your innocence. Where were you, sir, on the afternoon of yesterday?"

"I went out to visit some patients, meaning to continue my ride as far as Mr. Buckhorn's; and took his rifle with me, from the gunsmith's, with the intention of stopping and leaving it; but I met with old Mr. Silversight at the cross-roads, who was going up from the New Settlements, and he offered to take charge of it. I gave it to him. We parted at the Fork, and I crossed over to Mr. Wentworth's."

"Did Mr. Silversight continue on his journey, having Jim Buckhorn's rifle with him?" asked the justice.

"Yes, sir; but before we separated he gave me this money," (handing the notes and specie to the magistrate,) "requesting me to pay it into the land-office to day, to clear out Mr. Richly's land. He said there were five hundred dollars in all, and I was counting it when arrested."

"There is a most unfortunate coincidence of circumstance against you, Doctor. The man is found murdered, the rifle which you were known to have carried laying near him, and you arrived in town on the next day, with the money of the deceased in your possession. The poor old man's horse going home without his rider, excited alarm; Buckhorn and Carlock, with other neighbours,

sat out upon the track ; they found the murdered victim, stark and bloody, lying on the snow, which was scarcely whiter than his aged head ; they divided—some bearing the body back, while the others followed on the trail ; it led them to Mr. Wentworth's, where you acknowledge you passed the night ; they there inquired what person made the track which they had followed, and were answered it was you ; they continued on your trail until they arrived in town : they make affidavit of these facts, and procure a warrant for your arrest ; when, to complete the chain of evidence, you are found counting the spoils of the murdered man. Now, sir, what answer can you make to these appalling circumstances ?”

“ They are appalling, indeed, sir,” said our hero ; “ and I can only reply to them—I am innocent. If the poor man was murdered, the one who did it must certainly have left tracks ; and I fear they have fallen upon his trail and taken it for mine. But it is in my power to prove that I had no weapons with me, except that unlucky rifle, and the gunsmith will testify that he gave me no balls with it.”

“ The gunsmith has already been before me,” said Mr. Lawton, “ for I was loath to have you apprehended, except on an application backed by such proof as could not be rejected. He states

that when he gave you the gun, the lock had been repaired and polished, and that since that time it has certainly been discharged. I am sorry to do it, but my duty compels me to commit you."

It is needless to dwell longer on this examination. Our hero was committed for trial, and so strong were the proofs adduced against him, that the worthy magistrate, and indeed the whole neighbourhood, could scarcely hesitate to believe him guilty. When the sun arose that morning, Charles Rivington was one of the happiest of men. Loving and beloved, his business increasing, his name respected, and the time rapidly approaching which was to bind him to his Catharine in the tender relationship of marriage—he looked back upon the glorious orb, as it burst up through the eastern heaven, with an eye of almost kindred brightness. How changed the scene at its setting! its last rays fell upon him through the iron-guarded window of a prison. Yet, could we examine into the soul of that young man as he lay in one corner of the small and noisome apartment, on a bed of straw, that had been spread for a former inmate, we should find, perhaps, that though surrounded by the greatest danger—the danger of dying an ignominious death, and of having a blot left for ever on his memory, he was still serene and happy. And why was this? He had a companion in that

dreary place, whose acquaintance had been sought in the hours of prosperity, and who now, in the darkness of trouble, would not depart; a companion that can cheer us amid the revilings of the world, can pierce through the bars of a dungeon, and whisper to the desponding spirit, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Charles Rivington was one of the too small number of young men who are not ashamed to be religious; and verily he had his reward! The mere worldling, similarly situated, would have been loud in imprecations, or dumb with agony; but he, upborne by conscious innocence, and knowing that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the will of our heavenly Father, humbled himself in prayer before that Being, "who is mighty to save unto the uttermost;" and he arose from the exercise with those tranquillized and invigorated feelings which are its invariable result.

Nearly two years had elapsed since our hero emigrated to that western region. He was the youngest, and, at the time of our narrative, the only son of a widowed mother, who had been doomed to follow successively to the grave, a husband, a lovely daughter, her eldest born, and two fine and promising boys. Sick of the scene where death had made such havock, and crushed so many fragrant buds of promise, she consented to accom-

pany her sole remaining child to a place, where the newness of the country seemed to hold forth greater prospect of success, than was afforded to a young practitioner among the overstocked population of a city. Hitherto their expectations had been amply realized. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, provided for the wounded heart of that Christian widow a balm of sweetest efficacy. Her son was such a child as mothers pray for; he strove, by redoubled filial attentions, to supply the place of the lost ones to his parent; and her eyes seldom rested on his manly form, that they did not become watery, from the overfulness of gratified, maternal love. Their family misfortunes had rendered his mind uncommonly ductile; and it was she who planted there those seeds of righteousness, which, as we have seen, sprang up and brought forth goodly fruit.

On the afternoon of her son's commitment, she was sitting in the parlour of the pleasant little house which they occupied, when Judy, an Irish girl, who had lived long in the family, remaining with them through all their troubles, came running, almost breathless, into the apartment.

"Och, mistress, and the Lord bless you!" she cried, as soon as she was able to speak, "and preserve your old heart from breaking—but I've got bad news for ye."

“How often, Judy, must I repeat to you,” said the pious old lady, interrupting her, “that it is extremely wrong to use the name of your Maker so familiarly on all occasions: ‘the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.’”

“Botheration, ma’am, but I’ve no time to ’tend to that now——”

“Judy!” interrupted Mrs. Rivington again, “how can you speak so——”

“Ma’am, will you plase to hear me?” roared out the servant, at length fully restored to her voice; “are ye going to sit here praching, and let them murder Mr. Charles?”

“Charles! gracious Providence!” ejaculated the mother, catching the alarm of the menial; “what is the matter—surely nothing evil has happened to him?”

“Oh! nothing at all, at all, mistress!” responded Judy, striving to speak calmly, that she might not too suddenly alarm the trembling parent; then, unable to controul her feelings, she sobbed out, “my poor, dear young master’s in prison.”

“In prison!” exclaimed the astonished mother, turning quickly to the weeping girl, and grasping her arm; “Judy,” she said, with the earnestness of agonized apprehension, “tell me the whole truth—you have seen me bear calamity before—what does this mean?”

" Ah! madam, jist be quiet," returned the anxious servant; " it's only one of them drunken hunters what's kilt himself, and the blackguards want to lay it to poor Mr. Charles, because he's a Yankee, as they call it, and that's jist the whole of it."

" My boy accused of murder! my honourable, my pious boy! Father of mercies!" said the pale and agitated mother, sinking on her knees, " if this withered heart is doomed to receive another wound, if my last earthly prop is to be torn from me, oh! do thou give me strength to bear this greatest of affliction, and enable me to say, thy will, not mine, be done!" She rose with renewed composure, and turning to her maid, " Get me my hat and shawl, Judy," said she; " I'm glad it is no worse: this is but a passing cloud; for he is innocent, and his innocence will soon be manifest. I feared lest he might be sick, or thrown from his horse; but the Lord be praised, who hath not tried his servant beyond her strength."

Such was the language of the exemplary Mrs. Rivington, as she walked out that evening, with the intention of visiting her son in prison. We will not accompany her: their meeting was such as will be anticipated, from their enlightened and pious characters; and though the good woman was

alarmed by the strength of the circumstances adduced against her beloved boy, yet not for a moment was her faith in the justice of the Almighty so shaken, as to permit a fear that the guiltless would suffer. But leaving them mutually striving to strengthen and encourage each other, we will ask of our readers to accompany us into the kitchen of Doctor Rivington's house, whither Judy immediately returned on the departure of her mistress.

"She's a noble-hearted woman, that's what she is," said the girl, whose admiration was excited by the Christian firmness she had seen exhibited; "she's jist the right sort of mother for sich a swait young gentleman as he is; and you, Jimmy," (turning to Buckhorn, who sat with a sorrowing countenance in a corner,) "ye're a pretty black-guard, arn't ye, to be going to give information 'ginst a man who you know niver did harm in his born days. Ah! git along with ye—I'm fairly sick of ye!"

"But, Judy, when we found the rifle lying by the dead body," answered the distressed young man, "I very natur'ly said to Carlock, that that was the best trail we could have; for I knowed old Silversight had been down in the New Settlement; and so, says I, the man what got this ere rifle from Drills, must be the murderer but if I'd



a-know'd it was the doctor took it out, miss-fire ! but I'd a-held my peace, if I never could shoot buck agin till I told it. I hardly b'lieve he killed the old fellow now."

"Now, 'pon my honour, ye're a great fool," responded the indignant Judy; "you hardly b'lieve it, do you?—I tell you what, Jimmy Buckhorn, the man as comes a courting to me, if I set ever so much by him, should niver git my consent, if he was the means of putting the dear young gentleman in limbo, till he contrived ways and means to git him clare again. You don't b'lieve he's guilty! Arrah now, Jimmy, I've told you afore, I'd a sort of liking for you—but I'd sooner b'leive you had murdered the poor old vagabond, in cold blood, than that Mr. Charles did it, if he was ever so provoked."

Buckhorn rose from his seat, when the fluent and handsome Irish girl finished her speech, and taking her hand, "Judy," said he, "my nag is tired down, but I'll git Bob Millar's. I'll go down and see the doctor at the jail winder, and find which way he went out to the head waters; then I'll follow up his trail from town, and see where he cut off to old Wentworth's; for it's sar-tain he slept there; and it may turn out, that that villain's and his trail are two different ones. If so be that's the truth, I'll keep the scent 'till I find

out who the rail ruff'an is—and there's no time to be lost ; for it may come up to snow, and that will fill up the tracks in short order. So, Judy, give me your hand ; and there," continued he, kissing the blushing girl's lips, "there I'll find out who the scamp is ; or, in case that's impossible, if Doctor Rivington doesn't git clare, it shall be his own fault."

A heavy fall of snow did unfortunately occur that night, leaving the wide prairies as white and smooth as unwritten paper ; and consequently depriving our calumniated hero of the most obvious, and apparently of every mode of substantiating his innocence. His confidence, however, in the divine protection was undiminished ; and nightly, from the silence of his cell, went up the inaudible aspirations of a soul, that firmly relied on the goodness and justice of its prayer-hearing Father. Nor did those pious orisons ascend unaccompanied through the still vault of night, to the Almighty's ear : the aged mother's contrite heart was poured out in an agony of prayers ; the parents of his affianced bride, knelt often before the throne of heaven for the welfare of their slandered boy, as in their affection they called him ; and the blue eyes of Catharine wept supplications, and her pure and innocent heart, hitherto untouched by sorrow, except on the occasion of her sister's death, now continually sent unworded and unutterable

appeals to her Creator, for her lover's life. In the meanwhile, week after week rolled by, and the day appointed for the trial at length arrived.

The little village in which the sessions of the circuit court were held, and which, for the sake of a name, we will call Edgarton, contained about fifty or sixty houses, most of them constructed of logs. There was an open space in the midst of it, termed "The Public Square," in which stood a building answering the double purpose of court-house during sessions, and of meeting-house, when an occasional missionary passed through that part of the country: it fronted on the public road. The jail occupied a corner of the same place. It was a small one-story edifice, about twelve feet square, and, like the court-house, built of large hewn logs, fastened together with iron bolts at the corners. Its single apartment contained but one door and window, both secured by strong bolts and bars. A large brick-house, the only one in the town, was situated on the rear of the square, and was occupied as an hotel, as the traveller was informed by a huge sign, suspended from a post at the road-side, where was conspicuously written, in great yellow letters, under a burlesque likeness of General Washington, "Entertainment for man and horse." A little farther up the road, or main street, as it was called, though there was but one

in the village, on the opposite side, was another tavern, of more humble appearance than the first. It was around these two places of public entertainment, that a numerous assemblage of persons collected, on the morning when the important trial was to take place; all eagerly conversing on the crime of which the prisoner was supposed to be guilty; and many of them uttering no very moderate anathemas against the Yankees, whom they pretended to consider, en masse, as rogues and cheats; and who, at least, were coming into the country to break up their old manners and customs. The women, who were plentifully sprinkled among them, seemed very willingly to join in the general clamour.

“They’re a monstrous fidgety people, say the least of them,” observed the large fat wife of a farmer; and her sleepy eyes and unmeaning face assumed something like angry vivacity as she spoke. “They want a heap of waitin’ on; and you don’t git no thanks, after all. Now, there was old Wentworth—he tarried with us, you know, Carlock, on account of his sick da’tar, when he first came out here. Good coffee was’n’t good enough for ’em; they must have a little tea, to be sure. So I sent Johnny down to the settlement to git some; and I took a heap of pains to cook the trash—and what do you think?—they wouldn’t

eat a bit on't after all. I don't much wonder, neither; for 'twas bitter, nasty trash, as ever I'd wish to taste. But it's always the way with 'em; they make trouble just for nothing."

The remarks of the indignant woman were fully concurred in by most of her simple and unsophisticated hearers; but there was one among them who was obliged to thrust his tongue into his cheek, and turn aside, to prevent the dame's seeing his laughter. He was the merchant's clerk, and had heard the story before. The fact was, that never having used the article of tea in her life, the poor woman had caused a pound of it to be purchased, and boiling it all in a large kettle, served it up to her guests as greens for dinner.

"They tell," said a farmer, who had the reputation of being a wit among his fellows, and whose linsey-woolsey coat contrasted strangely with a printed calico shirt, the collar of which was ostentatiously displayed—"they tell that old Silver-sight had a power of money when he was killed. It's kill or cure with these Yankee doctors, any how; but that was the queerest pill to give a patient I've ever heard of; and he took the trouble off your hands, Carlock, and paid the bill himself, out of the dead man's pocket, hey?"

Such is a specimen of the idle talk with which the crowd amused themselves, until the court, at

length, assembled; and, after the usual preliminaries, the important trial commenced. The prisoner had been supplied, by his anxious and affectionate parent, with all the little comforts which the narrow apartment admitted of, except fire and candles; they being forbidden on account of the material of which the jail was constructed. But the coldness of the weather had been excessive, during a part of the time that he was the occupant of that dreary abode; and the boundaries of his cell not allowing much exercise, a sickness fastened upon him, which, though not dangerous in its nature, had rendered him thin and very pale. He came into court, arm in arm with the attorney, who was employed to plead his cause; and slightly bowing to those whose friendly salute indicated that they believed him innocent, he passed through the crowd, and took a seat behind the lawyers within the bar. From the high and exemplary character which he had sustained invariably, from his first settling in the place until the present black suspicion rested on him, a degree of intuitive respect was accorded by all, that must have been highly gratifying to his feelings. A plea of not guilty was entered, and the examination of witnesses commenced.

George Carlock was the nephew of the deceased. On the night of the sixteenth of December, he was

surprised to see the horse of his uncle arrive, with saddle and bridle on, but without a rider. He thought that the deceased had stopped, perhaps, for awhile at Buckhorn's, who lived a mile or so further down the timber; but, as the night passed away without his returning home, he started early in the morning with the intention of tracking the horse. He called for Buckhorn, and they got upon the trail, and followed it till they found the dead body. It led them to Mr. Wentworth's. They inquired if any person had been there, that crossed over from the other side of the stream. They were answered that Doctor Rivington had crossed the stream, and remained the night with them. That Mr. Rumley, the deputy-sheriff, had also remained the night, but that he had come from farther up on the same side. They followed on the trail till they arrived in town. Being informed, by Mr. Drill, the gunsmith, that Doctor Rivington had taken Buckhorn's rifle out with him, they immediately procured a warrant for his apprehension. They found him employed in counting the identical money, which had been taken from the unfortunate Silversight.

James Buckhorn's testimony was in full corroboration of the preceding. He mentioned, in addition, that he examined the lock and barrel of his rifle, on finding it lying near the murdered man,

and discovered that it certainly had been discharged but a short time before.

The gunsmith deposed to his having given the rifle to the prisoner, on his offering to carry it out to Buckhorn, and that it had been discharged since.

"Mr. Drill," said Lawyer Blandly, who was counsel for our hero, "you mention having given the gun to Doctor Rivington; did you also give him a bullet that would fit the bore?"

"I did not."

"Did he exhibit any anxiety to obtain the weapon?" again asked the lawyer.

"By no means," replied the gunsmith; "I considered, at the time, that the doctor's offer was one of mere kindness; and he had previously mentioned he was going out that way to visit his patients."

"The bore of this rifle, Mr. Drill," continued the sagacious lawyer, "is very small. I presume that you are familiar with the size and qualities of all that are owned on the road out to Mr. Buckhorn's. Is there any house at which Doctor Rivington could have stopped, and procured a ball of sufficient smallness?"

"John Guntry's rifle," answered Mr. Drill, "carries eighty-seven or eight to the pound, and one of his bullets, with a thick patch, would suit



Buckhorn's pretty well. That is the only one any where near the size."

The attorney for the people here asked another question.

"For what purpose did the prisoner go into your shop, on the morning of the sixteenth of December?"

"I was employed in repairing a pair of pocket pistols for him, and fitting a bullet mould to them. He came in, I believe, to inquire if they were finished."

"Please to note that answer, gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting attorney. "Mr. Drill, you may stand aside."

Samuel Cochrane was next called. He was one of the young men, who had returned with the body of Silversight. On his way back, and about two hundred yards from the place where the murder had been committed, he found a copper powder flask, (which was shown to him, and he identified it,) the letters C. R. M. D. being cut upon one of its sides, apparently with a knife. There was but one more witness on the part of the people, Mr. Lawton, the magistrate before whom the unfortunate prisoner had been examined. He testified as to the facts which were deposed before him, together with the acknowledgment of Doctor Rivington, that he had been in company with Mr.

Silversight, &c. But we may pass over these circumstances, as the reader is already acquainted with them. The prisoner was now put on his defence, and all that talent or ingenuity could devise, was done by his skilful counsel. The witnesses were cross-examined, and re-cross-examined; but their answers were uniformly the same. A large number of respectable persons came forward to testify to the excellence of our hero's general character; but their evidence was rendered unnecessary by the attorney for the people admitting, in unequivocal terms, that previous to this horrid occurrence, it had been exemplary in a high degree. At length, wearied by his exertions, and distressed at the result, Mr. Blandly discontinued his examination: he had one more weapon to try in behalf of his client—the powerful one of eloquence; and it was used by a master of the art; but, alas! was used in vain. He dwelt much on the fact that his unfortunate client had wished his route to be trailed from the village, and that Buckhorn had started for the purpose, when the disastrous snow-storm occurred, and took away the only hope he had of proving his innocence. He cited many cases to the jury, in which circumstances, even stronger than these, had been falsified, when their victim, murdered by the laws, was slumbering in

his grave. He appealed to them as parents, to know if they would believe, that a son, who had been so filial, whose character had previously been without stain or blemish, could suddenly turn aside from the path of rectitude and honour, to commit such an atrocious crime? But it were useless to recapitulate the arguments that were made use of on this interesting occasion—they were ineffectual. The attorney for the prosecution summed up very briefly. He assured the jury that the evidence was so clear in its nature, so concatenated, so incontrovertible, as to amount to moral certainty. Near the body of the murdered man, a powder flask, such as the eastern people principally use, had been found, with the initials of the prisoner's name and medical degree, engraved upon it—C. R. M. D.—Charles Rivington, Doctor of Medicine. The trail is pursued, and it leads them to the house of Mr. Wentworth, where the prisoner arrived on the evening of the bloody deed, and remained all night. They continue on the trail, till at last they find him, with greedy eyes, bending over the plunder he had torn from his grey-haired victim. "Such," concluded he, "is a rapid outline of the facts; and deeply as I deplore the wretched young man's guilt, yet, believing him guilty, it is my sacred duty to display his enormity ;

but further than the imperious call of justice requires, I will not go, I cannot go."

The charge of the judge, who was evidently very much affected, occupied but a few minutes; and the jury retired to make up their verdict. We have already told the reader that the prisoner was pale, in consequence of sickness, produced by his exposed situation in prison; but the appalling events of the trial had caused no alteration in his appearance. He sat firm and collected; and there was a melancholy sweetness in the expression of his countenance, which told that all was calm within. Indeed, the awful coincidence of the circumstances had been made fully known to him, before he came into court; he was convinced, unless the interposing arm of heaven should prevent the blow, that death and ignominy must fall upon him, and, after a severe internal conflict, he had become enabled to say, "Thy will be done!"

His mother, by the assistance of that never-failing comforter in sorrow, religion, had hitherto supported, with something like resignation to the divine will, this greatest earthly calamity. In compliance with the earnest request of her son, who was fearful that the feelings of nature might become too strong for controul, and who wished to behave with manliness and equanimity through the trying period, she refrained from going to the

court on the day that was to decide in a great measure, her mortal destiny.

Seated in the little parlour of their dwelling, together with the weeping Catharine, the strength of whose love had drawn her to the spot, and awaiting with an intense anxiety the issue of the lagging hour, was the mother of Charles Rivington, at the time to which we have brought our narrative. She started at each noise that reached her ear; and every breeze that shook the casement, seemed laden with the awful sentence of the law against her son. And yet that noble woman, though torn by the deep and awful solicitude, which only a mother's heart can know, strove to speak words of comfort to the lovely being beside her, whose affectionate bosom seemed bursting with affliction.

"Weep not so bitterly," she said, "Catharine, my dear child; alas! I soon may have no other child but you. But, no: the searcher of hearts knows that Charles is guiltless, and will yet put forth his arm to save. What sound was that?—I am wrong to distrust his goodness; yet this is a heavy, heavy hour. I have knelt, Catharine, at the bed-side of three lovely children, three little human blossoms, that death untimely cropped, and was enabled to bow with resignation to the inscrutable decree. But this, oh! my Father," groaned the tortured parent, "suffer this bitterest

cup to pass from me. Catharine, dry your tears ; he, whose powerful hand led forth unharmed from the fiery furnace, the three that would not renounce his name, will yet deliver my boy from the toils that are around him."

At this moment, Judy was seen from the window, running rapidly towards the house, and directly after, pale and breathless, entered the apartment.

"Judy!" faintly cried the agonized parent, trembling in every nerve, but unable to utter more.

"Ah, madam!" responded the servant, "I know what you'd be asking me—take comfort, it's not decided yet; the jury has jist gone up stairs, to talk it over among themselves; and, bless their swait souls, they cried amost as fast as I did myself, when Mr. Blandly spoke to 'em. Ah! he's a nice gentleman, and he knows exactly what kind o'boddy Mister Charles is. He described him jist for all the world as I would, only I could'nt use sich ilegant words."

"The jury wept!—there is hope, then, Judy?" inquired the parent, in a faltering voice.

"Wept, did they? yes, and the judge, and Mr. Wentworth could scarce give his evidence for crying; and they all cried, except Mr. Charles himself. He looked pale and sorrowful; but there was no

blubbering about him. I niver see'd him look so ilegant afore. But I jist rin here to tell ye how things was goin' on; I'll go back, and find what them juries says. I hope they may niver be able to open their ugly mouths, till it's jist to spake the word innocent."

"Stop, Judy," said Mrs. Rivington, feeling unable to endure the horrors of another period of suspense; "I will go with you: I trust that heaven will give me strength to bear the issue, even should it be the worst that can befall."

"Ye had better not, my dear mistress," replied the devoted servant, "for there are hard-hearted people about the place, that b'lieve he's guilty, because he's a Yankee—rot their saucy tongues—and they mout jeer at ye, because ye'er his mother."

"They cannot. At any rate, I will go forth," said the afflicted woman; "he's my own, true, pious, noble-hearted boy; and his mother will be by to whisper consolation in his ear, though every other tongue were loud in mockery and revilings."

"And I will go with you, mother," said Catharine, rising from her chair, and drying her tears, "I know he is innocent, and should the worst come, it is better to hear it at once, than linger here in such protracted anguish."

The assembled crowd was still anxiously awaiting the return of the verdict, when the mother of

Charles Rivington, leaning on the arm of Catharine Wentworth, entered the court-house of Edgarton. A passage was instantly opened for them, with that intuitive respect which almost all men are ready to yield to misfortune, even when accompanied by guilt. They had not been long seated in the part of the room, where they could be most screened from observation, when the jury returned, and, handing a sealed verdict to the clerk, resumed their places. The clerk arose, and read in a faltering voice, "We find the prisoner, Charles Rivington, guilty." The words had scarcely left his lips, when a piercing shriek run through the apartment, and Catharine Wentworth fell lifeless on the floor. Not so with that Christian mother; with an unwonted strength she darted through the assembly, till she reached her child.

"My boy!" she cried, "my boy! be of good cheer; your heavenly Father knows your inmost soul, and sees that you are guiltless. We shall lie down together, for think not I can survive you. We shall lie down together, to wake with the Lord! My boy! my boy! little did I think to see this bitter day!"

Exhausted nature could endure no more, and the mother fainted in the arms of her son.

We shall not attempt to describe the situation of our unhappy hero, for words are inadequate to the



task. The insensible forms of his mother and his-beloved Catharine, were conveyed from the scene; and when some degree of silence was restored among the sympathizing multitude, the judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. He had nothing to say to avert it, except a reiterated declaration of his innocence; and he besought the court that the time previous to his execution might be as brief as possible, in mercy to his bereaved parent, who would be but dying a continual death while he survived. It was accordingly fixed to take place on that day three weeks.

It was near midnight of that important day—the busy throng which the trial had collected together were dispersed, and the moon, high in heaven, was wading on her silent course, through the clouds of a wintry sky, when Charles Rivington, startled from unquiet slumber, by a noise at the door of his prison, and sitting up in bed, that he might more intently listen, heard his own name whispered from the outer side.

“Will you wake, Mr. Charles?” was softly uttered in the sweet accents of our little Irish acquaintance, Judy. “Was there iver the like,” continued she, “and he asleeping at that rate, when his friends are opening the door for him?”

“Be quiet, Judy,” responded a masculine voice, but modulated to its softest tone, “and stand more

in the shadow, the doctor 'll awake fast enough, as soon as I git this bolt sawed out; but if ye git that tavern-keeper's dog a-barking, there's no telling but it may wake the jailer instead of the doctor."

"And you're right, Jimmy dear," responded Judy; "there now, leave go with your fingers, man, you can't pull it off that ere way. Here, take this bit of a stake for a pry—and now, that's your sort," continued she, adding her strength to his, and a large end of the log, to which the fastenings of the door were appended, fell to the ground: "Now, one more pull, Jimmy, and the day's our own."

They accordingly made another exertion of united strength, when the prison door flying open, Buckhorn and Judy stood before our prisoner.

"There, Mister Charles, say nothing at all, at all about it; but jist take Jimmy's nag, that's down in the hollow, and git clare as well as ye can. There's a steam-boat, Jimmy says, at St. Louis going right down the river; and here's all the money we could git, but its enough to pay your passage any how," said the affectionate girl, tears standing in her eyes as she reached to her respected, and, as she firmly believed, guiltless master, all her own hoardings, together with the sum which Buckhorn had been accumulating, ever since he became a suitor for her hand.

"You are a kind and excellent girl," answered Rivington, sensibly affected by the heroism and attachment of his domestic, "and you are a noble fellow, Buckhorn; but you forget that by flying I should only confirm those in the belief of my guilt who are wavering now; besides, I could hardly expect to escape; for my life being forfeit to the laws, a proclamation would be immediately issued, and apprehension and death then, as now, would be my doom. No, no, my good friends, you mean me well, but I cannot consent to live, unless I can live with an unsullied fame."

"Ah, dear doctor," sobbed out poor Judy, whose heart seemed almost broken; "what's the use of spaking about it? If you stay, you've but a few days to live; and if you take your chance now, who knows but the rail murderer may be found out, and then you might come back, Mr. Charles, and all would go well again."

"That is a powerful argument, Judy; but my trust is in him who beholds all my actions," returned our hero; "and I must confess that I cannot divest myself of the hope that the truth will yet be brought to light before I die the death of a felon."

"Doctor Rivington," said Buckhorn, going up to him, and taking him warmly by the hand, "I've been wavering all along about you; but

I'm sartin now. The man that murdered Silver-sight in cold blood, wouldn't be agoing to stand shilly-shally, and the jail door wide open. I always was dub'ous about it, though the proof seemed so sure. My nag is down in the hollow, with saddle bags on him, and Judy has filled 'em full of your clothes; you may take him doctor, if ye will; you may take the money and welcome—but I that come here to set you clear, advise you to stay; and if I don't find out somethin' to turn the tables before hanging day, it shan't be because I don't try."

Our hero exchanged with the honest hunter one of those warm pressures of the hand, which may be termed the language of the soul, and conveyed to him, by the eloquent action, more than he could readily have found words to express. They were now alarmed by the report of two rifles near them, fired in quick succession, and two persons issuing from the shadow of a neighbouring horse shed, at the same moment made directly towards the door of the jail, crying out in a loud voice, "The prisoner has broke out! the prisoner has broke out!" Our friends, Judy and Buckhorn, were enabled to make good their retreat, as the object of the alarm seemed more to secure the prisoner than to arrest his intended deliverers. It was not many minutes before a considerable number of the idle

and curious were collected by this clamour around the insufficient place of confinement, and effectual means were devised to prevent any danger of a further attempt at rescue.

The glimmer of hope which had been lighted up in our hero's heart by the last words of Buckhorn, and the confident manner in which they were uttered, gradually declined as day after day rolled by, and no trace could be discovered of the real perpetrator of the crime. To add to the anguish of his situation, he learned that his beloved Catharine was confined by a wasting fever to her bed, and that his mother, though she still bore up and uttered not a murmur against the Almighty's will, was fast sinking with a broken heart into the grave. The evening previous to the fatal day which was to terminate his earthly career at length arrived, but brought no cheering promise with it, and the unhappy young man, therefore, humbling himself before the throne of heaven, and beseeching that mercy there which he could no longer hope for on earth, devoted the greater part of the night to prayer.

It was on the same evening, in a little mean looking cabin, called "Brown's Tavern," in the place which we have before had occasion to speak of as the New Settlements, that two men were sitting at a table, with a bottle of whiskey between

them, conversing on the general topic, the execution that was to take place on the morrow, when a third person entered, and, calling for a dram, took a seat at some distance from them. He was a tall, dark man, dressed in a hunting frock and buckskin leggings, and held in his hand one of those mongrel weapons, which partaking of the characters both of rifle and musket, are called smooth bores by the hunters of our western frontier, who, generally speaking, hold them in great contempt. The apartment of the little grocery, or tavern, where these three persons were assembled, was lighted, in addition to the blaze of a large wood fire, by a single long-dipped tallow candle, held in an iron candlestick; and its only furniture consisted of the aforementioned table, with the rude benches on which the guests were seated. The conversation had been interrupted by the entry of the third person, but was now resumed.

“ For my part, as I was saying,” observed one of the persons, in continuation of some remark he had previously made, “ I think the thing’s been too hasty altogether. The doctor’s character, which every body respected, should have made ’em more cautious how they acted; especially as he wanted ’em to go right out on his trail, and said they’d find he’d kept straight on to Mr.

Wentworth's. Now he wouldn't a told 'em that if it wasn't so; and I am half a mind to believe that he's not guilty after all."

"That's damned unlikely," said the stranger, in a gruff voice.

"Why bless me, Mr. Rumley," continued the first speaker, "I didn't know it was you, you set so in the dark. How have you been this long time? Let me see, why, yes, bless me, so it was—it was you and I that was talking with poor old Silversight the day he started from here with the money. I havn't seen you since. Why, a'nt you a going to be over in Edgarton to see the Doctor hung to morrow?"

"I don't know whether I shall go or not," replied Rumley.

"Well, I've a great notion to ride over there, though I'm monstrous sorry for the poor man."

"Sorry—the devil! hang all the cursed Yankees, say I," responded the amiable deputy sheriff.

"Come, that's too bad—though I like to see you angry on account of the old man's murder, because ye wasn't very good friends with him when he was alive—but bless me, Mr. Rumley, that powder-horn looks mighty like old Silversight's," taking hold of it to examine it, as he said so.

"Stand off!" cried Rumley; "what do you

s'pose I'd be doing with the old scoundrel's powder-horn? It's not his—it never was his—he never seen it.”

“It's a lie!” cried a person, who had glided in during the foregoing conversation, and had obtained a view of the horn in question, as the deputy sheriff jerked it away from the other. “It's a lie!—I know it well—I've hunted with the old man often; I know it as well as I do my own. Bill Brown, and you, John Gillam,” addressing himself to the one who first recognized the horn, “I accuse Cale Rumley of old Silversight's murder—help me to secure him.”

The deputy sheriff stood motionless for a moment; and turned as pale as death, (from surprise, perhaps,) then suddenly recovering his powers, he darted across the room, and seizing his gun, before any one was aware of his intention, levelled and fired at his accuser. The apartment became instantly filled with smoke, which, as it slowly rolled away, discovered to the astonished beholders the stiff and bleeding form of Caleb Rumley, stretched at full length upon the floor. As soon as he discharged his piece, the infuriated man had sprung towards the door, designing to make an immediate escape; but the motion was anticipated by our friend Jimmy Buckhorn, (for it was he who charged his fallen antagonist with murder, and who luckily



was not touched by the ball that was meant to destroy him,) and with one blow of his powerful arm he felled the scoundrel to the earth. He now rapidly explained to the wondering trio the nature of the proof he had obtained of Rumley's guilt; and succeeded in satisfying them that he ought to be made prisoner, and immediately conveyed to Edgarton.

The morning which our hero believed was to be the last of his earthly existence, rose with unwonted brightness; and throngs of males and females came pouring into the little village, impelled by the mysterious principle of our nature, which incites us to look on that we nevertheless must shudder to behold. But no sounds of obstreperous merriment, no untimely jokes, were uttered, as they passed along the road, to grate upon the ear of the unfortunate Charles, and break him off from his communion with heaven: on the contrary, many a tear was shed that morning by the bright eyes of rustic maidens, who were "all unused to the melting mood:" and many a manly breast heaved a sigh of sympathy for the culprit, who was that day to make expiation to the offended laws. Indeed, since the sentence of the court was passed, a wonderful change had been wrought among the ever-changing multitude, by various rumours that were whispered from one part of

these wide prairies to another, and spread with almost incredible velocity. A thousand acts of unasked benevolence were now remembered, in favour of him, who was soon to suffer. Here was an aged and afflicted woman, whom he had not only visited without hope of reward, but upon whom he had conferred pecuniary, as well as medical comforts. There was an industrious cripple, who had received a receipt in full from the young physician, when creditors to a less amount were levying upon his farm. And many similar acts of bounty were proclaimed abroad, by the grateful hearts on which they had been conferred; all helping to produce the change of sentiment which was manifestly wrought. Still the general impression seemed to be unshaken, (so strong had been the proofs,) that, in an evil hour, he had yielded to temptation, and embrued his hands in a fellow-creature's blood.

The hour at last arrived when Charles Rivington was to suffer the sentence of the law. A rude gallows was erected at about a quarter of a mile from the public square; and thither the sad procession moved. He was decently dressed in a black suit, and walked to the fatal place with a firm step. He was very pale; but from no other outward sign might the spectators guess that he shrunk from the horrors of such a death; for

his eye had a calm expression, and the muscles of his face were as motionless as an infant's in slumber. They reached the spot: a prayer, a solemn prayer was offered up to heaven for the murderer's soul; in which every hearer joined with unaccustomed fervour. The sheriff's attendant stood in waiting with the fatal cord, while the agonised mother, vainly endeavouring to emulate the firmness of her heroic son, approached with trembling steps, to bid a last farewell—when hark! a shout was heard; all eyes were turned to catch its meaning; another shout, and the words "Stop, stop the execution!" were distinctly audible. In less than an instant after, the death-pale form of Jimmy Buckhorn tumbled from his horse with just sufficient strength remaining to reach towards the sheriff, with an order from the judge to stay the execution.

Reader, our tale is nearly at an end. Jimmy Buckhorn had been faithful to his word: he had sought for some clue to the real murderer, with an earnestness, which nothing but a firm conviction of our hero's innocence, superadded to his love for Judy, could possibly have enkindled. For some time he was unsuccessful. At length the thought struck him, that the track on the side of the stream where Mr. Wentworth resided, might have been caused by a traveller passing along, on the morn-

ing after the fatal deed, and the deputy sheriff, in that case, might be the real culprit. He immediately set out to visit every cabin above Mr. Wentworth's, to see if his story that he had been further up the stream was correct. This took a considerable time; but the result satisfied him that that tale was false. He then procured the assistance of a surgeon, imposing upon him secrecy, until the proper time for disclosure; and proceeded to disinter the body of Silversight. This was more successful than he had even dared to hope: the ball had lodged in a cavity of the head; and being produced, Buckhorn pronounced at once, from its great size, that it could have been discharged only from Rumley's smooth-bore. He set out directly for Edgarton, choosing to go by the way of the New Settlements, for a two-fold reason. He had heard that Rumley was in that neighbourhood; and to get possession of him or of his gun, at any rate, he deemed very essential. Besides, that route would take him by the house of the judge, and from him it would be necessary to procure an order to delay the proceedings. We have seen the result. But the chain of evidence was not yet complete.

A wild and dissipated young man, by the name of Michael Davis, who had just returned up the river from New Orleans, entered the office of the

clerk of the county, on his way back to the tavern, from the place where the execution was to have taken place, in order to while away an hour, until the time for dinner should arrive. The powder-flask, which had been brought in evidence against our hero, was lying on the table, the graven side downwards. There is a restless kind of persons in the world, who can never be easy, let them be sitting where they will, without fingering and examining whatever is in their reach—and such an one was Michael Davis: he accordingly took up the flask in a careless manner, and turning it over in his hand, his eye fell upon the letters.

“Why, halloo!” what the devil are you doing with my powder-flask?” asked he.

“I wish the unlucky article had been your’s, or any body’s, except the unfortunate Dr. Rivington’s,” returned the clerk, who was a friend of our hero, and deeply deplored the circumstances that had lately transpired.

“Unfortunate devil’s,” reiterated Michael; “I tell you it’s my flask, or article, as you prefer calling it; or rather it was mine and Cale Rumley’s together. We bought it when him and me went down to New Orleans—let’s see, that’s three years, come spring. I ought to know the cursed thing, for I broke a bran new knife in scratching them letters on it.”

The clerk started from his seat—he snatched the flask out of the hand of Davis—he gazed at it a moment intently—then, the truth suddenly flashing on his mind, he rushed out into the road, forgetting his hat, forgetting every thing but the letters on the flask. The magistrate, who grieved as much as any one, at the supposed dereliction of their young friend, the physician, was amazed to see the clerk enter his apartment in such a plight.

“There!” cried he, as he threw down the flask on the table, “C. R. M. D. spells something beside Rivington. Send your servant out of the room.”

As soon as he was gone, and the door carefully closed, the clerk continued in a low, confidential tone, “That flask is Caleb Rumley’s, and Caleb Rumley is the murderer (no wonder he has kept himself away all this while). It belonged to him, and that imp of Satan, Mich. Davis, together, and Mich. Davis told me so, with his own mouth, not three minutes ago—and Charles Rivington’s an honest man—huzza! huzza! huzza!” concluded he, as he danced and skipped about the apartment, with the delirious joy true friendship inspired. The magistrate was a man of middle age, and very large and corpulent, but a mountain of flesh could not have kept him down, when such thrilling news

tingled in his ears, and he, too, began to dance a jig, that shook the tenement to its foundation.

It became the duty of the worthy magistrate, to commit, in the course of that very day, our respected friend, Caleb Rumley, Esq. deputy-sheriff of the county of —— to the same capacious tenement which Dr. Rivington had lately inhabited ; he, with the consent of the judge, being more safely disposed of in the prison of his own house. A bill was immediately found by the Grand Jury, and the trial of the real murderer came on shortly after. For a long time he obstinately denied any knowledge of the death of Silversight ; but as proofs after proofs were disclosed against him, he first became doggedly silent, then greatly intimidated, and at last made a full disclosure of his crime. He was found guilty, and executed on the same gallows that had been erected for our calumniated hero.

The sickness of Catharine Wentworth was long and severe ; but our friend Charles was her physician, and the reader will not wonder that it yielded at last to his skill. The Christian parent of our hero had been condemned, at different periods of her life, to drink deeply of the cup of affliction, and she had bowed with a noble humility to the decree of heaven ; it was thence she now

derived support in this more trying hour of joy. Spring had gone forth, warbling with her thousand voices of delight, over these wide-extended prairies, and the flowers had sprung into a beautiful existence at her call, when the hand of the blushing Catharine, herself a lovelier flower, was bestowed in marriage on the transported Charles Rivington. Never did there stand before the holy man, a happier, a more affectionate pair. Their hearts had been tried—severely tried; they had been weighed in the balance, and not found wanting. The house of Mr. Wentworth was the scene of their union; and, on the same evening, and by the same hand that had bound her dear “Mister Charles” to his blooming bride, our little Irish friend Judy was united to the worthy Buckhorn, who had been prevailed upon, reluctantly, to lay aside his hunting shirt and leather leggings on the joyful occasion. The evening glided rapidly away, urged along by tales of mirth, and song, and jest; and it was observed, that though Charles and Catharine took but little share in the rattling conversation of the hour, they appeared to enjoy the scene with happiness that admitted of no increase. Indeed, often did the tender blue eyes of the beautiful bride become suffused with crystal drops of joy, as she raised them in thankfulness to her heavenly Father, who had conducted them safely through all



the perils of the past, and at last brought them together under the shelter of his love.

"The whole trouble come out of your being so kind, Dr. Rivington," said the manly, though, in his new suit, rather awkward-looking Buckhorn; "it was all of your kindness to offer to bring out my plaguy rifle. If it hadn't been for that, suspicion wouldn't a lighted on you at all."

"Now hould your tongue, Jimmy dear," answered his loquacious little wife; "I thought so myself, till Mister Charles explained it to me, and then I found out how 'twas the wisdom of the Almighty put it into his head to carry your gun; for how would you iver got on the true scent, if the big bullet hadn't a tould ye for sartain that it was niver the small-bored rifle that kilt him. No, blessed be his name, that made then, as he always will, goodness its own reward, and put it into the heart of my dear, kind master, to carry out a great clumsy gun, to an old ranger like you, Buckhorn. And, under heaven, the cause of all our present happiness, take my word for it, is THE RIFLE."

THE END.

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